DECEMBER 1972 Saturday Review ONE DOLLAR

EDUCATION

Beyond '72 Is Drug Education Working?

LEARNING THE GAME-DIANE DIVOKY & PETER SCHRAG

ON SALE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 11, 1972

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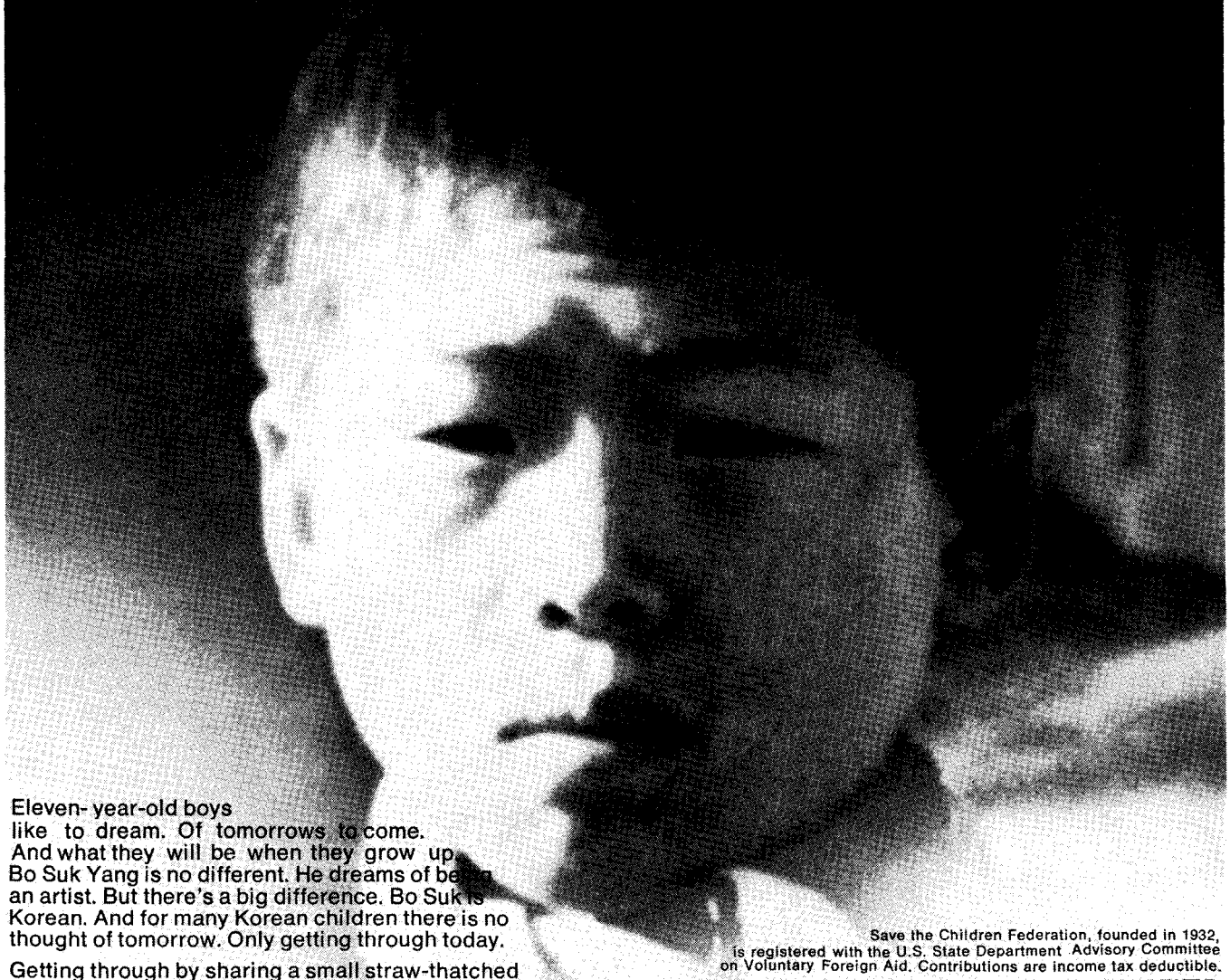
You can help save Bo Suk for $15 a month. Or you can turn the page.



Eleven-year-old boys like to dream. Of tomorrows to come. And what they will be when they grow up. Bo Suk Yang is no different. He dreams of being an artist. But there's a big difference. Bo Suk is Korean. And for many Korean children there is no thought of tomorrow. Only getting through today.

Getting through by sharing a small straw-thatched hut with his parents and three brothers and sisters. A stream for a water supply. Kerosene lamps to read by. No indoor plumbing. Surviving on an income of $210 a year Bo Suk's father ekes out farming his tiny plot of earth.

To dream is everyone's right. And Bo Suk deserves that right too. You can help buy a dream for a Korean child by sponsoring him through Save the Children Federation. Only $15 a month will help buy pigs to supplement the Yangs' diet and their meager income. And help keep Bo Suk in school. And help his little village of Iee Mai Ri to start a cooperative farm project.

Only $15 a month. To help a child, a family—indeed, an entire community—to help itself.

For you there are many rewards. The chance to correspond with a child. To receive a photograph. And progress reports. And above all, to know you *are reaching out to another human being.* That's how Save the Children works. But without you it can't work. So please: clip this coupon and mail it today. Now you can turn the page.

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

I want to sponsor a child and his ☐ her ☐ community.
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(including Africa, Asia, Europe, Latin America, Middle East.)
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☐ Please send more information.

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SR 11/11/2

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Saturday Review of Education

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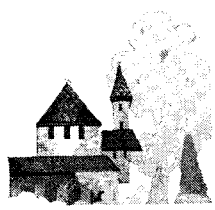

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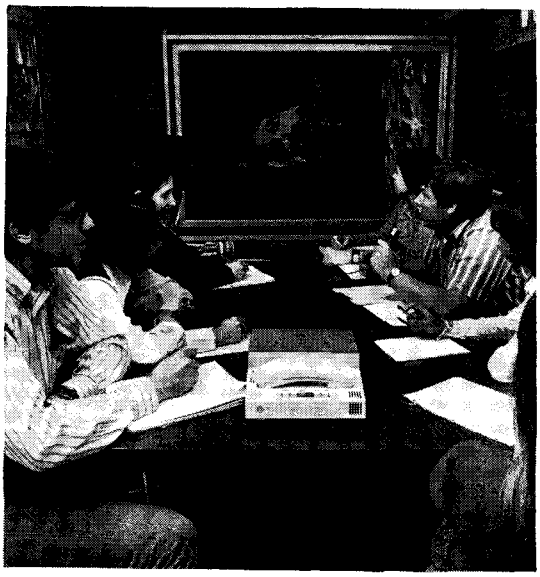
This phone can help you prepare today's child for tomorrow's careers.



Ecology. Black Studies. Lunar geology. These current fields of work and many others were unheard of a few years ago.

Texts and curricula seem to grow outdated as soon as they are issued.

Our new Portable Conference Telephone is a teacher-proven aid for keeping school up to date. It enables a whole class to talk with resource people anywhere.

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(Advertisement)

Would you believe a man could make a living—almost a good one—writing *personalized* pornography for an Oklahoma millionaire whose sexual fantasies exceeded his abilities? Bernie Wolfe did just that when he found himself trying to make a living in New York City during the depression. A Yale Phi Beta, his previous employment as Trotsky's secretary-bodyguard didn't seem a viable stepping stone to your more usual type of job.

Since his tour of duty in the porn game, Bernie Wolfe has written half a dozen novels and many short stories. He co-authored Mezz Mezzrow's *Really the Blues*, a book which has become a classic story of a jazzman. He has written for TV and for the movies. He has produced millions of feisty, lively words. He believes in writing. He is proud of the craft.

In MEMOIRS OF A NOT ALTOGETHER SHY PORNOGRAPHER, Bernie Wolfe tells how he became a master of the porn trade. He even gives some tips to putative laborers in the fields of porn, to wit: "When inspiration flies, pornographize," which translated means: Take any classic novel as a model and fill in the ellipses with fun and games. But MEMOIRS is much more than an account of the year Bernie spent with that particular muse. It is also about politics (the Spanish Civil War was beginning to raise people's consciousnesses), and people (Trotsky, Henry Miller et al). Most of all, it is about writing and writers trying to make their way with a pen and a typewriter. Herbert Gold, who reviewed MEMOIRS for the *New York Times Book Review*, captured its flavor when he said: "A third of a century later, Bernard Wolfe has written a book to remember how it felt, informed by a sharp and lovely nostalgia for the days when the cigars came from Havana, the sexy girls came from Salt Lake City or Rumania, grown men bought big two dollar dinners, and the pornography was sweeter."

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

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JUDGMENT FROM THE BENCH

Those who sit in judgment of a piano come from many branches of musical achievement. But they all look for the same signs of truth to emerge.

Responsiveness, for instance, is always called upon—especially when a new concerto is being tried.

Clarity must come forth—as in the case of enunciating vs blurring the inner voices of Bach's fugues. Reliability, above all, will figure hard in the outcome of every rock concert.

To all these points, Yamaha pianos plead guilty as charged.

Judge one at your nearest Yamaha dealer. But whatever you do—don't sentence yourself to life without a piano. In fact, we'd rather you buy another piano than no piano at all.

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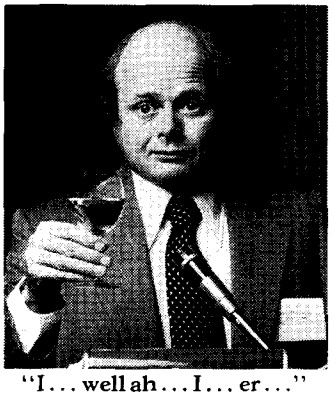
HERE'S TO EVERYONE WHO CAN'T THINK UP A GOOD TOAST.



"I... well ah... I... er..."

Everybody gets a little shook when it comes time to say a few well chosen words.

It's only natural, and we'll tell you right off the bat we can't turn you into a George Jessel just like that.

It isn't easy to be witty, charming, personable, sincere, and debonair all at the same time in front of a group of people.

Especially *before* you've had any wine.

So we at Inglenook Vineyards would like to help you out by telling you a bit about the history and purpose of toasting. And we'll give you a few sample toasts so you can appear to be witty, charming, personable, sincere, and debonair.

WHY WE CALL IT "TOAST."

In the year 450 A.D., a pretty Saxon maiden offered King Vortigern a mazer full of toast and ale and said, "Waes Hael," Saxonese for "to your health." Thus, the first toast was proposed.

Of course they didn't call it a toast then, because there was no reason to call it anything. But people began prefacing their drink with a few kind words for each other, and the name "toast" stuck.

HELP YOURSELF TO THESE TOASTS.

Most toasts are short and sweet, like Salute, Salu, Salud, and Chin Chin; Italian, Spanish, French, and Chinese respectively for "to your health."

Other short ones include "Cheers," and "Here's mud in your eye," a toast which refers to the sediment in the bottom of a wine glass, a common occurence before modern filtering techniques.

Wordsworth said simply:
"Drink, pretty creature, drink."

Richard Sheridan avoided a long winded toast by offering:
"Let the toast pass.
Drink to the lass.
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass."

Then there's always:
"Here's to you and here's to me,
And may we never disagree.
But if by chance we ever do
Then here's to me and to hell with you."

And finally,
"May you be in heaven a half an hour before the Devil knows you've died."

So much for short toasts.

Now for the kind that go on and on.

Genevieve Dariaux, in her book, *Entertaining With Elegance*, gives a recipe for a basic formal toast:

Basic ingredients: A chronological review of the most flattering exploits of the person's life, which you should not be afraid of describing in the most grandiloquent terms, at the same time keeping in mind the fact that while some people pride themselves on having started at zero and risen to the top, there are others who do not like to be reminded that they were born on the wrong side of the tracks.

In order to render the dish more digestible, it should be seasoned with one or two witty anecdotes, perhaps describing a mutual prank at the age of ten, or making fun of a personal idiosyncrasy in a kindly, lighthearted way.

Sugar with several eulogistic phrases, and flamber with a few eloquent and affectionate words designed to set off a chorus of "Bravos!"

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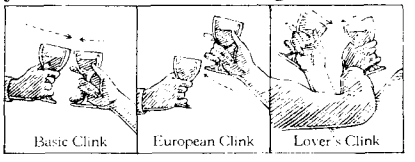
After every toast comes the clink of the glasses. The clink is the exclamation mark of the toast. Everybody loves the clink of the glasses, especially the glass industry, so we've illustrated the three most popular clinks.



THE TRUTH.

Your toasts can be as complicated or as simple as you like.

The important thing is that they be sincere. The best toasts come, not from prepared notes, but rather from the heart. If you say what you feel then and there, you can't go wrong.

Which prompts us to say what we feel in our hearts here and now.

Estate Bottled Inglenook wine is among the finest to come out of the Napa Valley. We have to charge more for it, because we do more to make it. We estate bottle it, which means we have total control over our wine's production from grape to glass.

And all of our estate bottled wine carries a vintage date, practically unheard of among California wines.

Presidents, Kings, even Astronauts have toasted with it.

So the next time you want to say a few words, give Inglenook a try.

If you blow the toast, at least you'll be admired for your taste in wine.

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1970

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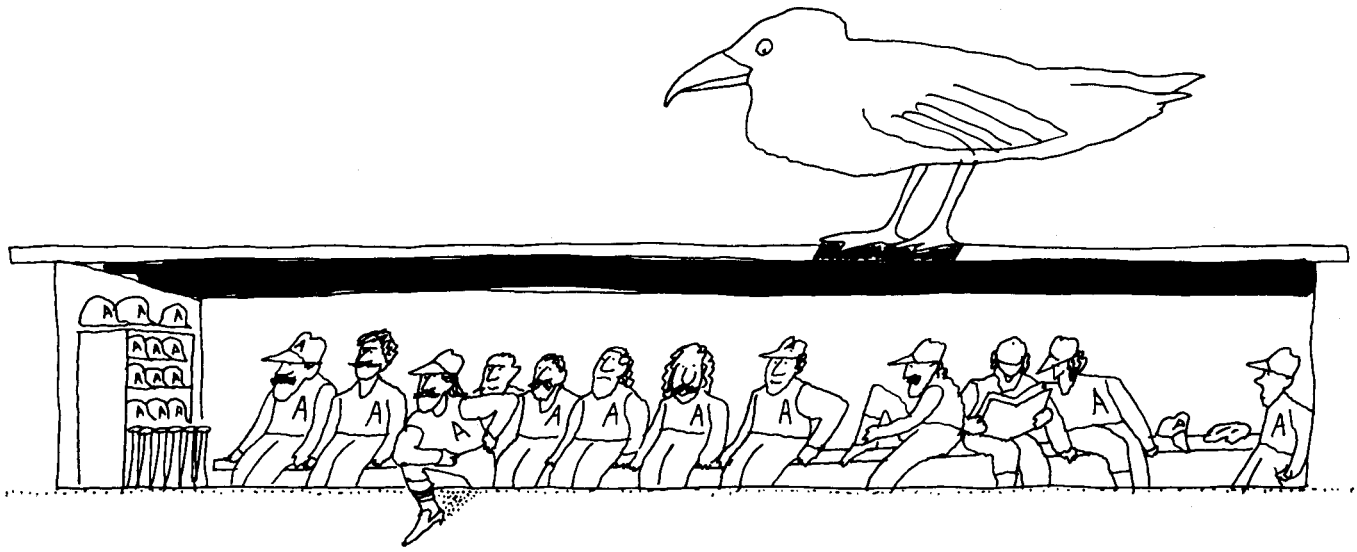
SR UP FRONT

NOVEMBER 11, 1972



"Way to Go, Jonathan Seagull!"

BY J. ANTHONY LUKAS

". . . the most important thing in living was to reach out and touch perfection in that which they most loved to do, and that was to fly."—from *Jonathan Livingston Seagull,* by Richard Bach.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, and OAKLAND, Calif., FRIDAY, October 13—Jesus, Cincinnati is burning! From the slanting glide path of my jet the city seems consumed by some savage conflagration, bathing its seven hills in a fiery glow, striking dazzling reflections from the dark mirror of the Ohio River. Once on the ground a policeman reassures me: it is just the second annual "Turn On Cincinnati" celebration, in which offices, hotels, public buildings, and homes leave their lights blazing from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.—this year, of course, to celebrate tomorrow's start of the World Series between the Oakland Athletics and Cincinnati's own Reds. And in my room at the Sheraton-Gibson I find a notice urging me to keep my curtains open to add my bit to "the splendor of the occasion."

I really don't need all this civic razzle-dazzle to appreciate the splendor of the occasion: my first eyewitness coverage of a World Series. Boyhood dreams and all that. Coming in on the plane tonight, I realized I knew two men who had started their careers as Ohio baseball writers: Scotty Reston, who covered baseball for a Dayton paper and went on to become traveling secretary of these very same Reds, and Jerry Rubin, who started as a sportswriter for the *Cincinnati Post* and got his first big scoop on the Reds' signing of schoolboy "phenom" Claude Osteen. What is it about baseball that can fascinate two such utterly diverse creatures?

SATURDAY, October 14—Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium is one of the National League's imposing new monuments to turnstile revenue—a concrete saucer poised on the river's edge, a five-minute walk from downtown. The elevated walkway that spans Interstate 75 is a pitchman's paradise, and they are there by the dozens, hawking programs, pennants, souvenir bats, autographed balls, and Johnny Bench Dinner Plates. With the baseball season biting so deeply into the political season, there are others, too, trying to make the connection. One sign, rather predictably, hails "The Winning Team—Nixon/Agnew." My favorite is a huge banner for a fortuitously named candidate: "Judge Thomas H. Crush—Go Reds, Crush Them."

A few minutes later, as the Reds take batting practice to the jaunty rhythms of Pete Wagner's band, they look as though they could crush anyone. I stand behind the batting cage, watching in awe as Bobby Tolan, Joe Morgan, Pete Rose, Johnny Bench, and Tony Perez lace a rookie pitcher's fat deliveries far out into the unnaturally green

J. Anthony Lukas, a Pulitzer Prize winner, is a freelance writer and a contributing editor of (MORE), *the New York–based journalism review.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEE ALBERTSON

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reaches of the artificial Tartan Turf or up into the blue seats of the first deck. This is an awesome combination of speed, power, and savvy, unparalleled in baseball, with the possible exception of the Pittsburgh Pirates, whom the Reds have just beaten in the bitter National League play-offs. (Sparky Anderson, the Reds' manager, is so confident of his league's superiority that he says flatly "the two best teams in baseball" have already played each other before the Series begins.)

It is not merely talent that seems to distinguish the Reds from the A's. There is a powerful temptation to set up polarities between the "Big Red Machine" and the "Swingin' A's," and all week the press corps will be yielding to it. The Reds, with their neat red-and-white uniforms, their short hair, and clean shaves, are sound, solid, and stable, full of the substantial virtues that the flacks in the commissioner's office love to associate with our national pastime, while the A's, in their flowing hair and bristling mustaches, are bizarre and flamboyant. The Reds, who began as the 1869 Cincinnati Red Stockings, the first team in organized baseball, are perfect symbols of the Traditional Past. The A's, although lineal descendants of Connie Mack's hoary Philadelphia Athletics, have been in Oakland only five years and thus can be made to stand for Now. The Reds are said to reflect the *Sauerbraten* stodginess of their Germanic city, while the A's are seen as agents of the topless-bottomless Bay Area.

This all seems a little too pat. After all, the A's originally grew mustaches because their owner, Charles O. Finley, in one of his multitudinous promotional stunts, paid them $300-a-mustache to do so. I doubt if their "swingin' " image goes more than hair deep. Before today's game I wander over to the A's dugout and fall into conversation with Bob Locker, their thirty-four-year-old relief pitcher. "Sure, some of it's just show," he chuckles under his droopy handlebar. "But down deep I think we really are different, or some of us anyway. We dare to be different. That's the key. I'll tell you something not many people know. There's a little book that has a lot to do with the success of this team this year—the inner success, I mean—*Jonathan Livingston Seagull*. Have you read it? You ought to read it."

Stunned, I am about to explore the subject when the press is shooed off the field by Reds' security guards, armed with ominous little walkie-talkies. I take the elevator up to the press box, a glassed-in enclosure where the reporters sit in canted tiers like medical students observing a brain operation. Searching for my seat, I idly watch an A's coach slicing fungoes to the outfielders. But something is wrong. I can't hear the ball hit the bat. I can't hear the crowd. I can't hear anything. This isn't baseball! But all turns out for the best. Since I'm not a regular member of the baseball-writing fraternity, I am not entitled to a seat in their hermetically sealed container. I'm in the "auxiliary press box," several rows behind third base and out in the open, where I can sniff the ball-park mustard and listen to the blustering Reds' fans around me.

They get quieter as the innings go by; as their brawny heroes swing helplessly at the pin-point pitching of Ken Holtzman, Rollie Fingers, and Vida Blue; as Gene Tenace, the A's' little catcher, hits two home runs (earning an immediate $5,000 raise from Charlie Finley); and as the A's win, 3–2.

Afterwards Bobby Tolan is asked what happened to the Big Red Machine. Slumped in his underwear by his locker, he says perhaps the team is still recuperating from the furious play-offs. "We really poured everything into those, because getting here, to the Series, was the important thing." Later, in the A's' clubhouse, Tenace is asked—in one of those classic sportswriter's questions—which had been his "biggest thrill," hitting two home runs or getting a raise. "Just being here," he says.

Later I realize I feel much the same as Tolan and Tenace. This is the Goddamn World Series, and being here is half the fun.

SUNDAY, October 15—Today is Jackie Robinson Day, and I have mixed emotions. In one sense it's a clever public relations stunt by the commissioner's office. Let's face it, baseball has irrevocably lost many of its white fans—particularly the upper middle class, which has bought Tartan vests and leather flasks for the tonier pro football scene. Of late it is even in trouble with the white working class. Bob Maisel, the *Baltimore Sun*'s veteran sports editor, traces some of the trouble to last spring's players' strike. "Baltimore's a conservative, working-class town," he tells me before today's game. "The steelworkers and longshoremen resented the players' holding out for what they thought were fancy salaries. We got lots of letters calling them 'rich bastards' and 'spoiled punks.' And those guys stayed away from the ball park all season."

With its low prices, downtown stadiums, and black superstars, baseball is increasingly making a pitch for black fans—particularly in the National League, whose long lead in fine black athletes is one reason for its superiority. So what could be shrewder than honoring the first black major leaguer on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his cracking the barrier? The commissioner has done it up big—inviting Joe Black, a Dodger teammate of Robinson's, Larry Doby, the first black player in the American League, and Monte Irvin, the former Giant outfielder, now one of the commissioner's assistants, to provide the proper black ambience for the field ceremony. (The night before, I was standing with one of America's leading baseball writers when Doby walked up to say hello. "Hi ya, Monte," said the writer. There was an embarrassing silence. "That's okay, man; I know we all look alike," Doby said good-naturedly.)

But there is authentic feeling here today. For Robinson is seriously ill—though none of us imagines that he will die of a heart attack just eight days later. He is blind in his right eye, and his left is half gone. I am standing in the runway before the game, eavesdropping on him and Pee Wee Reese, when a guy comes up and asks Robinson to add his name to an autographed ball. "Show me where," says one of the greatest athletes of our time. "I can't see a thing."

When the game gets underway, I notice how much difference this Tartan Turf is making. The ball skids out there so quickly that the shortstop has to play in short left field to have a chance at any ground ball hit to his left or right. And it takes a great arm to heave the ball to first—though Campaneris and Chaney both get it there several times today. One of the charms of the old ballgame, played on cow pastures or even on the neatly mowed grass of Yankee Stadium or Crosley Field, was that it could be played by rather average athletes—shambling farm boys and salesmen's sons with ordinary, even mildly deformed, bodies. But as more and more clubs install these artificial surfaces, the game is gradually being transformed into something much faster and more demanding, requiring rifle arms, sprinter's legs, and super athletes.

For most of the afternoon, though, there is very little action, super or otherwise, as the Reds' Ross Grimsley and the A's' "Catfish" Hunter hook up in another pitchers' duel. I amuse myself by watching the Reds' animated scoreboard, particularly an ad for Burger Beer, featuring a little Bavarian asking, "Vas you effer in Zinzinnati?" and a parade of small planes and helicopters circling the stadium, trailing some more riveting messages: "Fricker for Sheriff." "Country Jamboree Starts Monday,"

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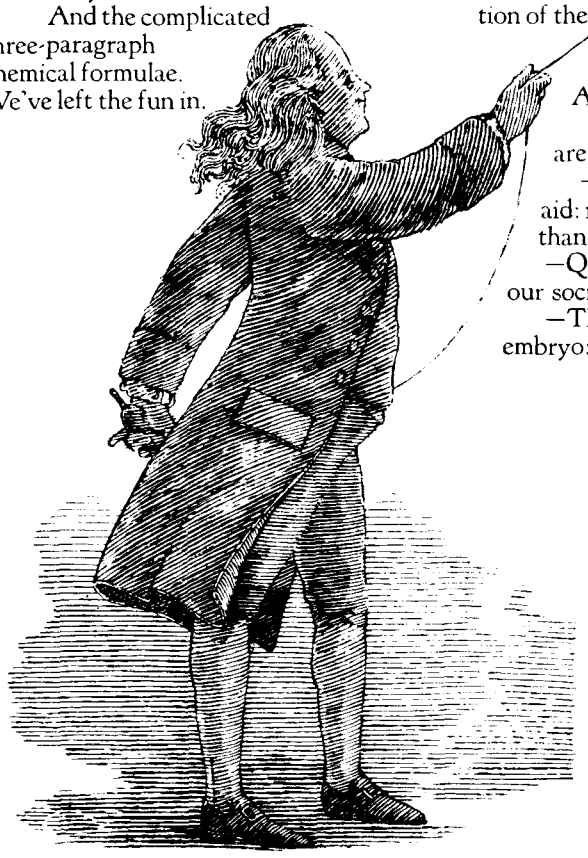

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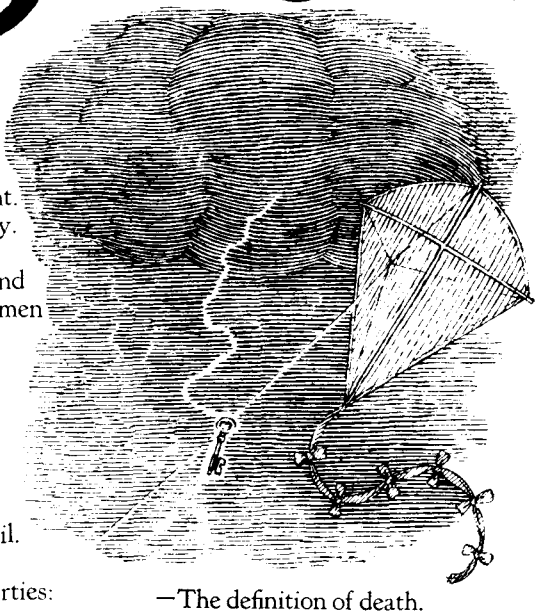

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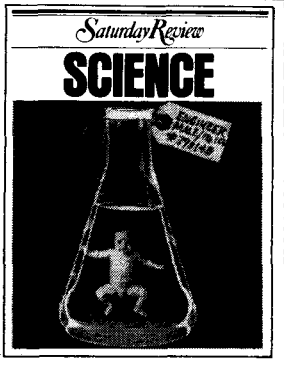

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MONDAY, October 16—I have wangled a ride to Oakland on the A's plane, and although we boarded it last night in Cincinnati, everything west of the Rockies is Monday to me, so I'll include it all in today's report.

I'm astonished how subdued many of the A's are after winning their first two games and heading home now, the decided favorites in the Series. Part of this is an obvious attempt to avoid overconfidence. They won the first two play-off games against Detroit only to have the Tigers come charging back and almost snatch the pennant away. So they are taking nothing for granted.

But there is something else going on here. Part of it is the cramped traveling conditions. The big jet, which Charlie Finley chartered from World Airlines, seats about 125, but tonight that means twenty-five players, fifteen of their wives, about ten coaches and team officials, about fifteen writers—and about seventy-five of Finley's relatives, friends, and assorted guests. It is clear that many of the A's don't appreciate being crammed in here with Charlie's retinue. "We won the game for him," grumbles one of the team's superstars. "Why can't he just leave us in peace without all his hot-shot friends, hangers-on, and flunkies?"

But that isn't Charlie's style—never has been and certainly won't be tonight. After eleven years of ridicule for his histrionic unorthodoxy he is very close to his green-and-gold dream tonight, and he is doing everything in grand style. The "Swingers"—his five-piece brass band, dressed in green-and-gold uniforms and straw hats—are marching up and down the aisle, blaring Dixieland in everybody's ears. And there is a lavish menu featuring drinks and dishes named for players—"Catfish Appetizers" with a "Bando Sauce," "Tenace Tenderloin," "Stuffed Holtzman Potato," "Fingers French Roll," and "Kubiak Brandy."

I'm sitting with Dave Duncan, the former first-string catcher who has the tomato juice named after him, and Reggie Jackson, the team's great center fielder, who badly tore his leg sliding home in the last play-off game and is hobbling around these days on crutches (for some curious reason he isn't even mentioned on the menu, although even Charlie, Jr., the owner's son, has a dessert named after him). Duncan, who is white, and Jackson, who is black, have been close friends since they served their minor-league apprenticeships together in Birmingham, Alabama. And they are particularly close these days because they are both wretched about sitting out this Series: Jackson because of his injury, of course; Duncan because, after hitting nineteen home runs and sixty runs-batted-in during the first two-thirds of the season, he went into a slump and has been benched the rest of the way. Duncan wept openly for his friend when he was injured, and now Jackson tells me bitterly that Dave is being punished, not so much for his slump, as for saying several years ago that Finley would run the club no matter who managed it. (Finley has had eleven managers in eleven years, and Dick Williams, the incumbent, has held his job for two years only because he lets Finley call all the important shots.)

Reggie is seething about something else tonight, too. A racial slur from some people in Finley's entourage has so enraged him that he tells me, "If I gave in to my instincts tonight, I'd quit this team forever. I'm that mad. These people think I'm Supernigger on the field, but off it I'm just plain old nigger."

Duncan, Jackson, and some other players are also openly angry about Finley's bonus to Gene Tenace the day before and one to Mike Hegan during the play-offs. "That's the way Finley runs this team—encouraging individual performance, discouraging any team cohesiveness," Jackson says. "I'm not taking anything away from Gene. He's been great. But, hell, he doesn't deserve a bonus any more than Catfish or Rollie or Blue Moon [Odom] or half-a-dozen other guys."

Just then Dick Williams comes back and beckons Joe Rudi forward. "Watch this," Duncan tells me. "I'll bet you he's going to give Joe a bonus." I watch as Rudi sits down. Finley, standing over him, whispers in Williams's ear. Williams then whispers in Rudi's ear. A

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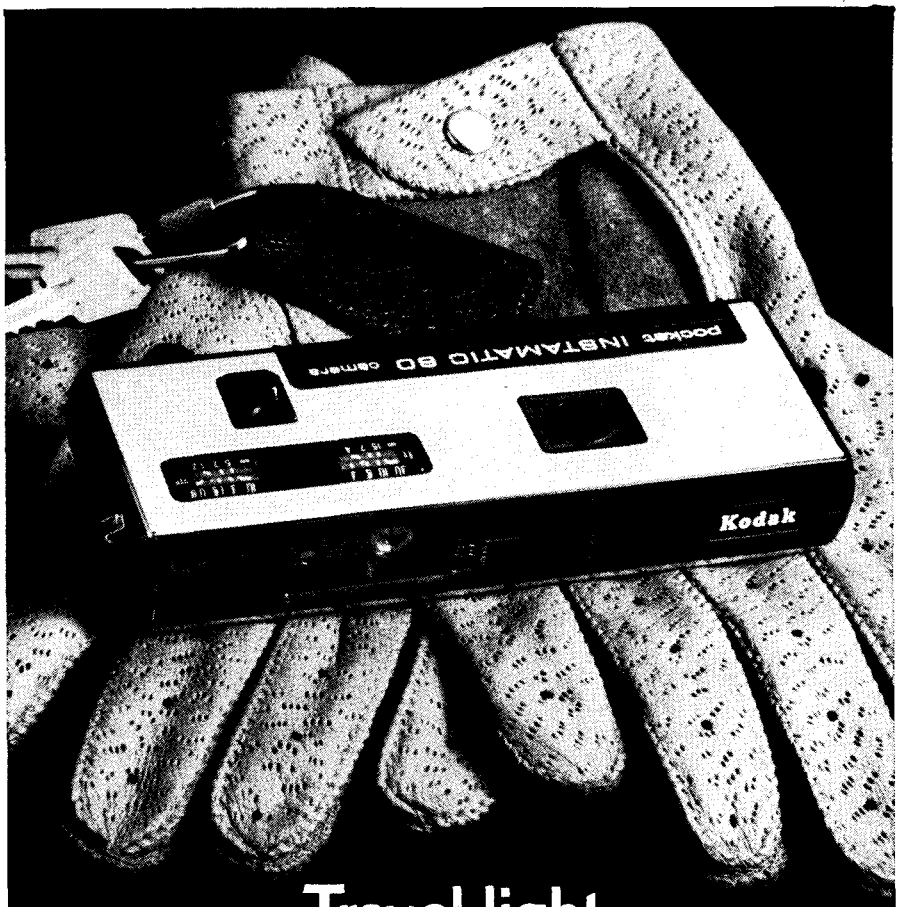

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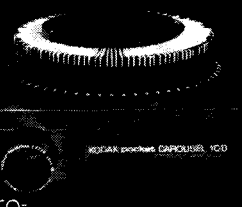

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moment later Rudi comes back. "Five thousand?" Reggie asks him. Rudi nods. "You deserve it, Joe," says Duncan. "Thanks," says Rudi, "but so do you."

Meanwhile Finley is cavorting up and down the aisle in his green blazer and a borrowed straw hat, swigging from a bottle of Portuguese Rosé wine and leading his band in an impromptu version of his favorite song: "Sugar in the morning, sugar in the evening, sugar at suppertime. Put your lovely legs around me, and love me all the time."

At one point Duncan leans up and asks the trombonist, "Are you guys having fun?"

"No," says the trombonist.

"Then why are you doing it?" asks Jackson.

"For the same reason as you guys," says the trombonist, "because Charlie calls the tune."

"Charlie doesn't call no tune for me," Jackson growls.

"That's my old Jonathan Livingston Seagull," says Duncan.

Jackson nods. "That's Jonathan."

I gawk. What is this sea gull business? But just as I'm about to ask, back down the aisle comes Charlie Finley, and he puts an unsteady hand on Duncan's shoulder. "Oh, I know you, David Duncan," he says.

"I don't think you really do," says Jackson. "I want to tell you something. The night we lost that second game in Detroit, Dave told me, 'We've got to get this team together. We've got to stop saying "I" and start saying "we."' So we went room to room in the hotel, telling the guys that. The next day we really played as a team, and I ran those base paths like I never have before . . . ."

"You sure did!" Charlie says.

"No, no, what I'm trying to tell you is that sometimes it pays to think about other people, to be human."

"Oh, sure," Finley says. "I know you, Dave Duncan . . . ."

"Oh, bullshit!" Duncan says, sitting upright. "You don't know me because you've never taken the trouble to know me."

Finley mumbles something and turns away.

Just then Vida Blue, 1971's super-pitcher, strolls by. Ever since his celebrated holdout last spring Vida has been seething inwardly at Finley (who calls him "a good boy"). And Blue is particularly angry now because of the decision—apparently Finley's—to keep him in the bull pen these first Series games. Taking a pen from his pocket, he sticks it in his mouth like a cigar. "Mr. Charles O. Finley," he growls in an uncanny imitation of the boss. "How you there, boy? You played a great

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game. What did you say your name was? Wait a minute [pretending to take a phone call]. Yeh, sell that stupid stock; I don't want it. Now, what did you say your name was, boy?"

As we come in for a landing at Oakland, Finley is on the horn, telling us that a large crowd is waiting and each player will be expected to say a few words. But when we reach the terminal, the crowd is far bigger than anybody expected—bigger, in fact, than the attendance at many of the A's' home games this year. And it is totally out of hand—the crowd mauling any player who gets near. Finley, Williams, Sal Bando, and Campaneris manage to squeeze through a narrow aisle opened by police. But others who try are nearly crushed and turn back, several of the wives in tears.

When the crowd starts calling for other players, Finley is furious. Charging out, he boards a bus where a few writers are huddled and bellows: "I've never been so chagrined, so embarrassed in my life. I never had anything, but I got where I am by showing appreciation. Any player of mine who is too scared to go in there I don't want." Then he wheels on Jimmy Piersall, the former Red Sox outfielder who is now his aide-de-camp, and orders him to round up "those cowards." But Piersall hops back on the bus, murmuring, "For Christ's sake, get me away from him."

TUESDAY, October 17—A half-hour before the ballgame the sun is shining brightly and the Oakland Symphony Orchestra is camped out behind second base, playing "Take Me Out to the Ballgame" and other appropriate melodies. Then a funnel cloud swirls over the Coliseum, dumping a drenching rain and huge hailstones on the flabbergasted crowd. The orchestra, in black cutaways, makes a thunderous charge across center field with a cellist and a bassoonist finishing in a dead heat. A half-hour later the commissioner calls the game.

WEDNESDAY, October 18—The skies are clear today, and the Serendipity Singers get things under way with their version of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Up in the press box I'm sitting with the New York *Daily News* contingent. During the anthem Dick Young stares through his binoculars at the two female members of the group, both in very low-cut red gowns. "Francis Scott Key never saw anything like that," he says, passing the binoculars down the line. "Those sure are some broad stripes," says the man from the *Newark Star-Ledger.*

Finley has reserved an entire section behind the A's' dugout for his retinue and has distributed green hats and

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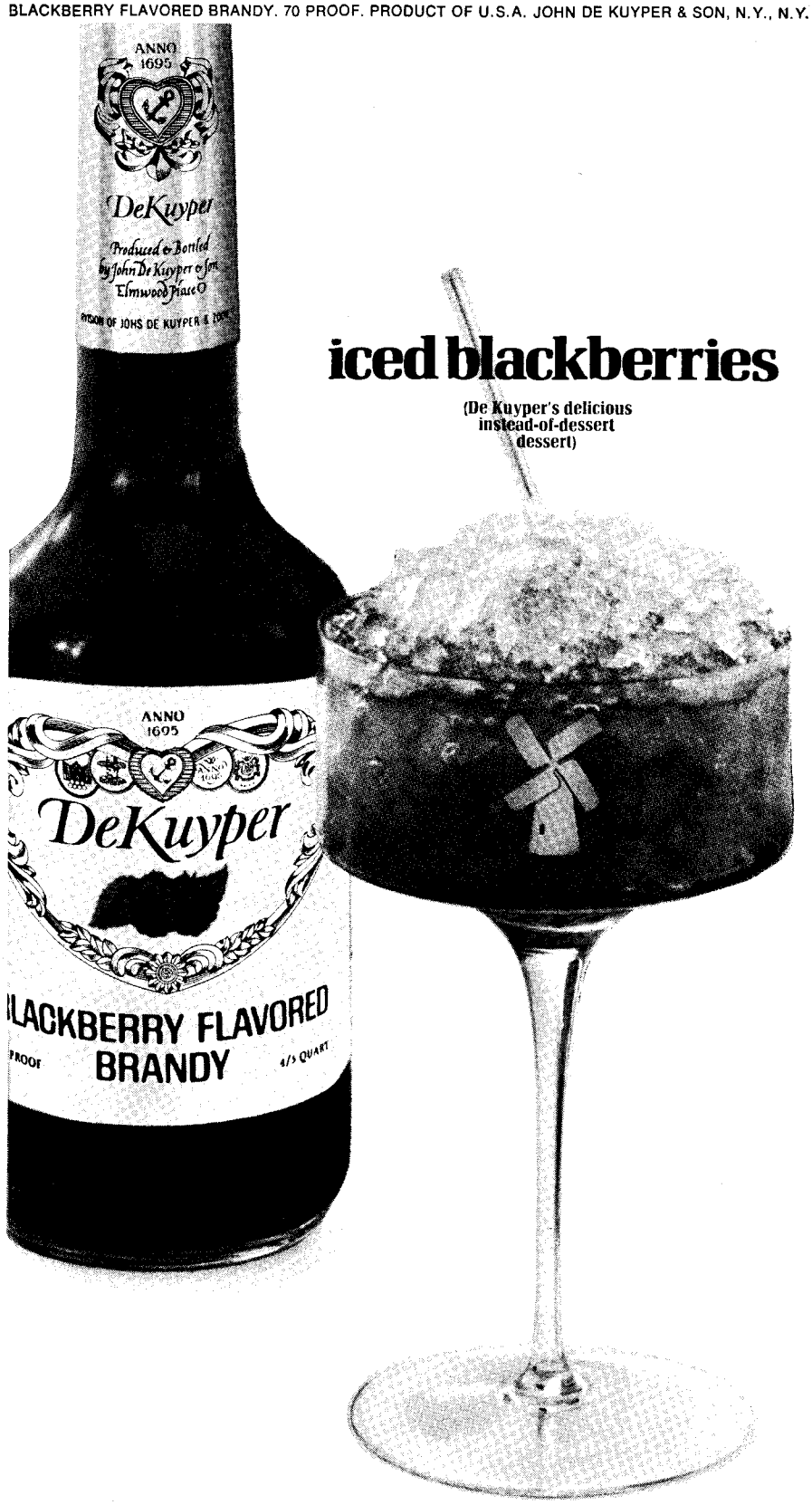

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green, gold, and white banners to them and the adjoining two sections. It is indeed impressive, all that green and gold fluttering there in the sunlight. But it doesn't help the A's much. Jack Billingham, a journeyman pitcher picked up this year from Houston, tosses a brilliant shutout, and the Reds win 1–0.

With so little hitting by either side, much of the game is stupefyingly dull. "What scores!" moans the man from the *Newark Star-Ledger*. "First 3-2, then 2–1, and now 1–0."

"You didn't think they could keep up that pace, did you?" cracks Dick Young.

THURSDAY, October 19—Out by the batting cage this afternoon I listen while Red Smith and Arthur Daley of the *New York Times* swap baseball stumpers. "Darold Knowles [an injured A's pitcher] just caught me on one," says Red. "Which four players had careers spanning the four decades of the Thirties, Forties, Fifties, and Sixties?" Daley doesn't know. "Ted Williams, Early Wynn, Mickey Vernon, and Elmer Valo," Smith reveals. "He got me there, but I caught him, asking him to name a Hall of Fame team all of whose names begin with C. He's too young to have heard of Frank Chance or Jack Chesbro." For decades, on long road trips and around smoke-filled hotel lobbies, writers and players have been killing time with games like these. And with so little happening on the field these past few days, there isn't much else to talk about.

It's another close one today, but spiced by a come-from-behind rally in the ninth, with the A's stringing together four singles to win it, 3–2. After the game I trap Bob Locker in the clubhouse and ask him some more about this sea gull business. "Well," he tells me, " a TWA stewardess suggested I read it this summer. I really found it tremendously relevant to my life and what's been happening on this team. It's about changing your life and changing other people's lives. I gave it to Reggie Jackson and Joe Rudi. I think it helped change their lives. Somebody gave it to Dick Williams. And I know at least one person has suggested Charlie Finley read it."

FRIDAY, October 20—The A's can wrap it all up here this afternoon, and in the press box the writers are openly rooting for them. Nobody wants to go back to Cincinnati. When the Reds go one run ahead in the first, there are moans. But when Tenace puts the A's out in front in the second with a three-run homer, the New York writers start booking flights back to Gotham. "Get me a limousine to Paramus, too," shouts Dick Young. But then the Reds come charging back in the eighth and ninth to win it, 5–4. "Vas you effer in Zinzinnati?" asks Maury Allen of the *Post*. We will be tomorrow. And there will be no day off for travel this time. NBC insists on broadcasting the final two games on prime-time weekend afternoons. I fly all night, arriving at 9:30 a.m. Curse you, Curt Gowdy!

SATURDAY, October 21—The Big Red Machine finally breaks loose today. The three go-go men at the top of the lineup—Rose, Morgan, and Tolan—run wild on Gene Tenace's arm, and Johnny Bench finally gets a home run. It's an 8–1 laugher for Cincinnati. The Series is all tied up three games apiece.

Down in the deathly quiet of the A's' clubhouse I continue to track the evasive sea gull. Dave Duncan tells me, "Look, Jonathan was a super bird who was determined to be the fastest sea gull around. And that means a lot to any athlete, who, if he's any good at all, wants desperately to excel at what he does. But Jonathan also learns that isn't enough. You have to provide leadership for others—not through a big macho thing but through being kind and sensitive and really caring about your teammates. That's what Bob Locker and Joe Rudi and Reggie and I have been trying to do these past few weeks. It's gotten to be a little in-joke."

SUNDAY, October 22—Dave Duncan is the starting catcher for today's final game! When he walked into the clubhouse this morning, Dick Williams told him, "You catch today. If you have any trouble finding home plate, ask one of the coaches." Williams wants to get Duncan's good arm behind the plate to stop the Reds from running wild on the bases. Tenace moves to first, replacing Mike Epstein, who has been in a fearful slump.

Things don't start too well for Dave. He walks, but gets picked off second base. A few minutes later, though, he throws the dangerous Morgan out at second, breaking the back of a promising Reds' rally. And he is hustling every moment, shaking his big glove at Blue Moon Odom and Catfish Hunter, shouting words of encouragement as he fires the ball around the infield. Meanwhile the Italian-American contingent—Tenace and Bando—gets the hits. The A's win, 3–2.

In the world champions' clubhouse Charlie Finley has gone berserk, pouring champagne over everybody in sight, calling it "the greatest moment of my life," saying he's "very proud of my club, my ballplayers, my manager," predicting the majors will soon adopt his idea for a bright orange baseball.

And over in a corner Bob Locker puts an arm around Dave Duncan and says, "Nice going, Jonathan Seagull." □

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Is Alison Bernstein Obsolete?

BY DAN CARLINSKY

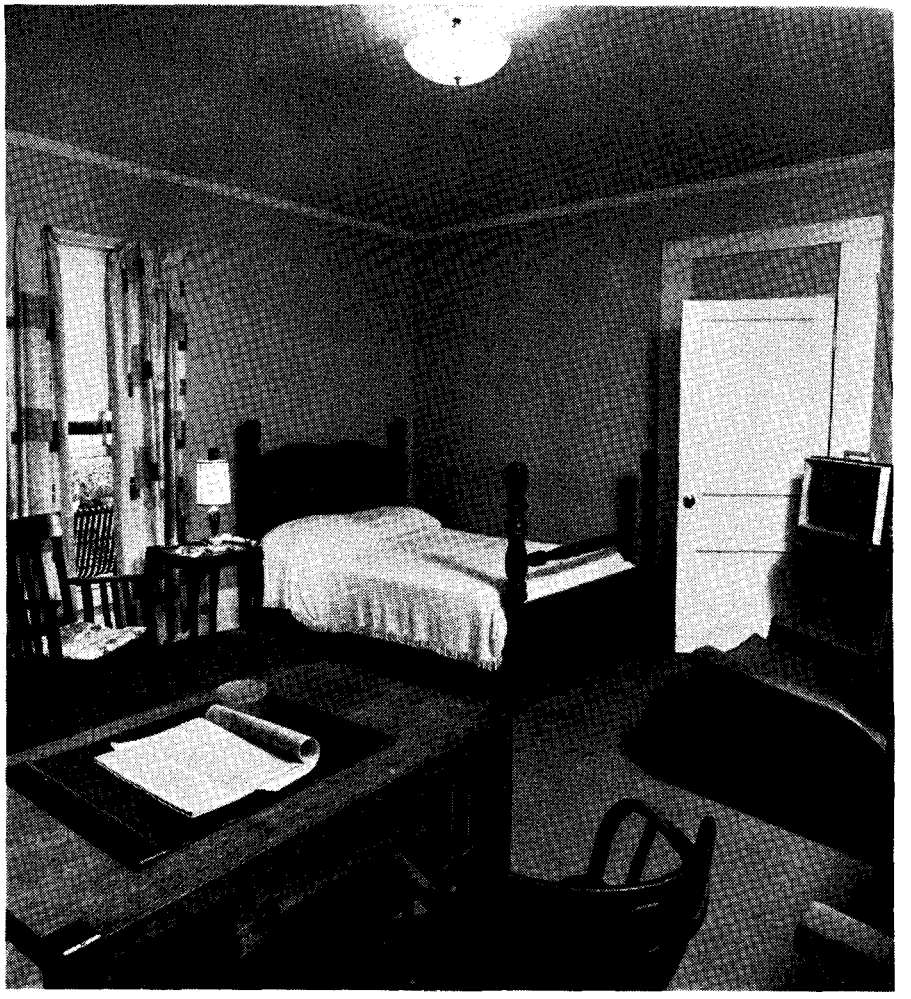
NEW YORK, N.Y.—A list of the twenty-seven trustees of Vassar College reads just about the way you'd expect: the male entries include a senior vice-president of Morgan Guaranty Trust, the president of the Harry Frank Guggenheim Foundation, the retired president of the Island Capital Corporation, the chairman of the board of IBM World Trade Corporation, a partner in the swank law firm of Cravath, Swain & Moore, and so on into the Social Register. The female members of the group are Vassar alumnae who have time on their hands and husbands bearing titles similar to those above. Then there is Alison Bernstein.

Alison Bernstein is a graduate student at Columbia and a part-time college instructor. She isn't married to anybody at all, let alone to someone plugged into the eastern Establishment; her father writes comic books. She is twenty-five years old.

When she was named to the Vassar board in January 1970, at the age of twenty-two, Alison Bernstein became something of a national oddity: a young trustee. American colleges and universities, like Congress and the Church, have always been ruled by elders, and, with the exception of a stray here and there, the elders traditionally have been healthy of bankbook. A 1965 survey of the trustees of some thirty of our most prestigious colleges showed a median age of sixty and a median income in the $50,000-to-$75,000-a-year bracket. Most boards are, in the main, self-perpetuating, with only a few token members elected by alumni. But since the late 1960s, when campuses began to experience periodic eruptions, most are also possessed of a certain battle sophistication, which tells them that it doesn't hurt to have youth represented in their ranks. If you can't lick 'em, they seemed to be saying, let 'em join you.

I called on Vassar's young trustee not long ago to ask how a veteran kid-on-the-board viewed her position after two years of committee work and board meetings with distinguished gray-hairs. "In the beginning we were just token," she told me, "but now in a way we're

Dan Carlinsky is a New York freelance writer who keeps a weather eye on the university scene.



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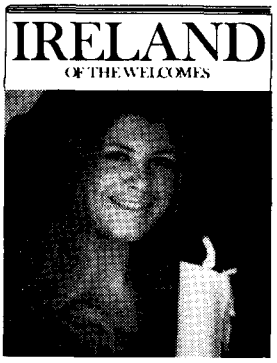

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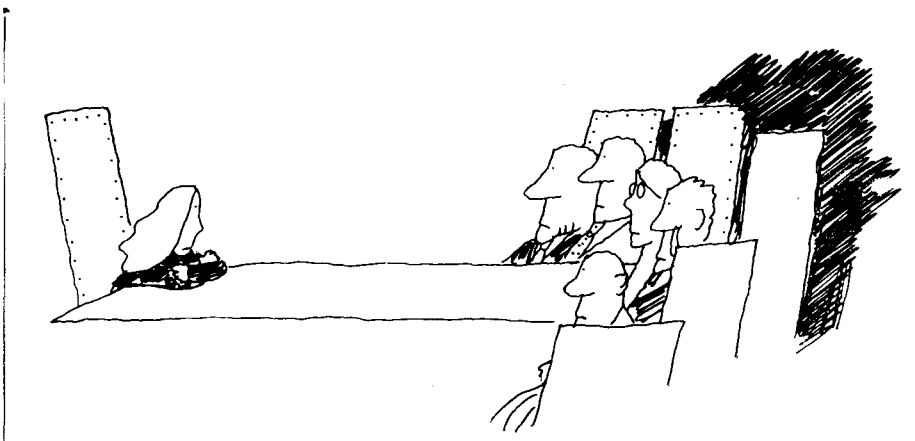

very establishment." Then, as if to show that she was definitely *not* establishment, she suggested that we talk further at the West End Café, a popular watering hole just off the Columbia campus.

Alison Bernstein the trustee, seated in the West End Café, seemed like Alison Bernstein the graduate student: long blond hair falling onto her shoulders, informal, talkative, good-humored. She freely articulated her viewpoints as a seasoned young trustee.

On Being Named a Trustee:

"I was president of the student body in my senior year. We set up two student-trustee weekend retreats and prepared all sorts of incredible demands, such as the abolition of parietal rules, and the trustees agreed to them all, which took the wind out of our sails. We pushed for a lot of things, but not for a young trustee. We didn't think it was a viable idea. The impetus didn't come from the students.

"I graduated in 1969 and went to Columbia on a fellowship to study American cultural history. My thesis is on 'American Indians and the New Deal.' In October I got a phone call from the new chairman of the board, Betty Purcell, who had been very supportive of student concerns at our conferences. She said, 'How would you feel about being a trustee?' It was their own idea. I started screaming, and my mother came running in because she thought it was my boyfriend asking me to marry him. I said to Betty, 'Wait, I'll ask my parents.' My father said, 'It's okay with me as long as I don't have to pay for a building.' So I told her, 'Sure.'

"A trustee was leaving office in midterm; so I was given half of an eight-year term to fill out. It came as a shock to the campus. And to me."

On Her Own Politics:

"I wasn't put on the board as the flaming revolutionary radical type, obviously. I'm supposed to represent reform. We have a Young Turk lawyer on the board and a few other liberals, but I think I'm further left than anyone. I'm the most radical—in the nonviolent sense."

On Her Duties as a Trustee:

"Trustees attend four meetings a year and work on three to five committees, which meet before the full meetings. My committees now are undergraduate life, women, minority students, and faculty and studies. A lot of these areas need work. For instance, there is no black administrator at Vassar with any clout, and the president and top vice-presidents are men.

"I've done a lot of traveling and speaking to alumnae groups to raise money—we're in a fifty-million-dollar campaign now. I travel probably more than anyone except the chairman and the development committee chairman and the president. I've been on closed-circuit TV to alumnae. In a sense they're using my youth to sell the school, but it doesn't bother me because the money will be spent on good things. Some of the trustees are so rich they don't ask to be reimbursed for travel expenses; I do."

On the Cost of Being a Trustee:

"There's the Alumnae Fund and the Vassar Benefit Opera and things that you're expected to contribute to. There's a twenty-dollar trustee liquor fee. I'm basically a teetotaler, and I was just getting ginger ale for my twenty dollars, but I finally got wise and acquired a taste for 'little old lady' Dubonnet. Once I was sent on a fund-raising tour in Miami, and I didn't have a thing to wear. I had to go out and buy a whole new wardrobe."

On Board Meetings:

"Meetings are held on Saturdays, with committee meetings the Friday before. Friday after dinner we gather round the piano and I play for them. They love it: Cole Porter, Rodgers and Hart, 'My Blue Heaven,' 'If I Had a Hammer.' They *love* 'If I Had a Hammer.' I'm square enough to get a kick out of it, too."

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On Her First Crisis:
"Right after I was appointed we had our first major sit-in. It was the black students. I heard about it from someone who had heard it on the radio. Almost all the trustees rushed to the campus. The students who were sitting in learned that I had a car and asked for food; so I made soul-food runs. It established a rapport.

"One trustee was adamant about calling the police, and the local sheriff, who was up for reelection, wanted to move in. But there was no real pressure to call the cops, and I told the kids that.

Another trustee called Governor Rockefeller to put the screws on the sheriff and keep him quiet. All those establishment types went and called other establishment types. That's how trustees work. The police never were called, and we got together and solved the problem. I think the campus really rose to the occasion.

"The trustees who came to campus stayed at the Alumnae House. I slept in a friend's dorm room."

On Students as Trustees:
"I don't agree with some people who think our next young trustee should be a student. It would be politically untenable in every way. She'd be expected to represent the students, and her responses would be predictable.

"I *do* represent students sometimes, but not entirely. Not that it's always easy to say what student opinion is. On some issues there is never a consensus. But on others the student attitude is clear-cut. Like when IBM was going to fund a graduate center at Vassar in science, technology, and human affairs. I knew the students were almost unanimously against it, but our committee went around and found out that, if Vassar could unite the sciences and the humanities, it would be a hell of a good thing. I had this great vision, but the kids thought I was a tool of IBM. If I had been a student trustee, I couldn't in good conscience have supported that. The plan eventually died from student opposition."

On the Board's Power Elite:
"The nut of the board's problems is the executive committee, which is the in group. The rest of us are really outs. It's an elitist concept.

"I've tried to get onto the executive committee, but I haven't a Chinaman's chance. The members are chosen by the nominating committee, which is also tight. The executive committee hasn't changed since I've been on the board. They all know each other. It's our biggest internal problem."

On Her Future as a Trustee:
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class I knew as an undergradute. Now I'm not as good a translator. There is a built-in obsolescence to being a young trustee."

On What Being a Trustee Has Meant to Her:

"Being a trustee has given me an unusual opportunity at my age to see that the power structure is not a monolith. It may be confused, but it's not malevolent. Some people wade through twenty years of PTA and Planned Parenthood to discover that.

"When I was first appointed, it was a tremendous boon to my social life. There was an AP picture of me in all the papers, and mothers said, 'Oh, what a nice Jewish girl,' and they got their sons to call me. To this day I get letters from guys who saw the picture." □

A Whole Society of Loners and Dreamers

BY WILLIAM ALLEN

IOWA CITY, Iowa—On Sunday afternoons here, if you're tired of taking walks in the country and fighting off the green-bellied hogflies, your next best choice is thumbing magazines at the downtown drugstore. One Sunday not long ago, when I ran out of anything else to thumb, I started looking through one of those magazines geared toward helping new writers achieve success. I used to pore over them a lot when I was a teen-ager, and the first thing I noticed now was that the ads haven't changed much over the past fifteen years:

"IMAGINE MAKING $5,000 A YEAR WRITING IN YOUR SPARE TIME! Fantastic? Not at all . . . . Hundreds of People Make That Much or More Every Year—and Have Fun Doing It!"

"TO PEOPLE WHO WANT TO WRITE FOR PROFIT BUT CAN'T GET STARTED. Have You Natural Writing Ability? Now a Chance to Test Yourself—FREE!"

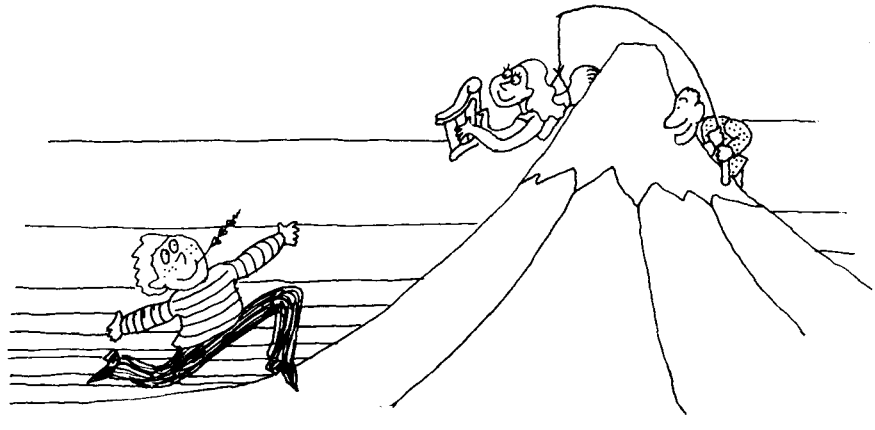
"I FIRE WRITERS . . . with enthusiasm for developing God-given talent. You'll 'get fired' too with my 48-lesson home study course. Over-the-shoulder coaching . . . personalized critiques! Amazing sales opportunity the first week. Write for my FREE STARTER KIT."

The ad that struck me the most showed a picture of a handsome and darkly serious young man sitting on a hill, picking his teeth with a weed, and gazing out over the countryside. The caption read: DO YOU HAVE THE "FAULTS" THAT COULD MEAN YOU WERE MEANT TO BE A WRITER? The ad went on to list the outstanding characteristics of writers. They are dreamers, loners, bookworms. They are too impractical, too intense, too idealistic.

When I was fourteen and had just started trying to write, I saw an ad much like this and was overwhelmed by it. That fellow on the hill was just like me, I thought. It was a tremendous feeling to discover that I might not be alone—that there was a whole society of loners and dreamers, that they were called writers, and that by sending off for a free writing IQ test I could find out by return mail if I qualified to climb the hill and chew straw with them.

I took that test and blew the top off it. The writing school said I demonstrated a rare creative potential unlike anything they had seen in years. They did wonder, though, if I had what it took to stick with them through long

William Allen recently moved from the University of Iowa to Ohio State, where he teaches—oddly enough—writing.



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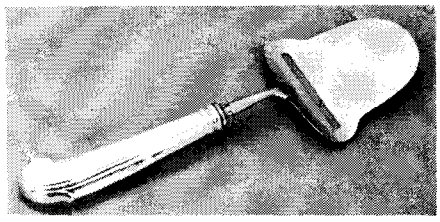

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months of arduous training to develop my raw talent. If I really did have that kind of fortitude, the next step would be to send in some actual samples of my writing.

Spurred, I sent off everything I had ever written—two stories of about 200 words each. One was about some unidentified creatures who lived in dread of an unidentified monster who came around every week or so to slaughter as many of them as he could. Some of the persecuted creatures had the option of running, hopping, scurrying, or crawling to safety, but the others, for some unexplained reason, couldn't move and had just to stand there and take it. There was a description of the monster's roaring approach. Then the last line hit the reader like a left hook: "The lawn mower ran swiftly over . . . ."

The other story I have preserved these many years:

THE RACE

Two gleaming hot rods stand side by side, poised and tensed—eager to scream down the hot asphalt track, each secretly confident that he will be the supreme victor. The time is drawing close now; in just a few minutes the race will be on.

There is a last minute check of both cars . . . everything is ready. A yell rings out for everyone to clear the track. The flagman raises the starting flag above his head, pauses for a second, and with a downward thrust of the flag, he sends the cars leaping forward with frightening speed.

They fly down the track, side by side, neither able to take the lead. They are gaining speed with every second. Faster and faster they go, approaching the half-way mark with incredible momentum . . . .

Wait! Something is wrong—one of the cars is going out of control and skidding toward the other car! The rending sound of ripping metal and sliding tires cuts through the air as the two autos collide and spin crazily off the track.

For a moment the tragic panorama is hidden by a self-made curtain of dust, but it isn't a second before the curtain is pulled away by the wind, revealing the horrible sight. There are the two hot rods, one turned over, both broken and smashed. All is quiet . . . .

Two small children, a boy and a girl, get up from the curb where they have been sitting. They eye each other accusingly as they walk slowly across the street where the two broken toy cars lay silent . . . . "Woman driver," grumbles the little boy.

The End

The correspondence school's copy desk quickly replied that the writing

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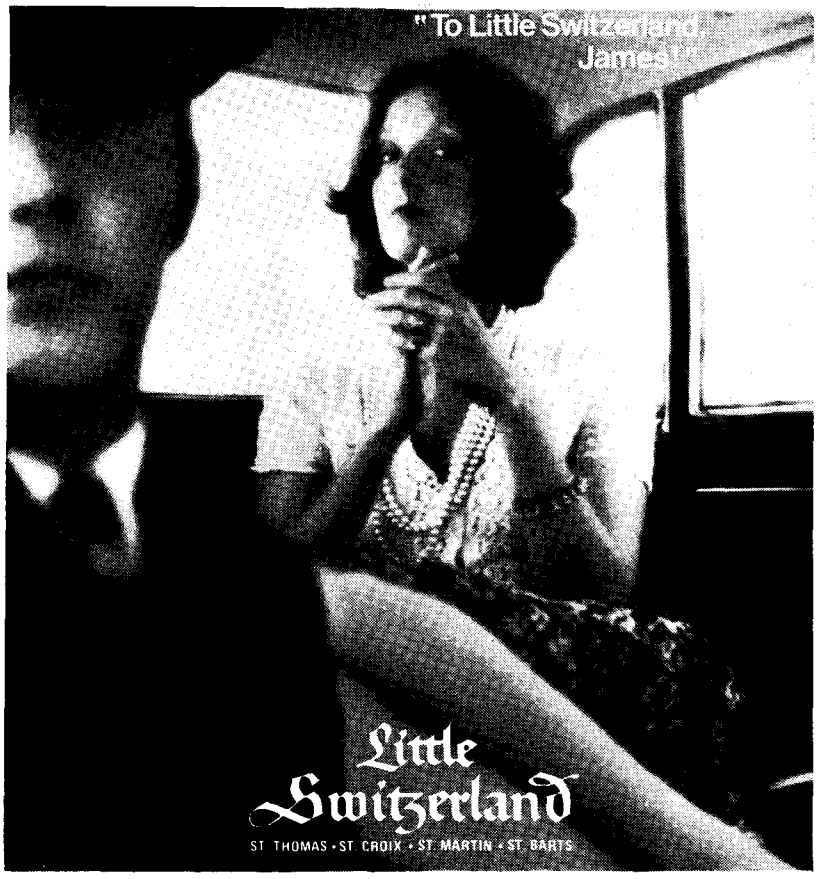
samples confirmed my aptitude test results and that they looked forward to working with me to the point of publication and beyond. I couldn't imagine what could be beyond publication but finally figured out they meant to handle my work later as agent-representative. They praised my choice of subject matter, sense of drama, and powerful surprise endings—all of which they said indicated I could sell to the sci-fi market. This made sense, because science fiction was all I had ever read voluntarily except for *Comic Classics* and, as a child, *Uncle Wiggily*. The school was particularly impressed by my style, which they said was practically poetry, in places. They made reference to my use of alliteration ("rending sound of ripping metal") and of metaphor ("self-made curtain of dust . . . pulled away by the wind").

They were quick to make clear, however, that what I had here were only germs of stories. They needed to be expanded to publishable lengths and had to have better character development—particularly the one about the bugs and grass being slaughtered by the lawn mower. They said a good writer could give even an insect an interesting personality.

The next step was to send them $10 for each of the two stories—the standard fee for detailed, over-the-shoulder copy-desk criticism. Then after these stories had been redone and rushed off for publication, I should enroll in their thirty-six-lesson course, in which I would be taught the ins and outs of plotting, characterization, point of view, theme, tone, and setting. The fee was $10 a lesson, and after my successful completion of the course they would then handle my literary properties, protect my legal rights, etc., for the regular 10 per cent.

At this point I began to wonder if I might be going in over my head. I was getting only a dollar a week from my folks and didn't understand half of what the writing school was talking about. In English class I had heard of such terms as "alliteration," "tone," and "point of view" but had no clear idea what they meant. Also I felt like an imposter. I had given my age as twenty-one. Of course, I was strutting because at fourteen I was doing better than anybody they had worked with in years, but I wondered if I could keep it up. "Rending sound of ripping metal" was genius, but could I crank out lines like that on a daily basis? I decided to try.

First I wrote them that I was a little short of cash this month and asked if, just to get started, it would be all right to work on one story for $10 instead of



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two for $20. They replied that that would be fine—just send in the ten bucks so they could get rolling.

Meanwhile I hadn't been able to get even that much money together. I approached my family and was turned down flat because my father thought there was something unhealthy about people who wanted to write. He was bothered by the school's remark that my writing was like poetry. "If you were a girl, it might be different," he said, and showed me a copy of *Men's Adventure*. "Look here, why don't you get one of these two ninety-eight worm ranches? Or one of these small-game boomerangs?"

After a few days of trying to drum up work around the neighborhood, I realized I wasn't going to be able to pull it off and decided just not to write back. But in a week I got a curt note saying they wanted to help me, were trying to be patient, but I was going to have to be more responsible. They said that writing was 1 per cent inspiration and 99 per cent perspiration and wondered if in my case the figures might be reversed.

This both goaded and scared me. I wrote back that on account of unexpected medical expenses I could afford to give them only $5 at first. Could they possibly let me have a cut rate? They replied that it was strictly against their policy, but in view of my undeniably vast potential the copy-desk team had voted to go along with me just this once—send the $5.

By mowing lawns and selling bottles, I had by this time scraped together $3, but there my earning potential dropped sharply. Another week went by, and I made only 48 cents more. Then a letter arrived stamped in red, front and back: URGENT! IMPORTANT! DO NOT DISCARD! It said I had violated an agreement based on mutual trust and had exactly twenty-four hours to send in the $5. Without exactly spelling it out, they gave the impression that legal action might be taken. The letter ended: "Frankly, Mr. Allen, we're about at our wits' end with you."

I was hurt as well as shaken. I felt that I just didn't have what it takes. If there ever had been a chance of my climbing that hill and sitting with that elite group of loners and dreamers, it was gone now. I had my mother write them that I had suddenly been struck down with polio and was unable even to write my name, much less take their course. I hung onto the little money I had in case I had to give it to them to avoid a lawsuit, but I didn't hear from them after that. In a few weeks I relaxed and mailed off for the $2.98 worm ranch. □

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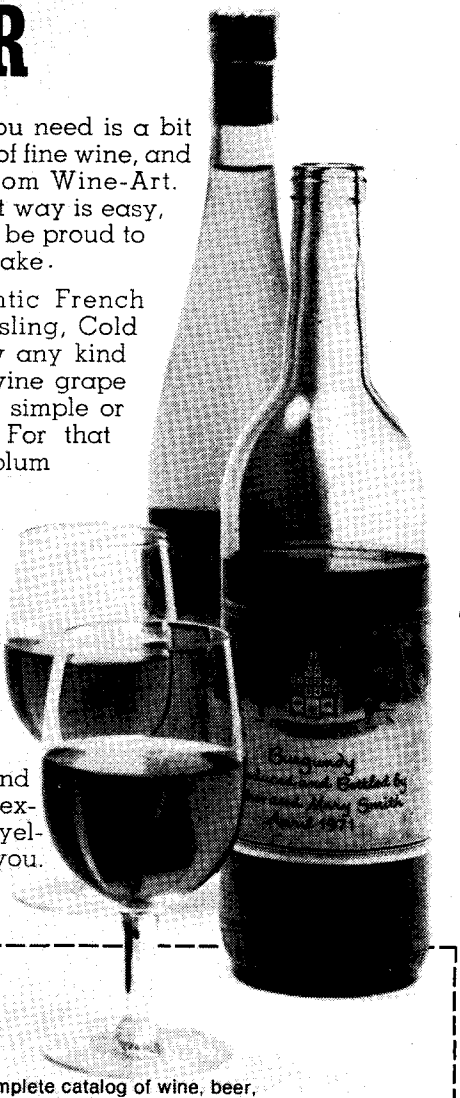
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Letters

VD on TV

Accolades to *Saturday Review* and Henry Resnik for giving us the inside story of the trials and tribulations of getting a good thing going on public television ["Putting VD on Public TV," *SR*, Oct. 14].

The next test is whether commercial TV can take *VD Blues* as a model. The concern of various government officials about media "overkill" is pathetic. Most newspapers and magazines still refuse to accept advertising for condoms (which are a very effective method for blocking VD), and commercial TV still considers condoms and VD virtually taboo. At the same time these media have few compunctions about sensationalizing and exploiting sex.

What we really need are *more* interesting, entertaining TV programs and more publications like comic books that are directed toward those teen-agers who aren't interested in reading.

In his excellent article Resnik referred to "a publisher in Syracuse" who "offered—for sale—100,000 copies of a VD comic book." That happens to be us. In the context of the rest of the passage we come off sounding like an opportunistic commercial enterprise.

When Don Fauser originally approached us with the idea of producing and distributing the comic, we were unable to obtain funding. As an entirely nonprofit, university-related center devoted to disseminating information about VD, sex, and drugs to youth (in a way that makes sense to them), we were faced with the alternatives of not producing the booklet at all or of taking a chance and offering it for sale.

Sol Gordon
Professor of Child
and Family Studies
and Director of Ed-U Press
College for Human Development
Syracuse University
Syracuse, N.Y.

Both my husband and I enjoyed *VD Blues* on television. He is a physician and is well acquainted with the anguish that these diseases cause in their later stages, in addition to the problems of parents who are confronted with a child born with birth defects as a result of VD.

We ask that you convey our compliments to the writers, producer, and actors and also to the 3M Company, which financed *VD Blues*. We suspect that the door that they have opened will be beneficial both in easing some of the guilt and in encouraging patients to seek medical help. We need more of these kinds of programs.

Ruth and Michael Bonfiglio
Coralville, Iowa

Henry Resnik's article states that playwright Israel Horovitz went to the library and discovered that VD had killed both Boswell and Keats. Boswell perhaps. He certainly describes his medical problems in his *Journals*, and there is little doubt that he was exposed to VD.

Keats died of tuberculosis. There was an autopsy performed that leaves no doubt. Mr. Horovitz might do well to consult Walter Jackson Bate's Pulitzer Prize–winning biography (1964) of Keats, in which he explains that Keats was thought to have had venereal disease because he was treated with mercury.

"Mercury was recklessly prescribed in the early 1800's for a large number of diseases as varied as croup, rheumatism, and tuberculosis," Bate writes. "Unaware of this, W. M. Rossetti argued that Keats had acquired syphilis at Oxford—mercury, by Rossetti's time, being still used for syphilis but less for other diseases."

Amy Ffield
Norwell, Mass.

Tearing Down the Ivy

The concept of "credit for life experience," alluded to by Herbert London in his article "University Without Walls" [*SR*, Sept. 16], is a difficult one to deal with. The problem is that the college credit really has nothing to do with quality of work: a student who earns an *A* in a course receives no more credit than one who earns a *C*. Credit is equated with time spent in study. A course that meets once a week might be designated as a "one-credit" course while one that meets three times a week would be a "three-credit course." And the quantity of credits assigned to a course is arbitrarily determined by each school.

Life experience, or knowledge gained outside the classroom, cannot be quantified. It can, and should, be applicable to a degree plan. It takes most people some time to view education in terms of quality rather than quan-

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tity. Once one does this, the problems associated with "credit for life experience" disappear. If the University Without Walls does have a major impact on higher education, it may well be because it emphasizes quality of thought and performance rather than quantity of time spent in class.

Mark Gelber
Director
University Without Walls
at Skidmore College
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Judging from the descriptions of the University Without Walls, I have concluded that this concept is missing the point of alternative education. Although students may learn more from outside experiences than from formal classrooms, this doesn't lessen the importance of formal classroom learning. Traditional universities overemphasize classroom experiences while the University Without Walls overemphasizes nonacademic experiences. The ideal university would have a balance of both.

Margie Shribman
Philadelphia, Pa.

Preserving the Flocks

Perhaps I am becoming sensitive after years of harassment by late-blooming ecologists, but I am tired of backhanded cracks against hunters by men like Robert Arbib in his article on bird migration, "The Semiannual Miracle" [*SR*, Oct. 14].

The legal hunting season and law-abiding hunters are not threatening the bird population. Hunters contribute millions of dollars a year to the support of wildlife, and through organizations such as Ducks Unlimited they even pay for the management of a duck-breeding habitat in Canada, where tax dollars cannot be used.

Legitimate hunting is a tool of game management. The duration of the season, size of the bag limit, and birds to be hunted are all determined by studies of what the bird population will stand. Frightening allusions to what would happen if "every licensed duck hunter got his bag limit on just two days of the season" are irrelevant. Only the very expert, diligent, lucky, wet, and frozen duck hunter ever gets his limit.

James W. Wiggs, M.D.
Great Bend, Kan.

Editor's note: *In Martin Levin's final Phoenix Nest column (*SR, *September 2), we inadvertently left off the copyright line from Ogden Nash's poem "The Phoenix." The line should read:*
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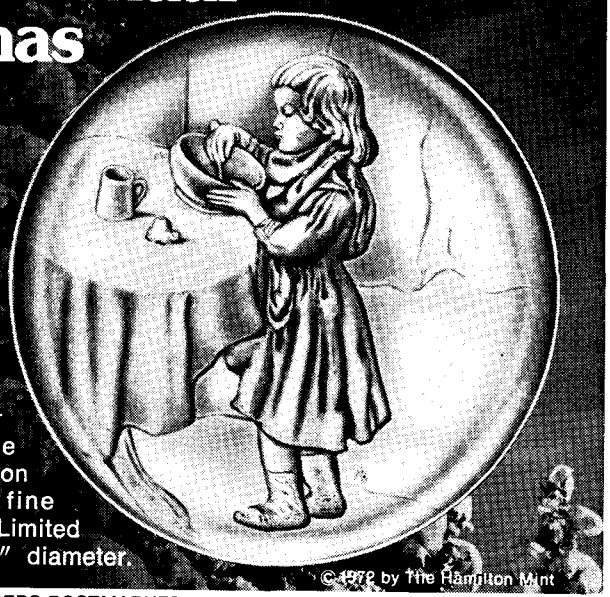

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Editorial

The 92nd: A Do-Something (but Not Enough) Congress

If the 80th Congress was known as the "do-nothing" Congress, and the 89th as the "do-anything" Congress, what, if any, epithet does the 92nd deserve? That's a difficult question, given the featureless nature of the recently adjourned Congress. Nonetheless, Speaker of the House Carl Albert, the Oklahoma Democrat, has come up with an answer—of sorts.

The 92nd, said Albert, was a "do-something" Congress. It was one, he added, that "did not wait to be led but which responded on its own to the urgent needs of the American people, despite the fact that the administration systematically turned its back on its own legislative proposals."

Of course, there is more than the usual amount of partisan rhetoric in that appraisal. From the opposite political corner comes a very different summing up of the 92nd's performance. "This lethargic Congress," said William Timmons, who was in charge of congressional liaison for the White House, "will be distinguished in history more by missed opportunities than by constructive performance. The legislative scoreboard is more a sad record than a bad record."

Neither judgment is wholly accurate. If the 92nd did indeed miss many opportunities, it was encouraged to do so by an administration that frequently seemed indifferent, or actually hostile, to proposals it had initiated itself. If the 92nd was indeed a "do-something" Congress, it was also one that did not do nearly enough in several important areas.

In all, President Nixon sent 318 legislative proposals to Congress. The 92nd enacted 144 of them, giving the administration a 44 per cent average, which is not too bad. Among the measures slapped down, however, was one that Nixon considered crucial—his proposal to impose a ceiling of $250 billion on federal expenditures and to give him the power, by means of what is known as an "item veto," to stay within that limit. Congress was probably less impressed by the President's complaint that it was guilty of "needless overspending" than by the fact that in four years Nixon has run up budget deficits totaling a record $74 billion. A number of senators and representatives, moreover, were worried that, if he were armed with a specific spending ceiling and an item veto, the President would use those powers to cut back or wipe out many essential social programs. In any event herewith a quick look at the 92nd's hits and misses:

On the plus side—The 92nd's most far-reaching action may prove to be its approval of a constitutional amendment granting the vote to eighteen-year-olds, adding some twenty-five million new voters to the rolls and compelling candidates for every level of office to crank a major new factor into their campaign plans. Congress also approved and sent to the states a constitutional amendment prohibiting discrimination based on sex; this "women's rights" amendment has not yet been ratified. A measure that could have incalculable impact on the nation is the revenue-sharing bill, which will permit Washington to parcel out $5.3 billion to state and local governments next year and some $30 billion over the next five years, with no strings attached. Nixon, in outlining his legislative program in his 1971 State of the Union message, singled out this proposal as one of the cornerstones of his "new American revolution." It remains to be seen, however, whether city halls and statehouses across the land will turn the much needed money to good use or turn the whole program into a giant boondoggle. In another important area Congress gave the Environmental Protection Agency broad power to regulate pesticides. It also gave Nixon four times as much money as he requested for building sewage treatment facilities to clean up our fouled lakes and rivers. The President wanted $6 billion over three years to control water pollution; when Congress upped the sum to $24.6 billion, Nixon called its action "unconscionable" and vetoed the measure. Congress resoundingly overrode his veto, but the President may have his way, nonetheless, by simply holding back funds. In education the 92nd authorized $2 billion over the next two years to help desegregate school districts, provided grants to college students and to the colleges directly, and created a National Institute of Education. The 92nd also approved significant welfare legislation. It raised Social Security benefits by 20 per cent (four times what the President had requested) and added a provision for automatic increases linked to the Consumer Price Index; okayed a $2.1-billion schedule of state aid for the elderly and a program of low-cost meals; extended Medicare coverage to the disabled who are under sixty-five; and approved a minimum $130-a-month income for the aged, the blind, and the disabled.

On the minus side—Perhaps the most noteworthy measure that failed to get through Congress was Nixon's proposal for welfare reform, which would have provided a guaranteed annual income. It must be noted, however, that the administration neither fought very hard for the proposal nor lamented its death. An omnibus bill on housing and urban development was put over to the 93rd Congress, as were proposals to establish a consumer protection agency (which the White House opposed) and to raise the minimum wage from the current level of $1.60 an hour to $2.20 by 1974. Also put over were proposals on no-fault auto insurance, the reform of private pension funds, a strip-mining measure, and a modest gun-control bill banning the sale of snub-nosed pistols. A plan to reorganize the government by consolidating seven Cabinet departments into four never got out of committee; nor did proposals for tax reform and increased health insurance. A child day-care center proposal ran into a presidential veto. An attempt to use money from the well-heeled Highway Trust Fund for financing mass transit systems was killed, with White House assistance.

How much of this legislation can be salvaged or resurrected by the 93rd Congress depends, of course, on the make-up of the new Senate and House. With a huge mandate, Nixon might be emboldened to try to strike down existing programs and to resist new ones. He could not succeed, however, without a cooperative Congress. That is why the presidential vote in this week's election is by no means the only important contest in town.

Ronald P. Kriss

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Saturday Review of
EDUCATION

The Ups and Downs of Drug-Abuse Education

BY RICHARD H. DE LONE

In the past few years what was once a subtopic in health and physical education classes has become a booming part of the curriculum in its own right—drug-abuse education. It is a subject that must literally stand the test of whether or not it turns kids on, and it is a subject that may become either another drag on an already heavily burdened curriculum or else a powerful lever for educational change.

How big is the boom? Stimulated by lurid news reports and a public that was particularly alarmed because drugs escaped the ghetto, in which they had thrived in relative anonymity for years, Congress approved the Federal Drug Education Act of 1970. It stands with this year's Higher Education Act as the Nixon administration's primary contribution to education legislation. In 1972 the U.S. Office of Education spent $13 million under this act. The recent creation of the $1-billion White House Special Action Office for Drug Abuse Prevention (SAODAP), charged with overseeing and coordinating all federal activities relating to drug abuse, makes it likely that allocations will increase substantially. New York State's legislature alone appropriated $23 million for school drug-prevention programs in 1971/72. And a massive, drug-education materials market has sprung up.

"The drug issue has the potential to become a powerful lever for school reform."

It is impossible to fix with certainty the dollar worth of all the materials purchased, personnel hired, and teacher time allotted for drug education. An extremely conservative estimate is $100 million a year nationwide. New York State alone accounted for more than $40 million in state and local efforts last year. And the only thing one can say with certainty about the barrage of materials (other than the fact that almost none have been field-tested or evaluated prior to production) is that

Richard H. de Lone, a frequent contributor to SR/Education, *has worked as a reporter for the Philadelphia* Bulletin *and was assistant to Philadelphia's superintendent of schools for two years. He is assistant commissioner for education and training, and administers school programs, in New York City's Addiction Services Agency.*

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a great many of them are utter garbage.

The National Coordinating Council for Drug Education, a Washington-based, foundation-funded consortium, has conducted a thorough review of drug films, and, in the words of its executive director, Peter Hammond, "about eighty per cent of them contain factual errors. More than a third contain so many errors we label them scientifically unacceptable, and some are so bad we think they are more dangerous than drugs."

For instance, a coordinating council review team, looking at the dozen films made explicitly for black audiences, rejected all twelve on grounds that they were "objectionable" and "racist."

"They all show black kids shooting heroin—never any other drug," says Hammond, "and they all come to a dead end. They never show a black junkie getting off drugs. They just perpetuate the same old stereotypes."

Hammond's "favorite" film, however, is the best-selling *Narcotics, the Pit of Despair*. For starters, the film turns out to deal primarily with marijuana, which is not a narcotic. The film opens with a shot of a swaying cobra, ready to strike, and plunges on from there. The council's review team sardonically decided that its "only socially redeeming value" is a sequence that provides "an excellent demonstration on how to prepare and inject heroin."

Hammond's own conclusion is that "there is no place for the drug-abuse film anywhere in the educational process. But we realize," he adds, "we are dealing with an educational establishment that is locked into films and media. So we recommend about twenty of the films to be used with caution."

The council has similar conclusions about the quality of prepackaged drug-education curriculums and other materials. Its position is backed up by a year-long study recently completed by the National Education Association, which concluded that from coast to coast the norm is "deplorable instruction," teachers and administrators who "fail to recognize the problem," and "misinformation" disseminated through "superficial educational processes" that may actually contribute to drug use.

As for materials themselves, the NEA task force ended up by withholding recommendations from any of the available drug-education curriculums it reviewed.

The situation is so bad that SAODAP, in conjunction with the coordinating council, is now seriously considering declaring a "national moratorium" on the production of drug literature and materials. This would be a drastic step indeed, since a number of federal agencies are actively in the business of producing such materials and some major companies have invested in drug education. CBS, Time Inc., General Motors, and McGraw-Hill, to name just a few, have produced films or other audiovisual materials, and entire curriculums are on the market from such major concerns as Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Fairchild Hiller, 3M, and Westinghouse.

The purpose of a moratorium would be to thoroughly review and evaluate what is currently on the market and to engage in basic research, according to one White House official, into the question of what media are appropriate for different audiences and what effects they have.

But, with or without a moratorium, it seems safe to assume further growth in the national investment in drug education. It seems safe to assume that the growing number of educators paid to implement and expand drug-education programs will keep implementing and expanding.

It also seems safe to assume that the premises underlying most drug-education programs will do nothing to diminish the drug problem. Those premises were clearly stated by President Kennedy's Advisory Committee on Narcotics and Drugs nine years ago, as follows:

The teen-ager should be made conscious of the full range of harmful effects, physical and psychological, that narcotics and dangerous drugs can produce. He should be made aware that, although the use of a drug may be a temporary means of escape from the world about him, in the long run these drugs will destroy him and all he aspires to.

In fact, scarcely any evidence exists to support the kind of drug education the statement calls for, a growing mound of evidence casts grave doubt on it, and some evidence even suggests that the primarily didactic education implied by the statement may increase, rather than diminish, drug usage.

For instance, a major study of New York City prevention programs just completed by the city's Addiction Services Agency found no evidence of any significant relationship between knowledge about drugs or awareness of the dangers of drugs and their actual use. A similar conclusion was reached by a large Pennsylvania Department of Health study in 1970. A Dallas, Texas, survey of drug-education programs in 1971 suggested that the only significant change in student behavior after a drug-education course was increased consumption of alcohol.

Studies of analogous prevention efforts in other fields turn up similar findings and add to the case against standard drug-education programs. The book *Smoking, Health, and Behavior*, for instance, reports studies of smoking-education programs in which the participants (contrasted with control groups) increased both their knowledge of the dangers of tobacco and their consumption of it.

Dan Dobin, a Harvard Graduate School of Education student, has found another convincing analogy in driver education. The nation's schools spend more than $104.5 million a year on driver education and employ some 35,000 driver-education instructors, he reports, and insurance companies reduce their rates for young drivers who have participated in these programs. But study after study conducted over the last ten years by private and government agencies has concluded, in the words of a 1971 statement by the vice-president of the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, that "there is simply no proof that driver-education courses, as now defined and conducted, influence highway losses one way or another, and wishing won't make that go away."

Wishing won't make it go away for drug education either. To the contrary, Dr. Helen Nowlis, currently head of the U.S. Office of Education's drug-education division and as close to being an expert as is possible in this nebulous field, recently summed up her years of experience by saying, "I am more and more reinforced in my conviction that information alone is not the answer and at times may be counterproductive."

In themselves these studies are not definitive. Methodological cavils are possible in each case. Oblique relationships between knowledge and use may exist. Nor do I wish to take the "original-sin" position that knowledge about drugs is evil. To the contrary, students who wish information about drugs should be able to get it in a factual and straightforward way. But knowledge on demand is not the same as knowledge thrust upon you. And drug education for parents and teachers does make sense because, as a group, most of them are abysmally ill-informed.

However, the burden of proof rests squarely on the shoulders of those who believe that dispensing of information —didactic instruction to a captive audience of students—constitutes drug-abuse prevention.

The apparent uselessness of the bulk of drug-education programs as prevention measures raises at least two basic questions that must be faced openly by nervous parents, pressured educators, and government officials at all levels. Otherwise, the drug-education boom will continue to be a boondoggle of wasted dollars, wasted man power, and wasted kids, and the cover for yet another group in the educational bu-

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There's a bright side, though...

Drug-abuse education
is booming today
in schools
across the country.
But for most kids it's a bummer.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LANNING STERN

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reaucracy dedicated to the preservation of its own *shtick*.

The first obvious question is: Why doesn't information prevent? And the second is: If dispensing information is not very helpful, can schools do anything to prevent drug abuse?

Several responses can be made to the first question, in addition to citing the inadequacies of existing materials. Some studies indicate that the average teen-ager already knows as much about drugs and their dangers as the average drug-education instructor (e.g., the New York and Pennsylvania studies mentioned above). Another persuasive argument is that any drug-education program aimed at curing the use of illicit drugs is bound to be perceived as hypocritical—no matter how the pitch is made—in a drug-store society that spends more money on tobacco, alcohol, nonprescription drugs, and drugs with minimal medical purposes (such as sleeping pills and tranquilizers) than it does on public schooling. Given the paucity of knowledge about how to change attitudes or behavior, the theory a nine-year-old recently put to me has its claim on validity, too: "Once a kid makes up his mind he's going to do something, it's awfully hard for a grownup to change it."

Why drug education might increase drug use is a tougher question to answer. Perhaps it stimulates rebellion. Perhaps it simply raises curiosity. Certainly, the slickly packaged "Drug I.D. Kits" marketed by several concerns, replete with rainbow-colored pills, sugary powder, syringe, and "cooker," are titillating. They look delicious, and the medium may well be the message. Or perhaps honestly factual presentations about illicit drugs—especially marijuana—convince students that there is little to worry about, especially in contrast to the wildly distorted claims about the dangers of drugs prevalent in many quarters.

Yet these explanations beg the crucial issue of defining the nature of drug abuse—an issue that has to be faced if schools are to play any role in prevention. Definition is not that easy, for drug use is a complex phenomenon, clouded by ideological and emotional considerations. A simplistic, if widespread, notion is that use of any illicit drug, from marijuana to heroin, constitutes abuse. But such a definition omits the abuse of alcohol and of inhalants (glue sniffing) as well as the misprescription of drugs by doctors. And it ignores the medical fact that, as Dr. Nowlis puts it, "any drug is potentially dangerous for some people under some circumstances."

More importantly, it ignores a widespread cultural acceptance of some illicit drugs—marijuana is only the best example—which is another fact that cannot be wished away. "Abuse" is a relative concept, and there are substantial numbers of recreational drug users in this country—some of them in search of a good time, some in search of "expanded consciousness." It is improbable that any programmatic intervention by any agency is going to change this.

Yet there are vast numbers of young people who use drugs frequently, intensely, and habitually to a point where it interferes with their own physical, mental, and social well-being. For many drug use is a desperate recourse for dealing with loneliness, anxiety, or other kinds of stress. It is this population that should be, in my view, the focus of drug-prevention programing.

...The bright side: new kinds of programs and new ways of thinking about schools.

Contrary to widespread belief (particularly cherished, I find, among school administrators), the sources of drug abuse and the characteristics of the drug abuser have been widely studied. There is considerable consistency to these findings—a consistency that cuts across all socioeconomic levels and that has led some researchers to believe drug abuse can be accurately predicted.

1) Drug abusers tend to come from families in which there was little cohesive family life, whose parents frequently expressed helplessness, pessimism, and resentment toward society, and where use of chemicals—from tobacco and aspirin to alcohol, tranquilizers, and illicit drugs—was a frequent method of seeking pleasure and/or escaping pain and stress.

2) Drug abusers tend to view themselves as alienated from their families and are frequently skeptical about many social institutions. They mix rebellion and/or cynicism with a sense of impotence in relation to those institutions.

3) This may be, in some instances, a by-product of the basic strengths of exploring and questioning. But the price is often confusion about values and a lack of inner defenses and coping skills. In other cases, of course, it may simply indicate low self-esteem, sometimes disguised as braggadocio. And, typically, abusers are impulsive, with a high tolerance for risk (one reason why the dangers of some drugs are not deterrents).

4) Drug abusers as a whole tend to form only superficial friendships (in which the ritual of drug use may provide the effect of gregariousness). They think of themselves as "different" from others—particularly from nonusers—and, curiously enough, a number of studies have shown that within their community, be it suburb or ghetto, they tend to come from the highest-income strata.

5) Students who become involved with drugs in high school or before often exhibit low school performance, truancy, and delinquent behavior—all, perhaps, measures of their alienation—*prior to* induction into the drug culture. (In this particular regard they are quite distinct from college-level drug abusers, who tend to have begun drug usage after high school and who are more likely than not to have relatively high academic standing.)

Obviously drug abuse is extremely subtle and multidimensional. But it is also in some ways quite simple. To be flip about it, drug abuse, particularly among teen-agers, is usually the result of an overdose of adolescence in a society whose institutions have generally failed the adolescent; a society in which family structure is in disarray, values are in confusion, and "rites of passage" from adolescence to adulthood are generally absent; a society in which the pleasures of "now" are ascendant, change is a truism, and adolescents have only an insignificant role and few places to go—except to school.

The second question then arises: Can schools do anything to prevent drug abuse?

The answer is murky—for there is little hard evidence. Indeed, what prevention *is not* is much clearer than what it *is*. But a way to begin is to turn the question around and ask what characteristics of schools, as they are usually found, hinder drug prevention (and possibly stimulate drug abuse).

For one, there is a simple failure to teach basic skills and an attendant syndrome of failure, which contributes to a student's low self-esteem. This is coupled with the frequent failure of teachers and others to relate to, com-

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municate with, or respect students—especially low-achieving students—as human beings, which increases alienation as it decreases self-esteem. Schools as social systems frequently promote the kind of "life-style" that is anathema to drug abusers: conformity, authoritarianism, a certain rigidity, almost compulsiveness. Schools are compulsory, and this alone may make any drug-education program appear coercive. And the bulk of evidence is that indeed schools are a modest influence on any life pattern in contrast to home, peers, or neighborhood environment.

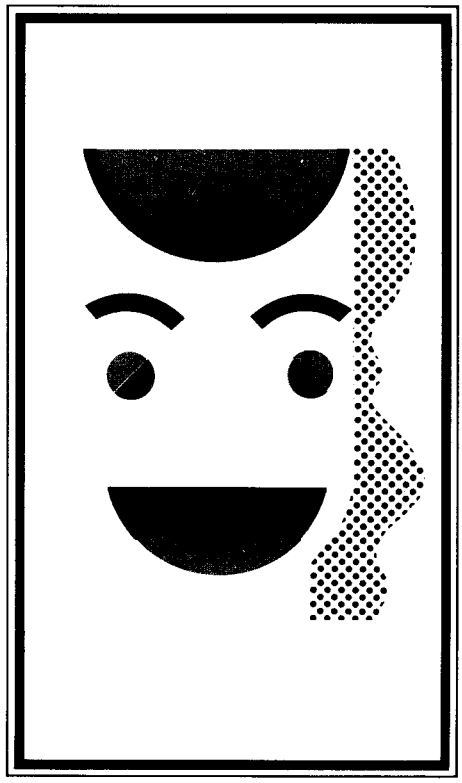
Above all, schools chronically fail to consider anything except cognitive instruction (and some physical education) as their proper province. Emotional, psychological, and social growth may appear in the publicity releases, but they are not in the curriculum guide. In all but a few schools the "affective domain" either is unknown or is some jargon picked up from Bloom's taxonomy. Schools do not deal with student concerns, especially with the life concerns of adolescents: sex, love, joy, self-doubt, fear, anxiety, pain, loneliness, belonging—all the issues that emerge with adolescence and that affect the decision to use or not to use. When schools do confront these issues, they treat them only in the most superficial ways.

Scrutinize the drug-education problem long enough and it becomes the school problem. Drug abuse is a peculiar microscope magnifying many of the flaws in education (not to mention in society at large) that reformers have carped about from Rousseau to Silberman. It is precisely for this reason that the drug issue has potential to become a powerful lever for school reform.

Perhaps the ideal process for "drug prevention" would assume the culture of schools as its most important problem. Accordingly, everyone who is a shaper of, and participant in, that culture—administration, staff, students, parents, and community—would become involved in studying the school as a cultural system to determine how it fosters or perpetuates drug abuse, with the goal of changing the negative aspects and strengthening and adding to qualities of the system that enhance growth. The main task would be to create a new school culture, one that provides a significant alternative to the drug culture, which, after all, students have pretty much created themselves.

This means no less than fundamental institutional change. Perhaps it is too much to expect of drug education. In fact, it is probably false to hope that any single set of programs is going to end the drug problem. Too many other problems are involved—the drug problem is really a life problem. The cruelest possibility of all is that well-intentioned energies currently devoted to the drug problem are simply being distracted from more basic social maladies that promote drug abuse. But, if schools cannot prevent drug abuse by teaching about it, they are not therefore helpless to alleviate it.

As a bare minimum, a school should have basic emergency procedures: referral services for students who have become addicted or otherwise drug-dependent; supportive help for those returning to school from treatment; and crisis measures—including someone skilled in crisis intervention—for handling kids who overdose or flip out.



Second, no school should waste energy by attempting to prevent the ingestion of any and all illicit chemicals. This is not to say that schools should condone drug use. *But it is to say that prevention of any and all illicit drug use is not a reasonable or achievable goal.*

Rather than fret about recreational use, school prevention programs should focus their attention on potential "high-risk" drug abusers, young persons whose incipient drug involvement and/or drug proneness, as indicated in the profile of drug abusers outlined above, makes it likely that drugs will become for them more than just a pastime. For such students a sustained intervention is required.

Twenty million dollars and one year later, my experience with New York City's school-based drug-prevention programs suggests that, while fundamental institutional change is often an unrealistic goal for the moment, "school modifications" can be effective. The following kinds of school modification have worked in New York and are worth pursuing:

1) Schools can provide "sanctuaries" from the normal school environment, where students have a chance to focus on their own concerns and problems, work out alternative ways to handle them, and receive the support they need to implement those alternatives.

Rap sessions, for example, are a staple ingredient of drug-prevention programs in New York and elsewhere. I am referring particularly to goal-oriented rap sessions—not aimless bull sessions or potentially hazardous forms of group therapy—that evolve an agenda of student concerns, whether or not they are directly related to drugs, and that are guided by a reasonably skilled, sensitive, and open adult: "Your girl friend's down on you. . . . So you popped a few pills. . . . Did that fix things? What else can you do? Here's what I do. What else does anyone here do? Can you try out what he did?"

Any school can institute effective rap sessions if the administration is willing to provide decent space for the activity, make it easy for students to participate (several New York high schools actually give credit for participation in regularly scheduled rap groups), ensure the *absolute confidentiality* of what goes on in the rap room (which is part of what makes it a sanctuary), and staff it with an adult whom kids respect and who respects kids and their concerns.

A secondary kind of sanctuary is the "temporary alternative school." A half-dozen school districts in New York have created special classes, mini-schools, storefront schools, or the like, specifically for students who are turned off by conventional schools and who are abusing drugs or whose over-all behavior makes them "high-risk" potential abusers. In East Harlem's District 4, for instance, one program operates in a loft remodeled largely by the sixty elementary and junior high school students who attend it. The students participate in formal classroom work in the morning and a mixture of community-action projects, recreation, and group sessions in the afternoon. Although the curriculum is rather standard, the school's classes are small and its teachers committed to individualized instruction. In the afternoon a staff that includes several former addicts runs groups in which the students' own behavior and needs are the focus of attention.

Teachers are expected to attend some of the afternoon sessions, and there, but not in the classroom, students have the right to confront teachers with gripes or bad feelings about their relationship

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in class. The program also makes a special effort to work with the families of students. More than 60 per cent of the parents participate regularly in various program activities.

In its first year the program succeeded in raising the academic achievement of its average pupil by two grade levels in reading and math. Drug use among students was all but eliminated, and twenty-five students were graduated back to their home schools.

In a district in middle-class Queens a "counseling class" that was rated extremely effective by an outside evaluation team serves more than 100 elementary and junior high school students, mostly drug experimenters judged "high-risk" potential abusers, in ten- to twelve-week cycles. The counseling class resembles the East Harlem program in its mixture of group counseling and academic offerings; it also includes a communications course utilizing group-dynamics techniques. As in the East Harlem program, the counseling class also stresses family counseling—a logical focus for drug-abuse prevention—and follow-up counseling for students after they have left the program. (It is important that sanctuaries be temporary alternatives only. The basic purpose of a sanctuary is teaching students to cope in the "real world." Moreover, sanctuaries must not become dumping grounds, like so many "special" schools before them.)

2) In New York the prevention programs have forced some schools to abandon the notion that only licensed personnel can contribute directly to a student's growth. A teacher's license does not necessarily mean that its bearer cannot "get down" with students, but the crucial element is not certification—students in the city report that as a rule ex-addicts and former drug users are the most credible staff for drug-prevention programs. The introduction of nonlicensed personnel, including ex-addicts, as the peers of certified professionals is a major and important modification in a number of New York school districts.

3) By the same token there are sound arguments for giving students themselves primary responsibility for school drug-prevention programs. The most obvious is that the main victims of the "drug problem" are not the adults who define it and worry about it—but kids. Furthermore, in the adolescent world peers generally have greater credibility and "authenticity" than adults and/or authority figures—after all, peer pressure is the vehicle that initially carries many young people into the drug culture.

The content of student-led programs seems less important than the extent to which the process of student involvement creates a kind of "counterpeer" pressure against the use of drugs and generates student initiative in developing alternatives to drug abuse. Informational programs researched, developed, and implemented by students, student-run counseling programs, student-organized poster contests, or student-produced plays are all possible outcomes of peer-group efforts that can positively affect the student culture. But the crucial precondition for success of student-led programs is a school that is willing to modify its regimen sufficiently to permit students really to take responsibility and action—even if that means, as it often does, rocking the boat, especially if students raise

The ideal process for preventing drug abuse would focus first on the culture of schools.

questions about the schools that go beyond drugs per se. A major obstacle to the success of peer-group programs is that administration concern for "responsible leadership" becomes a euphemism for "tight control."

4) The creation of "positive alternatives" to drug abuse is another school modification that has theoretical appeal, but in the ambience of most schools and school systems it is difficult to implement. The theory behind such programs is that for many drug abusers boredom is a basic problem and, again, that saying no is not enough. One Lower East Side rehabilitation center in New York has had substantial success in weaning addicts from their habits through Yoga. School programs can provide alternatives, ranging from Yoga and other ways of achieving nonchemical "highs" to programs that, taking a clue from the Black Panthers, emphasize political and economic action as an alternative to drug abuse.

But in many schools attempts at positive alternatives result in little more than a general recreation program—arts, crafts, and basketball. Such ventures, fine for some, can turn out to be just more busywork for others. The critical question is whether a "positive alternatives" program contributes to the development of a life-style or simply fills up a few loose hours. Such programs are more likely to be truly effective when they are generated, at least in part, by the students themselves and when they include some counseling or rapping about drugs.

Common to all of these prevention strategies is an implicit focus on a particular target group: adolescents who can be identified as "drug-prone" because of their emerging drug use and/or other indicators of potential abuse.

Focusing on this age group may seem to run counter to the conventional wisdom that says that early childhood is the critical formative period. However, influencing development through early childhood and the crucial "latency" period that precedes adolescence, even hypothetically, requires institutional changes in schools and, quite probably, a sustained intervention in the family that seem far beyond the attainable scope of drug-prevention programs.

Furthermore, there is strong evidence that drug abuse is peculiarly an adolescent problem, part and parcel of the coming of age in America. In fact, a number of studies have found that many young children strongly espouse antidrug attitudes but then change dramatically upon entrance into adolescence. Here, at least, the problem can be clearly enough defined and focused to permit the development of coherent programs.

The kinds of programs I have described, it may be objected, do not constitute actual prevention, and I agree. "Intervention" is probably a better term—or "early treatment" (whether or not drug use itself has actually begun). For, if it is true that with drug abuse—as opposed to a strictly physical ailment like venereal disease—not all people are susceptible, then it makes sense to concentrate on those who show early symptoms. And a sensible approach is a much better investment than the nonsense that has characterized too many drug-education programs to date. The avatars of cost/benefit analysis may not be convinced that drug prevention of any kind has sufficient pay-off, but there is convincing evidence that coherent programs can be developed not only to keep kids from getting thoroughly strung out on drugs but also—and this seems to be the key—to help them get turned on to something else, including themselves. □

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We need to press on toward a community where learning is endemic and self-directed.

Beyond '72: Strategies for Schools

BY PAUL N. YLVISAKER

The greatest need in American education today is what it has always been, only more so: a sense of the importance of education and a readiness to do something positive about it. That speaks directly to the mood of the nation, which has been growing more and more surly about the cost and performance of its schools and colleges. But it has even more to do with the attitudes and strategies of those in public and powerful positions who can do and say some constructive things about it.

There is no denying the realities. During the last generation Americans loaded two generations' worth of kids and aspirations on what schools and colleges they had, and, when these weren't enough, they dug generously into their growing incomes and paid for more. But the nation didn't really know what to do with all those kids other than to send them to school; young people were surplus on the market. There weren't enough jobs or roles for them, and parents and politicians were so confused about the new culture they were creating that they couldn't find either the lore or the certainty to tell the kids—or tell the teachers to tell the kids—what the world was all about.

Today—a generation after that bulge of children and affluence and school spending first appeared—all of us have second thoughts. On top of that there's now a spate of reports suggesting that none of that effort, not all the blood, sweat, taxes, and tears, were worth it—schools don't really make a difference.

Maybe that's what we want to hear. It justifies our worrying, argues for a lid on spending, and seems to promise some easier solutions. That's where we're tragically vulnerable, each to our own demagoguery and all of us to the expedient tactics of those who court our votes.

I am not blind to the defects in our schools and in our society. I am not averse to some budget cutting: It could conceivably help us be more efficient and more inventive.

What I fear, however, is that Americans—this time under the flag of the critics rather than the crusaders—will again be led into the trap of the simple solution. And as Mencken once said: "There is a solution to every problem: simple, quick, and wrong."

The needs and problems of American education deserve to be handled in a more positive way, even if the job becomes far more arduous and complicated. Maybe *because* it's far more arduous and complicated, since those have been the tasks this nation has traditionally found the most productive and fulfilling.

In that spirit I'd turn to another of our educational needs: the need to nourish the diversity and pluralism of modern life. The real danger in the new conservatism is that it will trigger a reaction against its own real meaning and mission. It will invite further restrictions on individual growth, greater hostility to individual differences, and growing emphasis on conformity, discipline, and security—all of them retreats from the creative individualism that it takes to survive and live decently under modern conditions.

The central reality of our modern condition is the burden of choice and survival that it places on the individual. Like it or not, we travel alone—increasingly so, as the ties of family, clan, and neighborhood are dissolved in the chemistry of a mass and mobile society. It takes incredible effort and sensitivity to prepare children (and adults) for the rigor, perplexity, and loneliness of today's life-style.

The culture of our schools, therefore, cannot be either the sheltered comfort of some social preserve or the jungle of urban neglect. Schools need to be secure. They should not be the place where other people for other purposes wage savage battles in the name of law and order. They also should not be a place where kids sense there is a double reality: a supposedly united nation but actually a deeply divided society, a nation prattling peace but making war. Schools certainly should not be a place where kids are told, by political default, scholarly inference, and the sordid circumstances around them, that what happens in education doesn't matter.

The fact is that it does—even if the evidence lies beyond the range of our measurements and bias. To read otherwise from the recent and easily misconstrued study by Christopher Jencks is to miss one of his central conclusions. The importance of schools, he argues, does not lie in their capacity to turn poor kids into rich adults. But, Jencks adds, schools *are* a critical environment. And, if we really believe in ourselves and our kids, we ought to do far more than we have to improve that environment—to make certain that it nurtures rather than destroys the qualities that make our kids and the society more humane.

James Coleman—another analyst too often read with an eye for the easy way out—has given us some equally tough but constructive advice: Don't expect schools to work on their own. They can reinforce the values of the culture around them. But, where those values are negative, schools can do little to soften the tragic consequences.

The remedies that Jencks and Coleman point to don't lie in the direction of splendid isolation or benign neglect. They call for some basic changes and sacrifices, a reordering of values and of social structures to make the school experience more consonant with what it takes to survive and live decently.

Integration—living readily with differences but keeping one's own integrity—is clearly the hallmark of an effective education for our times. There is no magic formula for that kind of integration. But there can be no retreat from it. It has to do with more than race and class. It has to do with the entire range of America's diversity and the diversity each of us feels within himself. In the vernacular it means getting ourselves together.

What remains to be counted of America's educational needs can be tallied more precisely. One is the need to "cope" with the education of the very young. A second tidal wave of family formation and child bearing is upon us—those between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-four (the post-war baby bulge) will be multiplying during the Seventies at a rate nine times that of the Sixties. They probably will not be having families as large as the ones they came from. Still, the number of babies soon to be born will be substantial, and the *qualitative differences in the life-style of their parents* will be so great as to give this nation a case of the learning jitters. How do you educate for the unknown in the context of the unfamiliar?

A consensus seems to be growing that the critical stages in growth and learning reach all the way back into infancy and even prenatal periods—involving factors (such as nutrition and early diagnosis of learning defects) that require a synergy of family and public care. So far the public's response has concentrated on lowering the age of formal education through institutionalized programs such as Head Start and day care. What is required is probably a lot more complex, perhaps less bureaucratized than that. Whatever is done ought to involve the parent of this second baby bulge, building a con-

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cern for the health and nutrition of mother and child.

It also means a far more sophisticated approach to the rebuilding of American communities. Emergence of this new art is evident in the crescendo of efforts to build new towns and recivilize old neighborhoods. The essence of these ventures is their emphasis on communities rather than on structures—communities of neighborhood scale, mixed in race and income, with a bundle of built-in services ranging from security to health and infant care. However primitive these efforts and statements may be, they are saying something that needs to be said, that education has to be intimately related to family and community and to the range of services essential to the growth of "whole" people and healthy living environments, including personal security.

"Safety in the Streets" has to be listed among America's rising educational needs. Indeed, "Safety in the Streets" has now become "Safety in the Schools." Unquestionably, it is a legitimate issue in itself. But it is also a set of code words revealing the majority's fear of what they see and often imagine to be spreading outward from schools with minority populations. To ignore these fears and whatever facts they may be based upon is just as dangerous as to exaggerate and exploit them—and too many of us are doing both. This is the time for something more creative, civilized, and courageous than what is being served up by public figures.

The underlying causes of school disorder and general vandalism lie frustratingly beyond the reach of immediate solutions. But in the longer run they are not intractable to persistent and imaginative concern. We ought to be working simultaneously along two parallel lines. One, a long-range commitment to change the demoralizing environment of the central cities and the poor who are locked within them. The other, a well-organized and steadily financed network of experimentation with combinations of special personnel, parental and community involvement, and alternative learning environments.

In describing another of America's educational needs, one has to be just as realistic: the need to conserve resources and live within the parameters of shrinking resources—shrinking, at the very least, in relation to rising numbers and aspirations. Education is particularly vulnerable both to cost increases and budget cuts. It is caught in the sticky logic of the service economy, which is inherently resistant to cost-saving short cuts. The educational establishment is medieval in its origins, feudal in its structure, guildlike and alien to the consumer in its instinctive responses. And the more it opens its services to mass consumption, the more its folkways are exposed to a paying public emboldened to ask harder and harder questions.

If somehow educators and budgeteers could survive these harsh realities with a sense of invention (a sense of humor is probably too much to ask), this could be a creative time in American education. All in all I think it will be. The performances of the states will be critical to the outcome. If one were basing his bets on their track record, the odds would be long. I'd prefer to wager on some more optimistic prospects that grow out of pressures forcing even the most recalcitrant states to respond.

Obviously, these pressures crowd around the need for more state funding of local schools. They are coming from three directions: from overburdened property-tax payers; from both state and federal courts, which have declared the present system of local support discriminatory and unconstitutional; and from a federal government hoping to shift the monkey of Tough Public Problems onto the backs of state officials (who are hoping to get federal money without being stuck with the problems).

The easy ways out probably will be taken. A conservative Supreme Court may reverse *Rodriguez*. A state legislature, faced even then with a *Rodriguez*-like decision under state law, may follow the example of Andrew Jackson, thumb its collective nose at the judges, and dare the highest Court to do something about it.

Yet it's already evident we will see some major changes in educational finance. State funding will increase, relieving both the local property tax and at least the more egregious cases of disparity among schools. State revenue systems will change, moving toward combinations of sales, income, and state property taxes, which in the aggregate will be more responsive to growth in national income. Federal aid shared with the states and mailed directly to students and schools will be stepped up.

But, even with these assists, education's financial crunch will get worse. Bankruptcy threatens many private and parochial schools. Time bombs of explosive costs are still ticking within a system that during affluence covered the initial but not the deferred and continuing costs of growth. Unionization of teachers and related public-service workers is rapidly expanding and consolidating; we are within a few years of the potential of national strikes. In the future educational reforms will be won only with arduous and prolonged negotiation.

It therefore becomes crucial to exact the best and most courageous response from state leadership during these transitional years when education is being drawn from its former sanctuaries of nonpartisanship into the vortex of public debate, political compromise, and legislative action. Fundamental premises and ground rules are being rewritten; we will have to live with them for a very long time. Most state capitals and educational systems, however, aren't prepared for the encounter. They don't have the perspective, the capacity for research and development, or the negotiating savvy and strength to convert pressures into productivity. And increased productivity should be the name of this game. Wherever there are signs of bargaining savvy on behalf of increased productivity (and in a number of states, governors, legislatures, and departments of education are learning fast), they ought to be given every encouragement. Dollars are fine, but votes are what they need most.

There is still one more of America's educational needs that will remain, even after any miracles we might pull off in our quest for productive and financeable school systems. And that need is to release the learning energies and expand the learning capacities not only of young students but of the entire population. There's a vast potential, especially within the new and liberating life-styles, for educational do-it-yourselfism. It's already happening, and our formal institutions of learning are having to step lively to keep up. I for one think we are trying too hard to keep too many persons in formal schooling and for too long—at least in the undifferentiated systems we tend to sustain. What this means is competition. There can be more than one source of education. And competition is the surest means of keeping down the costs.

We can start releasing the nation's self-educational energies by making better use of the media. We can go further by building new learning environments and offering enough of a variety of learning experiences to do justice to the diversity of American learners. We can do still more by pulling down the walls that insulate the guilds from consumers of learning and from each other. And by breaking through the medieval encrustations that divert educational effort into a sterile concern with certificates and away from more legitimate goals of learning.

Whatever the route, it is the direction and the commitment to press on that's important. Toward a community in which learning is endemic, spontaneous, and as much as possible self-directed. Where learning is taken for granted and not neglected. And where being taken for granted means that it is assumed that learning is the most lasting and revered endeavor the community can engage in—a means of fulfillment and a noble end in itself. □

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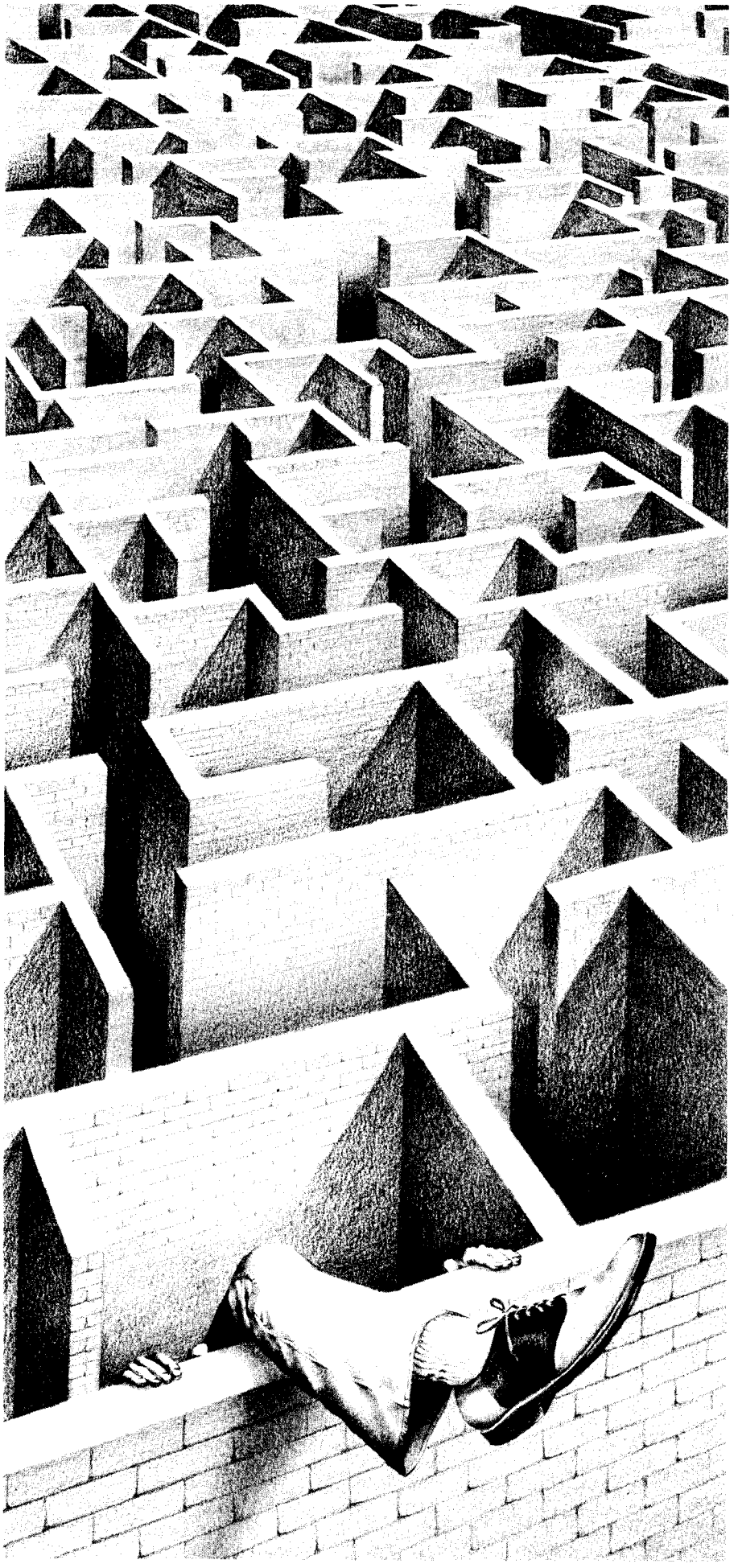

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WANT IN OR OUT?

BY RONALD GROSS

Like one of Ronald Laing's luckier patients, we seem to be finding our way to the other side of our national sheepskin psychosis. College applications have dropped off sharply over the last several years; more and more collegians are taking a year off between high school and college, or during college, for travel or work experience; less than half of those who enroll graduate four years later; there are 300,000 empty places in colleges this fall. Even more important are the burgeoning "nontraditional" institutions and programs groping towards more sensible, rewarding ways of learning.

Two new volumes neatly bracket our present situation: *Getting In: A Guide to Acceptance at the College of Your Choice*, by Joel Levine and Lawrence May (Random House, 173 pp., $5.95, paperbound $2.95), and *This Way Out: A Guide to Alternatives to Traditional College Education in the United States, Europe and the Third World*, by John Coyne and Tom Hebert (E. P. Dutton, 468 pp., $10, paperbound $4.95). The first, a throwback to the mindless conformism of the Fifties, reveals how damaging is the still dominant pattern of collegegoing. The second, an attempt at picturing what a freer system of higher learning might look like, suggests how much hard work lies before us.

Getting In is a supposedly "hip" guide to gaining entry to the halls of ivy, or the corridors of concrete. The authors sense unrest among their readers and therefore begin by reluctantly playing devil's advocate, reviewing the good reasons for *not* going to college. They acknowledge the boredom of high school, the rich possibilities for learning in the real world, the dubious economic value of the degree, and the social backwardness of many credentialed professionals. But this is little more than a nod at higher education's critics (May served as an interviewer for the

Ronald Gross's books include High School, Radical School Reform, *and the forthcoming* The New Professionals *to be published by Simon and Schuster.*

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Harvard College Admissions Committee). "Think of college as a gift of four societally sanctioned years to indulge your curiosities, explore all sorts of ideas, and find out who you are and who you'd like to be," they offer. "All this can be done without the numbing pressures of having to show up at some job every day—and work. College, despite the grind, does give you an incredible amount of free time and facilities for growth and pleasure." Moreover, they point out, though a college diploma won't assure material success, its absence can be a serious drawback.

The bulk of *Getting In* is devoted to advice on handling the various hurdles to acceptance: picking the right place to apply; filling out the application, composing the autobiography, etc.; soliciting recommendations; navigating the interview; confronting the SATs; solving money problems; planning what to do if you get left out in the cold.

The general drift throughout is to toady, manipulate, and conform to the expectations of the powers that be. The injunction to obsequiousness becomes comically contradictory in places. After advising the applicant to read Goodman and Kozol in order to be able to express an opinion on secondary education at the interview, the authors warn that being critical of one's high school "is certain to make you appear misanthropic and malcontent." The whole approach exemplifies what Edgar Friedenberg has called the "escrow syndrome" in schooling: Take this crap now, and comfort yourself that, once you get out, you'll be a winner for life.

The epitome, or nadir, of the book's conformism comes in its answer to the most important question of all—*where* to go. Having used every resource for ingratiation and self-denial to win the coveted acceptance, should one pick the institution that matches one's values, temperament, tastes, personal interests, commitments, style? "Unequivocally," the authors proclaim, "you should go to the best school you can. This sounds cold and pragmatic, but we live in a competitive world." (What they don't say is that this principle makes irrelevant most of their subsequent familiar advice—"Visit the campuses. . . . Do students seem interested and happy or uptight and intense?")

I am saddened by the picture of the young person to whom this sort of advice is addressed. In the mid-Fifties we knew virtually all of these games—and moreover were smart enough to lie outright about a good many uncheckable or never-checked things that might improve our chances of acceptance. (Levine and May never mention, of course, how often this is possible and necessary.) But today's young people rightly refuse to demean themselves with such smarminess.

Given the moral weakness of Levine and May's alternative, how can young people become competent, win their first jobs, learn about themselves and the world? "You don't need to get a higher education anymore," begins *This Way Out*. "Consider an independent education, on your own. It may be more valuable to you and to the country." Coyne and Hebert's proposed system is a handsome improvement over the lockstep grade grinding that passes for education in most colleges. But it is far less than we need in order to provide the basis for higher learning.

The authors, both Peace Corps veterans with diverse experiences in innovative education, espouse a new kind of education that they call Independent Study (scarcely a new term, however). "Through Independent Study you can get around going to college. You don't have to go to college to learn, to study, to prepare yourself for some future. The message here is that you can organize your own education on your own terms. We're going to present some arguments on your behalf, provide some suggestions for your self-education system and try to give you some confidence to learn on your own." The chief resources they recommend aren't institutions of formal education, but friends, adult mentors, libraries, work places, free universities, adult education courses, community organizations, television and movies, Xerox, newspapers—and an emerging group of innovative institutions that is developing some wisdom about how to help people conceive, plan, conduct, and legitimize their own learning.

As a beginning Coyne and Hebert offer some useful ideas for organizing one's self-education by concentrating on one self-selected subject, full time, for an extended period. Among their other suggestions are recruiting one's own board of trustees, composed of adults who will facilitate and testify to one's progress, and finding tutors.

But the bulk of *This Way Out* is a highly subjective guide to specific nontraditional study opportunities here and abroad. First, one hundred nontraditional institutions in this country are covered, including such well-known experimental colleges as Fordham's now defunct Bensalem, Franconia, Friends World, and Goddard; newer ones like Evergreen State and Redlands' Johnson; and small but established places like Reed and Berea. Another section of foreign study covers both Europe and the Third World.

Much as I admire the impulse behind *This Way Out*, I find the authors' execution less than satisfactory. In their program for self-education they have plumped too easily for one model, rather than drawing from the wider resource pool of new work in this field. Any plan for individual, noninstitutionalized learning should include Allen Tough's pioneering studies of adults' learning projects," Cyril Houle's intriguing ideas about self-education through libraries, Stein and Miller's *Blueprint for Counter-Education*, Illich's networks of learners and resources, and Michael Rossman's ideas about learning from the media and through social action.

Sometimes their advice seems merely antic. They advocate a method of clipping the daily newspaper that entails reading each clip *four* times on four different occasions—surely a fit activity for speed freaks only. Again, offering a list of "ten books that will help you get things done" (one of which is virtually unobtainable without publishing information, which they don't give), they add, "This alphabetical listing would also be an orderly way to read them." As for their "directory," spot-checking ten of the 100 entries in the U.S. section, I found them to be considerably more dated than is excused by book-publishing lag-time.

The whole volume is flawed, in fact, by the pervasive slovenliness that often characterizes counterculture writing and editing. Typically, the authors are so high on being hip that they forget the real meaning of alternative communications: not merely funky writing but authentic caring for the reader's needs. That's hard and loving work. Stewart Brand used to say that the *Whole Earth Catalog* was "just another tool," but it was a tool so well made that it became a work of art. Later resource-compilers like Coyne and Hebert have created tools not quite sharp enough or strong enough to do the job.

How much real choice is there for most young people in finding their own best ways to learn and grow, to gain competence and self-knowledge, to find work worth doing and a satisfying style of life? Can we shift towards a more pluralistic, individualistic, life-affirming process of higher learning?

Not, I think, until we face the need for a rigorous and bolder rethinking of our arrangements for higher learning. We have to go further than providing "nontraditional" alternatives for an elite few—toward offering everyone authentic options for learning and growth. And to permit a true burgeoning of independent learning by people of all ages and stations, radical social engineering will be required.

Because our thinking about learning has been dominated for so long by the image of the school, we are only beginning to open our eyes to how the other major institutions of our society can become adjuncts to and resources for the learning process. We are still in the early stages of discovering some of the ways out. □

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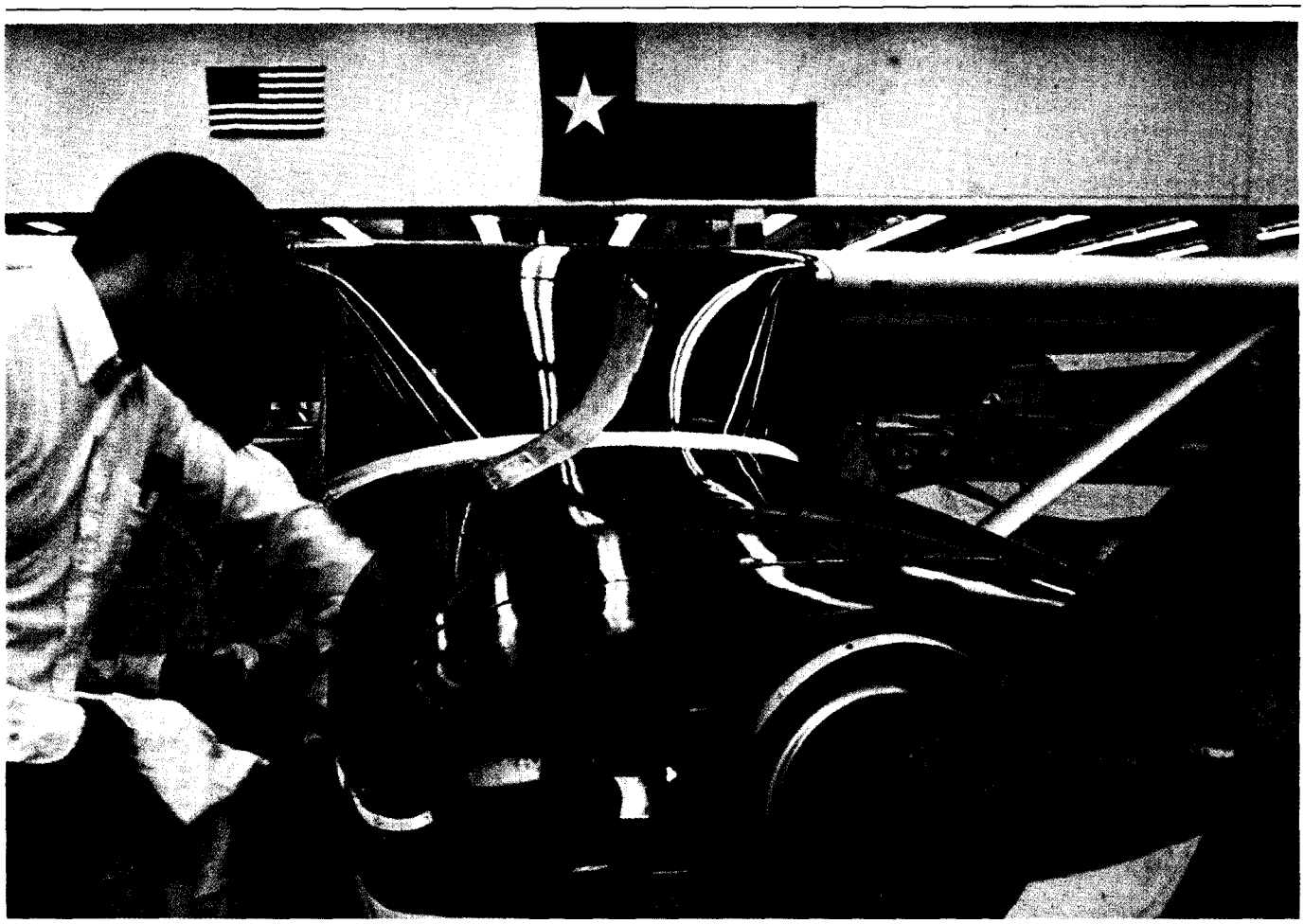
Skyline:

THE SCHOOL WITH SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE



BY PETER A. JANSSEN

Skyline High School, a $21-million, Texas-size superschool, sprawls over eighty acres of flat, barren fields on the eastern outskirts of Dallas in the no man's land between the freeway and the housing developments. In back, next to the tennis courts and the football field, aeronautics students work on half a dozen airplanes and a helicopter in the school's own hangar. On one side horticulture students grow flowers in the school's own greenhouse. On the other construction-trades students learn carpentry, bricklaying, and glazing from the same instructors who run the unions' apprentice programs. In front a fleet of twenty-nine yellow buses carries students back and forth from the city's other high schools for three-hour classes in almost everything—from modern Hebrew and Greek to advanced seminars in the humanities and sciences, where students do more independent work, at a faster pace, than they would be permitted to undertake at many colleges.

All this—and much more—makes Skyline, one of Dallas's seventeen public high schools, one of the most interesting comprehensive secondary institutions in the country. Skyline is a "magnet" school, attracting students from all over the city to its special offerings; it also is a new concept in "career education" (not to be confused with "vocational education") that combines fast-paced academic work with hands-on training for real jobs.

Skyline also is *the* school in Dallas. The son of the mayor goes there; so does the son of the superintendent of

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At Skyline students learn by doing, whether they're making a brick wall, brick by brick, arranging flowers in the school's own greenhouse, or building two houses from the ground up (this spring the houses will be offered for sale by sealed bid; the profits will be used to buy more material to build more houses). Skyline's emphasis is on "career development," and much of its surface innovation is in equipment and facilities. But its curriculum is flexible, and many students, such as the boy at top right in the Man and His Environment class, are given time for independent study.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN OLDENKAMP

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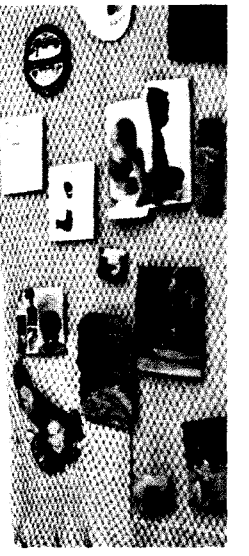

schools and the children of five of the nine members of the Board of Education. It has the active support of Dallas's leading citizens; indeed, a full-time man at the Chamber of Commerce coordinates various advisory committees of 300 local business, labor, and intellectual movers-and-shakers who help chart the school's future.

Actually, Skyline is a sometimes uneasy blend of three schools under the same roof. First, it is a comprehensive high school for 1,429 sophomores, juniors, and seniors who live in its area. (Another 500 black and Chicano students are bused in from other parts of town under a court desegregation order.) Second, it is a Career Development Center, where students from other Dallas high schools spend three hours a day in one of twenty-eight "clusters" of related courses. This fall 1,471 students from other schools are enrolled in clusters at Skyline for half the day but remain there for their other courses; another 830 take only the cluster at Skyline and return to their regular schools for the rest of the day. Third, Skyline runs a Center for Community Services for 3,000 students at night, offering trade and apprenticeship courses as well as academic courses leading to a high school diploma.

The Career Development Center makes Skyline significantly different from most other high schools. The clusters themselves range from Business and Management Technology, Computer Technology, Higher Mathematics, World of Construction, Metal Technology, and Food Management to Man and His Environment (the "humanities" cluster). The emphasis in the clusters, of course, is to prepare students for jobs and careers. Skyline has the latest materials and equipment in the trade courses; it also has hired teachers from industry and labor unions who are up to date not only on job specialities but on what the Dallas job market really needs. At Skyline students learn to make a brick wall by making a brick wall—again and again—because there is a need for bricklayers in Dallas. The school actually runs the apprentice programs for all the building-trades unions and the printers union—and more than 1,600 students are enrolled in them.

Many of the clusters emphasize special projects—and cooperation with other clusters. Students in architectural drafting are drawing up blueprints for model homes. They will place advertisements in the Dallas newspapers this winter, offering sets of the blueprints for sale at $35 each. The profits, if any, will be used to send students in the class to meetings of other architectural students across the country.

In an even more ambitious project the construction-trades cluster is building two houses about half a mile from school. When they're completed this spring, they will be sold—by sealed bid—for about $35,000 each and the profits will be plowed back into more materials for building more houses. Several other clusters are involved in the house project. The drafting students drew the blueprints; the carpenters, bricklayers, electricians, sheet-metal workers, air-conditioning students, and plumbers are all working on the construction site; photography students are shooting still and motion pictures of the construction for a school record; students in the horticulture cluster are in charge of the exterior design and planting; and students in the printing cluster are designing brochures and ads for the final sale.

All of this, of course, doesn't happen by accident. Almost everything at Skyline is planned—often far in advance. The school itself, however, is one result of the assassination of President Kennedy. "When that happened," says one Skyline administrator, "Dallas had a cultural shock. We had been a very conservative, complacent southern community. Then, all of a sudden, we stood for everything bad in American life. After the assassination everybody knew we had to do something."

The city's business leaders started community meetings about how to change Dallas's image. They produced a Goals for Dallas program with several recommendations. One called for updating the way people got jobs in Dallas—and that meant creating better vocational training. The Dallas school district, simultaneously, was planning to build a new vocational school on the eventual Skyline site. In 1967, with the backing of most civic and business organizations, Dallas voters approved a $67-million bond issue for many of the Goals for Dallas proposals. It included $21 million for construction of the new vocational school.

The next year Nolan Estes arrived as the city's new school superintendent (he had been associate commissioner of education in Washington, D.C.), and he started expanding the concept of the new school far beyond vocational education. Estes wanted to make it something special in order to attract all kinds of students. "It's very important to emphasize the broad concept behind the school," says Dr. Marvin Berkeley, former president of the school board. "We changed it after we noted the negative aspects, the stigma, of vocational education. If it were only a voc ed school, it wouldn't attract anybody but voc ed students. So we planned it deliberately with something for everybody."

As usual, the idea was ready before the building. Skyline had its share of construction problems—cracks appeared in the supporting beams—and it opened in September 1970 in temporary quarters; 700 students attended classes in an orphanage near the freeway, and 200 more sat in an old furniture store. The first class actually moved into Skyline itself in April 1971.

Even today Skyline has not entirely solved the problem of providing more

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Even today Skyline has not entirely solved the problem of providing more than a hyped-up version of vocational training. "Most people think that vocational education is good for anybody but their own child. We have a stigma to overcome."

than a hyped-up version of vocational training for kids who want to enter the job market. "Most people," says Paul Harris, curriculum director for the Career Development Center, "think that vocational education is good for anybody but their own child. We do have a stigma to overcome. In some areas we can design a curriculum pretty easily—on bricklaying, programing a computer, on anything that's based on skills. But skills change. Take cosmetology. The market now is for eye tabbing, placing false eyelashes on a lady lash by lash. That's fine today, but what about next year? So we have to teach concepts that endure, and that's difficult. It's particularly difficult when you get into academic skills. How do we package social studies to give somebody a salable skill?"

Despite such problems, Man and His Environment has evolved into a solid, if freewheeling, curriculum, ranging over law, psychology, sociology, religion, criminal justice, education, political science, anthropology, and philosophy. "Man" is Skyline's most open cluster. Its classroom is one long room originally designed as a cosmetology studio; its three teachers ("learning directors") are all called by their first names. The curriculum is broken down by days. On Monday everyone meets in large groups for lectures; on Fridays everyone meets in small special-interest groups. The rest of the week is spent on field trips—to the jail, the courts, day-care centers, the zoo—or on independent study. "We want the kids to learn about human behavior, to refer to the interrelationships of people," says Ann Schuessler, one of "Man's" learning directors. "If they can learn something about that, they won't have any trouble finding the right career."

Skyline did have some trouble, however, in designing some of the more technical courses, so it hired RCA to lend expertise. Last year the school had a $438,000 contract with RCA for program management, and RCA and Dallas school officials jointly had to approve teachers where they were needed in some of the vocational clusters. This year the contract has been cut to $330,000—and RCA no longer has veto power over teachers. The company also is limited now to developing programs, not running them.

Because of the contract with RCA and its other special programs, Skyline spends about $2,000 per pupil a year, compared with about $700 per pupil in other Dallas schools. Almost all of Skyline's funds come from local revenue; the school receives very little federal money and only a small amount from the state.

Skyline has no problem with recruitment. Last year 4,000 students applied for 2,000 openings in the Career Development Center. Students at other schools apply to Skyline through their own counselors—and they must have a letter of recommendation from their principal and a teacher. They also cannot ever have received a failing grade. "We had to do something to keep out the troublemakers," says B. J. Stamps, Skyline's principal last year and now assistant superintendent of schools. "We couldn't make Skyline a dumping ground."

The clusters can do their own recruiting, too. The "Man" cluster, for example, held personal interviews for the 120 students who applied for the 92 openings. "We asked them to tell us what projects they would like to do if they could do anything they wanted," says Ms. Schuessler. "We had to test their creativity, their ability to work on their own."

Skyline's teachers also are recruited. Weldon Griffith, director of the Career Development Center, interviews each candidate for a job and then negotiates a twelve-month contract that may go above the regular teaching salary. "This is strictly merit pay," Griffith says. "If a teacher does a good job, I recommend him for a raise, the same as in industry. If a guy doesn't produce, we let him go." The salary range at Skyline is from $8,000 to $14,000, with many of the shop teachers at the top end of the scale.

For all its innovative ways Skyline remains far from an open institution. Indeed, the building, with its solid concrete walls, is almost obsolete as a school. The atmosphere verges on being oppressive. Teachers in many classes take roll. Students must have hall passes to leave their rooms. The halls themselves are pale yellow or tan and lack any redeeming features; they are bare of markings except for the red signs that mark the "Down" stairs and the blue signs that mark the "Up" stairs.

The administration also rearranged all the tables in the cafeteria after a racial incident last year, so they are in long, straight, narrow rows. "Now," said one teacher, "we can look in there at lunch time and see if kids are standing up or sitting down. It helps us know what's going on." A uniformed guard with a revolver patrols the campus; so do two plainclothes "campus officers" with walkie-talkies.

Most Skyline students are fairly straight. "We have a pretty apathetic bunch," says Will Lowrance, the 32-year-old coordinator of the student office. "Most students here are worried about immediate concerns. Such as, 'What am I going to make on the test Friday?' 'Will the boy still love me next semester the way he does now?' Their interests are personal, not political."

Students' attitudes about Skyline vary greatly. Tony Foster, a black sophomore who is bused in from south Dallas as part of the desegregation order, says, "This is like any other school to me. I don't know the difference." Another black sophomore, Robert Sears, is enthusiastic. "I'm in the machine-shop cluster and it's okay," Sears says. "It's work without getting dirty. And the teacher says, when I graduate, I'll make good money, $5.20 an hour, and a lot of holidays. So I like it here." Lupe Garci, a senior in the fashions cluster who wants to open her own boutique in Dallas or Los Angeles, expresses the prevalent attitude. "I wouldn't go to any other school," she says simply.

Last spring the administration took a poll of 10 per cent of the students in the Career Development Center. The result: 95 per cent said they were taking courses they couldn't take in their regular high schools; 84 per cent of the white students, 92 per cent of the black students, and 100 per cent of the Chicano students said they wanted to come back. "Those percentages," says B. J. Stamps, "tell us we're doing something right." □

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Reporters interview her. Social scientists study her. They tell it as they see it. But that's not the way she sees it, and not the way it is. Now she speaks for herself—about the true satisfactions, and frustrations, of being a

City Teacher

BY THOMAS J. COTTLE

Elaine Bottomly, as I shall call her, is the head sixth-grade teacher of an inner-city school in Boston. She met me outside the door to her homeroom. I could tell by her tone as we exchanged greetings that I was not the first visitor to her class. She blew out a long breath before going through a check list of items that she enumerated clearly for everyone who requested permission to observe her teaching.

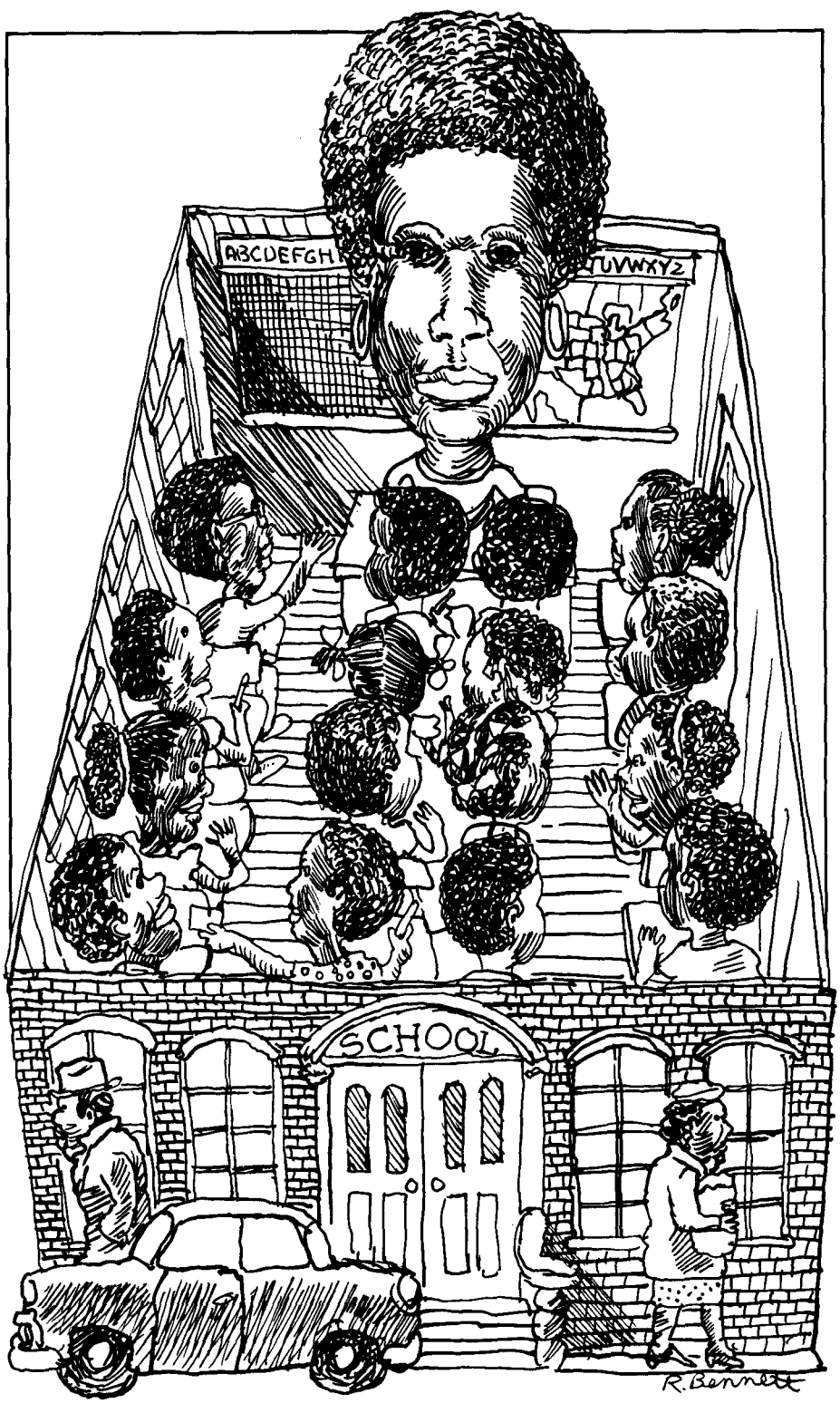
"Don't smoke, and, if you have to take notes, do it inconspicuously. I may call upon you, introduce you, so be prepared for that, too. What do I call you? Doctor? Professor?"

"Tom will do."

"Okay. Tom. What else? Save your questions for later, and I'll do the best I can to answer them." I tried to make her see that I was sympathetic with the burdens of teachers and understood that visitors only added to their daily grief. I even offered to speak with her after class and forego the observation. "No, you're here. May as well see the children. Let them see you." Then she shook her head as if to say, sometimes life's just too much for any one person. At the same time she said, and with pride, "I'll tell you something. This business of having a reputation as a good teacher is beginning to bug me. It was better in the old days when nobody noticed you." Then she laughed out loud. Walking into the main corridor, I saw her scratch the side of her head and heard her mutter: "What the hell you talking about, Elaine? When, pray tell, have you ever *not* been noticed?"

At twenty-eight Elaine Bottomly was in her sixth year of teaching. A graduate of a teachers college in Pennsylvania, she took her first job in an inner-city grammar school in Philadelphia. There she taught black, white, and some Spanish-speaking students. After two years she moved to Boston, where she taught in a suburban grammar school fifteen miles from her home in the city. Her students there were primarily white, although the Boston busing program managed to transport several black and Oriental children into her fifth- and sixth-grade classes. As one of seven black teachers in the suburb's primary schools, she was noticed plenty during those years.

"I'll tell you what saved me," she told me when our friendship was three years old. "I was a dish. I was more than a black. I was a piece for the bosses and the fathers. Credentials had nothing to do with it. They could have



Thomas J. Cottle writes frequently on school people and on youth. He is a member of the Education Research Center at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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hired a million people like me. They knew it. I knew it. I almost reminded them in one of the interviews, I think with an assistant principal, that it was my intention to be a teacher, and a good one, not a hatcheck girl somewhere."

"You actually said something?" I asked.

"Yeah, sure," she answered sarcastically. "I gave a speech on women's rights. Of *course*, I didn't say anything. I wanted the job. You want a job, you keep your mouth shut and your hemlines properly high." She caught me smiling. "You're one of 'em. You're just like all the rest of 'em. I'll bet you've been thinking what they're thinking all the time."

"Which is?"

"Don't you play coy. Which is, how come I didn't have a sixth-grade teacher like you?"

"I've never thought that once."

"You're a liar," she responded.

"I am."

She laughed.

In recent years my conversations with Elaine Bottomly have gone more easily than they did in the beginning. On my first visit, when I felt her bitterness and pride, as well as her sense of humor and that burden she always carried, I took her manner to be a challenge. "The main thing I want you to do with me," she had said, "is take notes. I don't want you to rely on memory when it comes to the things I have to say. Anyway, what I have to tell you is too important to allow you to make interpretations. So you get your notebook there out, and, when I tell you something, you take it down verbatim. I mean it. This business with interviewing teachers in ghetto schools has become a racket, and I'm not about to be a part of it."

"What do you mean racket?" We were headed toward the school's cafeteria. On the way she said hello by name to practically everyone we passed.

"You all come into the schools," she began, "because the media and politicians, and especially you social scientists, have found some new victims or major heroes in the urban schools. At least this year we make interesting source material. I read what you guys write. The women, too. I read it."

"And?" As if her way of speaking didn't tell me what was coming.

"Most of it makes me sick."

"Isn't it true?"

"Some is, most isn't. They either don't stay in schools long enough to know people, or they paint pictures of high school teachers so outrageously wrong. I know teachers who can't even recognize themselves after you people get through with them. They're so much bigger than life. They're supposed to be suffering all the time, bleeding hearts, getting themselves all involved with race and drugs and revolution. You people have fantasy dictating your vision. If you could remove the fantasies, you might be able to see what's going on in places like this."

I was put on the defensive, of course. But I had also been a victim of my own prejudgments. As a common practice when visiting schools, I will ask teachers, administrators, and students to list the best teachers. My mistake was believing that the administration, in particular, had given me the name of someone who would put me at ease and make the task of interviewing easy. They had not. They had merely responded literally to my question: "Do you think you can say who the best teacher around here is?"

"Elaine Bottomly. She's the best we have," came their replies. "You'd have to go a long way before you find one any better."

Elaine herself would remind me on several occasions that she was not an "open" person. "I'm not about to lay my life open for anyone from the press. Once I thought I would like being interviewed, but now there's just too much of that going on. You try something neat in class, and you're lucky not to have some education school breathing down your neck the next morning. Which reminds me, why *are* you here?" I explained my research in the poor areas of Boston and my interest in learning about the people who live and work in these areas. To me my explanations always seen dreadfully inadequate. While making observations and taking notes, I feel sufficiently comfortable with the task, but when I am asked what I really am doing, I normally feel incompetent and lost. This probably comes across as an appeal for help.

Miss Bottomly did not respond to this appeal. In the first few months she would stare at me across the cafeteria table or in the teachers' lounge as if to say: Well, you ask the questions—this is your show, not mine. Fact is, I still don't understand what you're doing hanging around this school and trailing after me. "Go ahead, ask your questions" is what she did say that first day. As I recall, my initial question had to do with how she got started in teaching.

"My mother taught school for years, so I decided I would follow her in the profession. Daddy always said she worked harder than he did. He was a factory foreman in Pittsburgh. They made automobile parts. I remember him saying things like how dedicated she was. That stuck with me. I remember, too, the pride she took in it, despite all the difficulties they had then. There were so few black teachers in the city school systems at the time. They did have some, which is more than most people think. But, God, they really had to fight it out for every inch."

"Did your parents talk about it much?"

"No, not much." Her voice sounded wistful as her fingers touched her lips. "Very little, actually. There were four of us, two boys and two girls. Another child died before I was born. They didn't have it easy. No one had it easy then, I suppose. Between your color and your money, you weren't about to go too far. Well, you know all this from studying sociology, right?" I nodded to her, hoping that she would say more. I often wonder what I communicated to her that made it so apparent that I felt vulnerable about the definition of my role with her. "I had an uncle killed in the Detroit race riot. You know about that?" she asked.

"Yes, I do."

"Good. Good for you. I'm teaching the history of it with my sixth-graders."

"Did the school give you trouble about that?"

"No. Why should they?" She looked at me, her body very still.

"Well, I just thought . . . ."

"You see," she interrupted me, her voice particularly calm, "that's the kind of question that's responsible for the state of affairs in education nowadays. You ask a question, hunting for some sort of racial tension. You see a black teacher who's doing something with her class, with young children especially, that has to do with race. Now,

"You try something new, and the next day an ed school is breathing down your neck."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICHARD BENNETT

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at once, two ideas go through your mind. First, you'd like to know how much of her curriculum is race. Right? Then you look for a source of confrontation. Is the administration inhibiting her? Tension. Everyone's looking for tension. The thing that gets me is how you folks in social science or in graduate schools of education are promoting some of the same insidious ideas that radio and television do. One would think you would be more sensitive to what's happening. You always make it so glamorous . . . ."

"The portrayal of slum schools is glamorous?" I had to interrupt her.

"Yes. It's glamorous. That's exactly what it is. Glamorous in the sense that, you know, great writers can make death look beautiful. It's all romantic and glamorous; oppression is made glamorous. The lives of teachers are made glamorous . . . ." I was becoming angry with her.

"I think you have social science mixed up with television soap operas," I blurted out. She smiled at me for the first time.

"At least you got anger in you. That's one good step for you. Most of these reporters just take everything we hand out." She waited a moment, studying me. "Anyway, you're right. I'm being too quick to mix the slop in with things that aren't quite as bad. But you folks really do dehumanize us, even when you're not trying to. That's the part that makes me sick. You're like tigers, curled up in low branches, waiting, waiting for something to walk by underneath you, so you can up and pounce on it."

"I don't think that's true, Miss Bottomly," I continued to argue. "I don't think that's always true. I really don't."

"Oh, don't go literal on me all of a sudden. You know what I'm talking about. And what the hell, if only one or two of you are snooping around hunting for a story, then that colors all of you. What's the difference for those of us who are getting snooped on? Either way, I have to stay on my guard every time I see a strange face."

"Like mine."

"That's right. Like yours. I have to beware all the time. I'll bet you hear that the big game around here is guessing who really is whose ally. Teachers voting against one another or administrators making it tough. Isn't that what you hear?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well," she said, letting out a long breath, "the real battle, you know, isn't always fought in school. It isn't *always* the reactionary assistant principals who give us trouble. There are always teachers who line up along any side you'd like to see on any political issue. The trouble lies in the nature of society. It lies across America. We're blanketed with it. I don't mind telling you that it isn't an easy job working with nine-, ten-, eleven-, twelve-year-old children and making believe that we, all of us, aren't under that blanket of social disease and racism and the rich getting richer and the grammar school teacher going on and on asking for a pay raise that would put us at the level of a butcher's assistant. We're all under that. Administrators, too. You don't have to turn us against one another. The only people who suffer when you do that are the children, and, my God, they've had their share." She stopped speaking suddenly, as though listening to a playback of her own voice. "What gets me more than anything is that all these articles and shows make it *impossible* for me to speak my piece. I have nothing to say anymore that is mine. My own, I mean. You do something good, and it earns too much attention. Even the children in my class are aware of that. They know when they do something and it earns more attention than they deserve.

"I'll tell you something else that bothers me. You take these books about the failure of education. Can you imagine the state of the art when you have people making a bundle because they've had bad experiences? Or been fired? What do you do if you can't write? What do you do if all you aspire to is a simple eight-to-three job working with children? That's all my training is for. You think there's something wrong with me if that's all I want out of life? You tell me!"

"No, I don't," I answered her. There is, however, a feeling I carry with me that I did speak about with Elaine. Not that first day but much later, when we had become friends, and my own nervous push for equality had subsided, and her confidence in what I might eventually write had taken root. It is that I often envy the teachers she spoke about, the romantics, as they are called, the martyrs. Despite the fact that I know that liberal-minded people like myself are especially fascinated with the deeds and misdeeds of these people, and that this fascination comes usually at times of crisis and even then is part of a condescending attitude toward teachers, I envy them. Moreover, despite the hundreds of times I have read and written the phrase that no one speaks for anyone else, I crave, nonetheless, to be one of the special ones who can, perhaps, speak for other human beings, public school teachers in this case, for Elaine Bottomly even, as if she could not speak for herself.

"I'm not sure," she was continuing, "that these books do us more good or less good. I suppose I wish people would stop thinking that just 'cause you're working with children or living in the ghetto that you are so damned special. This country's got a thing for people being special. Everyone's going around seeking fame, grinding out the little they can from schools. Sometimes I think you all ought to make your political noises in the city hall and let the rest of us who just want to teach do our work. I swear, someday I'm going to lock the door to my class, put a policeman outside, and tell him not to let a living soul come in."

"What would you do inside?" I asked.

"I'd sit in a comfortable chair and read to the children." She paused, looking at me and shaking her head from side to side as though to correct herself. "On second thought," she grinned, "I'd put two policemen out there and double-lock the door and not tell anyone what I was doing with the children. Nobody's business what you do. I have credentials."

I smiled. "Lots of people would be unhappy with your stationing policemen outside your door." I remember wanting to appear kind as I reached for some stale political ammunition. Elaine was infuriated by the remark.

"Let 'em. Let 'em all come in here and tell me about their radical politics and policemen in the school. I don't need people to tell me schools aren't a place for police. What do they think I am? Born yesterday? I'm tired of it, the rhetoric and the fads of politics. This year it's the community, maybe the schools, although I'm not so sure about that. You finally get a busing program going, and, between the white folks getting all up in arms about that and the media running around with their cameras and you folks with your notebooks, you'd think it was Vietnam. Suppose you tell me, since you're always sniffing around schools, just where the politics tornado goes when I come to school every day? Huh? How come there aren't people ready to take over my job? How come *our* conditions are still so bad? They bus eight, ten kids from this school, and people like me, white and black, stay here and work with the rest. White folks, too, gotta work with them. You got all these people shouting at us to throw the whites out of the school —where are they supposed to find work? And how do they know that some white teachers aren't doing one *helluva* good job? How do they know that?"

"Look, Miss Bottomly, all I was suggesting was that there are people out there . . . ."

"Out where?"

"Outside of here, you know. You know what I mean . . . ."

"You mean people who aren't actually teaching?"

"Yes. Some of them. But teachers, too, who say that police in schools only

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provoke the kids." I went on, my anger rising and my inevitable need to make worthless political points not receding an inch. "And a lot of those say that white teachers ought to get out of black schools. That's what I'm saying. I mean, I don't want to start any fight with you. It isn't worth it."

"This isn't any fight. Now just relax. We're just feeling each other out. I'll tell you what I think. I'm one person talking. That's all. And that's the way they all should talk. I'm indignant. I don't need any folks coming here and telling me about the conditions of black children. They think I'm blind? They think I don't realize the pitiful abuse of these people? *My people!* They want me to listen to *them*? Then they have to work side by side with me, day in, day out! I can't use people coming in, making demands, and then disappearing. Two weeks later I see them pushing some other cause. They can't even remember where they met me. Nobody's worse than white folks who rule these schools and your city hall and this state and Washington. The whole white system. The day you can see your skin is black is the day you learn what white folks do to you. When you get to be my age, you realize that there are a lot of people out there, in here, everywhere, making it their business to run right over you, take what you have, and leave nothing. Nothing! That's the kind of stuff I don't see in your articles. Where's all the patronizing I feel every day coming from? You think we make it up? You think I can just teach a class, walk in there in the morning, walk out in the afternoon? Every part of me causes problems for one person or another. It's my skin, my sex, my age, the fact that I'm richer than lots of white folks and black folks here. You wait for the confrontation or the crisis, but the day-by-day action doesn't ever seem to add up to anything to the press. Why don't you write an article about the fact that I walk around here and in the eyes of one person or another I'm a snotty bitch or window dressing or an oreo—you know what that is?"

"Yes, brown on the outside . . ." I started.

". . . white on the inside." She finished it for me. "An oreo. Or a whore. A cheap black woman. That's what I contend with. I can't trust them, most of them, when they spend so much time talking with me. I can't be sure of them when they never talk to me. I have to make sure certain people will find out who I date; I have to make sure others don't know anything about my private life. Hah! That's a laugh. Private life. Where, I'd like to know? I can tell what your politics are all about. You have an idea that blacks have to stay together all the time. Every minute. Well, you can feel relieved. I live here in Roxbury, so I'm not going to go out and mingle around in your neighborhoods."

"I think you're being unfair, Miss Bottomly. If you'd just as soon forget about me talking to you, that's all right."

"No. I never said anything about not talking. I just wanted to get the ground rules taken care of because I know how you folks can distort what you hear. I'm just protecting myself."

"I guess I feel that that's too bad."

"Of course it's too bad," she said in response. "It's too bad education is in the state that it is. It's too bad that there's so much political stuff of a secondhand nature flying around here most of the time that you're too tired out from it all to have much energy left over for teaching. It's too bad I can't follow the advice all my friends give me: Spill the beans on corrupt principals and racist teachers. It's all too bad."

"Why can't you?"

"You can; I can't. It's your job to get some hot article, some inside angle on the schools. Me, I spill the beans, I don't have a job. That's why I can't. And your question shows just how far apart our perspectives are." We had finished eating and were walking back to her classroom. My first "official" interview would take place during the next thirty minutes, while her class was at lunch and then recess. After our chat, the students would return and I would sit in the back observing. Miss Bottomly and I sat in little chairs. "This all right?" she inquired. I feigned exertion crouching on the child's seat, and she smiled. "I have some getting to be almost as big as you. They look just as funny."

I admit to regularly feeling an impulse to tell Elaine Bottomly that some day she should record her teaching experiences in a book, but I remember her sentiments, and I don't. Moreover, as I go back over the notes of our interview, I feel a second impulse. It is to tie together all that Elaine Bottomly said in that first visit or perhaps take off from her words and develop some original concepts about the aspects of education that she confronts. I cannot rid myself of the need to make her somebody important, more important than she is, in her school, and in her life outside. In response to this need she herself has told me that "freedom is when you really, honest and truly, let people decide their own fate and achieve the status they want. And then have a society that supports them in the decision they have made."

"Am I patronizing you by wanting more?" I asked her recently.

"No. Well, in a way. When we first met, I'd have slapped your wrist if you'd said I should run for office or be a principal. Now I know you. You're a strange man. It's like you want me, and a lot of people really, to be, well, the word I get is 'immortal.' "

"I think that's probably right, Elaine. I'd like people to get their day in the sun."

"Yes, but don't you see that, while that's nice and all that, it, too, is part of a brand of politics that can be awfully dangerous."

"Of course I do. I know about colonialization," I said.

"You don't need to keep impressing me with what you know about race issues. It's not even that complicated. Whatever it is—our parents, our own school days, the people we know, the times we just happen to be born in—there are lots of people like me who don't aspire to more than what we have or are just about to get. I remember our first visit. You were very eager. I told you that you didn't have much of an idea what was going on in schools like these. Remember?"

"Very well."

" 'Member I told you that you never have to remind a black person about what's happening to him in America?"

"Yes," I responded.

"It still holds. But I'll continue reading the experts. Like you." She grinned. "All you writing types. But don't make wishes for me. Maybe the next one will be won over by your wishes. I'm not. Do I want more money? You better believe it, honey. Do I want freedom in this school and a chance to really let out and try experiments with the children, knowing that some simply have to fail? You know I do. Would I like America to change, I mean really do an about-face? I'd take it in a minute. But that's all different, I think, from what you want for me. I really think so."

"I'm not sure, Elaine," I offered. "I'm not sure."

"Well, then I may be wrong, but you haven't convinced me yet. Not yet."

"I'm not sure" is all I could tell her.

"C'mon, let's see what you wrote from that first visit. I want to see whether I can recognize myself. 'Member what I told you about recognizing yourself? You white folks, you really get me, you know that?" She looked first at me, then at the pile of notes I had amassed from our first day together. By the end of the second page she knew that I had not forgotten the conversation that preceded what was to be the first of our official interviews. She looked up proudly, and I felt that I might have been one of her sixth-graders, indeed, one who had just done very well in his project for the year.

"You dirty dog," she said, smiling. "You dirty, dirty dog." □

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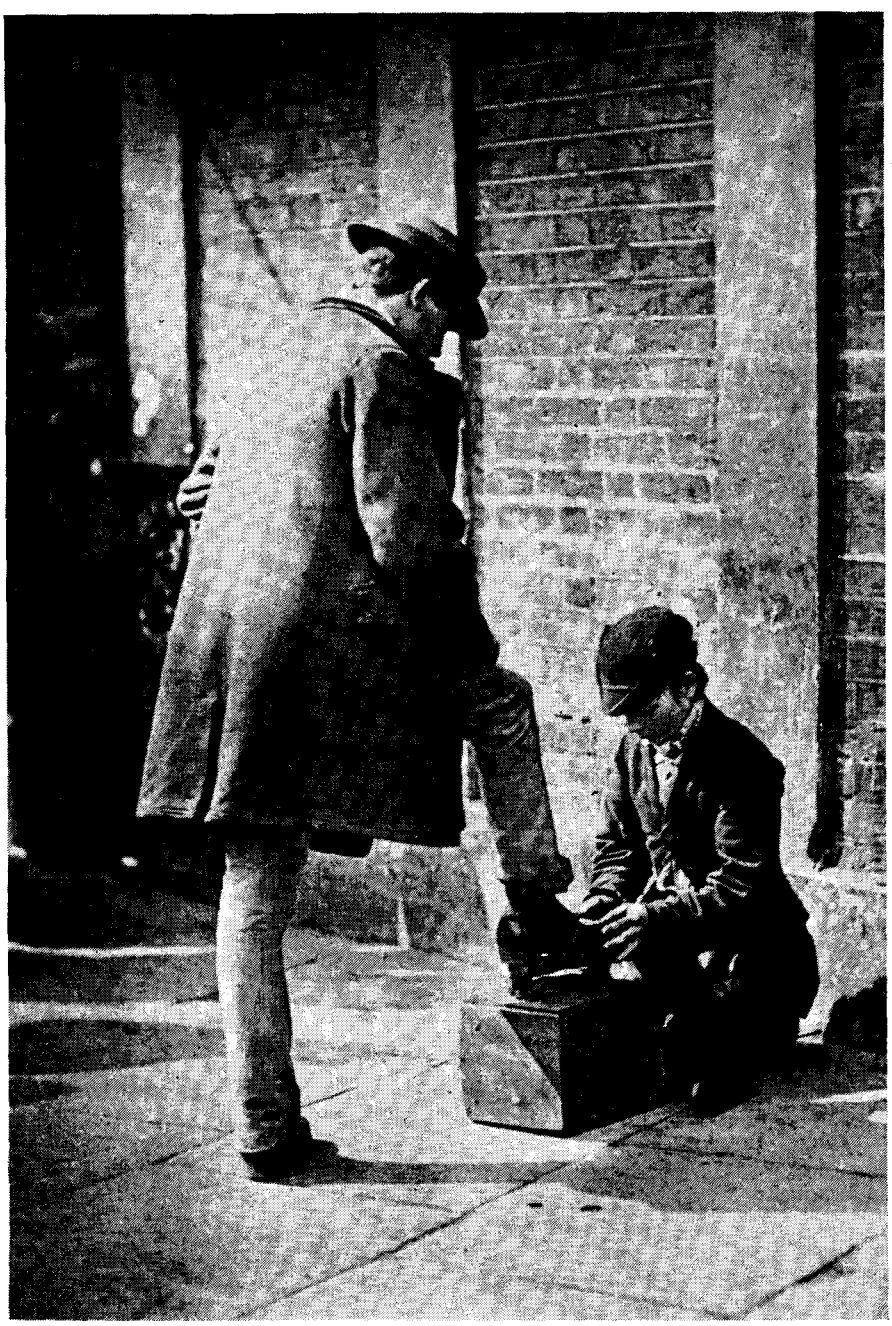
Schooling and Inequality: The Social Science Objectivity Gap



BY HENRY M. LEVIN

Inequality: A Reassessment of the Effect of Family and Schooling in America by Christopher Jencks and Marshall Smith, Henry Acland, Mary Jo Bane, David Cohen, Herbert Gintis, Barbara Heyns, Stephan Michelson (Basic Books).

About a century ago the books of Horatio Alger, Jr., began to enthrall the nation. Typically they revolved around a fifteen-year-old boy who made his fortune by somehow being in the right place at the right time. When the child of a rich man was drowning, there was one of Alger's boys to save him; when a wealthy man lost his wallet, one of Alger's honest but impoverished heroes would find it. This familiar plot repeated itself in over 120 books that sold some twenty million copies.

Now the Horatio Alger myth has been resurrected, not by a latter-day novelist, but by a group of social scientists at the Harvard University Center for Educational Policy Research. Their conclusion is not rendered in the sentimental and repetitive prose of the Alger parables. Rather it is stated in the precise-sounding terminology of the social sciences. Thus, Christopher Jencks and his colleagues conclude in *Inequality* that computerized analyses employing immense sources of data have shown that "neither family background, cognitive skill, educational attainment, nor occupational status explains much of the variation in men's incomes."

Instead we are told that economic success depends primarily on competencies and chance factors that are almost unrelated to one's class of origin, genes, or schooling. As the authors noted in a recent summary of their work in *SR/Education* (October), their results suggest that "school reform is never likely to have any significant effect on the degree of inequality among adults."

Christopher Jencks and his colleagues have published an important book. It is provocative and controversial and addresses a subject of great social significance. *Inequality* is a landmark publication for other reasons. It has been accompanied by a prepublication promotion that is normally reserved only for bestsellers by established novelists. The findings of the book have been widely disseminated, and they are likely to be heavily debated for some time to come. More-

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over, the volume is important because Jencks has earned substantial recognition in his own right as an imaginative writer and thinker on important social issues—and because he and his colleagues have direct access to federal policy makers through their numerous federally funded institutes engaged in educational policy studies. The book, therefore, gives the reader insight into some of the premises on which those policies are based.

At the outset Jencks notes two concepts of equality: equality of opportunity and equality of results. He suggests that most people are willing to accept a world with unequal incomes and status if they believe that these differences are based on such merits as ability, training, industriousness, and so on. Most people regard equality of opportunity to compete for life's unequal rewards as a social objective, and schools represent a major instrument to attain that goal. Accordingly, Jencks weighs the relative importance of inequalities in school resources, genetic endowments, and family backgrounds —and, surprisingly, finds that they are not strongly related to economic outcomes. They do not account for a person's income in his adult life.

The authors proceed to draw two major conclusions from their analyses. First, since inequalities in schooling, test scores, and family background do not appear to be strongly related to differences in income, "equality of opportunity" in an economic sense already exists. While we should attempt to make schools more pleasant places for young people, we should not view them as important social instruments for obtaining equality of results. Second, as long as the available economic and occupational roles provided by society are so unequal, large inequalities in economic outcomes will persist. Therefore, Jencks and his colleagues argue that, if we wish to reduce large inequalities in income between rich and poor —the top fifth of the population receives seven times what the bottom fifth receives—we should redistribute income directly by increasing the taxes of the rich and raising the minimum incomes provided for the poor.

The second conclusion seems eminently reasonable from a technical point of view. If we wish to improve the distribution of income, we should adopt policy measures that affect income directly. Yet, if the nature of our society is such that the present, large inequalities in income have existed for almost fifty years, it is difficult to believe that there is a powerful enough political coalition to effect a major redistribution. (Witness the recent decision by Congress to postpone welfare reform for several years.)

We might consider whether the competition for the present unequal rewards is a fair one, as Jencks and his coauthors imply. This is the single most crucial finding of the book, since it represents the basis for the authors' derogation of social policies aimed at improving equality of opportunity. Stated explicitly, the lack of relationship between family background, schooling, and test scores with income leads to the conclusion that policies to alter schools and family background will have little impact on eliminating economic inequalities.

Certainly, Jencks's assertion that the advantages with which one starts life have little to do with one's economic success seems to defy empirical verification for both the very poor and the very rich, although it may reflect accurately substantial mobility in the middle class. Surveys of the poverty population suggest that the "permanently poor" (in contrast with the transient poor, such as students, or the elderly who are living on pensions and social security payments) were themselves born into impoverished households and have low educational attainments. The very rich also seem to be able to sustain their position from generation to generation. Only the tumultuous economic upheaval associated with the Great Depression provided any appreciable movement from riches to rags, and only the calamity of World War II seemed to provide any appreciable movement from rags to riches over the last half-century. To assert that the forces of luck and other random factors give the children of the poor about the same chance in life as the children of the rich is in substantial conflict with this evidence.

In addition, many previous studies by economists on the subject have found that both schools and family background appear to have substantial effects on earnings. How is it possible, then, that Jencks's conclusions are in such sharp contrast to those of other researchers? The answer seems to lie in differences in interpretation and in the treatment of the data. For example, some differences that Jencks interprets as small ones would not seem trivial to other observers. Even according to the findings presented in the book, an extra year of elementary or secondary schooling appears to boost future income by about 4 per cent, an extra year of college by about 7 per cent, and a year of graduate school by about 4 per cent. According to these data a comparison of high school graduates and college graduates, who were otherwise identical, would show the college graduates earning about 30 per cent more than their less-educated peers. Jencks apparently believes that such differences are small, but two men separated by such income disparities might not

agree. Thus, part of the conflict appears to revolve around the rather subjective issue of what magnitudes are important.

Clearly, the more serious discrepancies between Jencks and other researchers appear to be due to differences in the statistical treatment of data. The book's principal finding on the inefficacy of schools is that test scores, family background, and related factors account for only 12–15 per cent of differences in income. In contrast, other studies have found that from one-third to one-half of the variance in income can be explained by these and similar influences; according to their results, we should seriously consider the policy implications of improving the distribution of schooling.

It is not difficult to find the sources of the differences between these studies and that of Jencks. In fact, the *Inequality* study omitted data that would have improved considerably the amount of variance in income inequality. The most notable of these omissions include data on age and place of residence.

Ordinarily, when economists attempt to explain the determinants of income or earnings, they are concerned with *real* difference, not just artificial differences that are due to variations in price levels. Much of the differences in income among the various regions of the United States is really attributable to differences in the cost of living. The U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics found that in 1970 the annual costs of a four-person urban family at an intermediate standard of living varied from about $9,200 in Austin, Texas, to over $12,000 in the New York area and almost $13,000 in Honolulu. There are also large differences within metropolitan areas and regions. Thus, much of what appear to be differences in income among a national population are really due to differences in price levels and

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do not represent differences in *real* incomes. In order to adjust for these effects, other studies have done their analyses within regions or have adjusted the data for the place of residence. Jencks's failure to do this resulted in a substantial overstatement of the "unexplained" variance in income relative to that of other studies.

A second omission that biases Jencks's results is the failure to include the age of the income recipient. Persons with the same educational and family background show large differences in their income over the life cycle. In the early stages of a career incomes rise briskly as individuals advance through on-the-job training, experience, and occupational upgrading. Peak earnings and advancement are reached at about forty-five to fifty years of age, and at this point many workers and self-employed professionals begin to withdraw from the labor market through early retirement or a reduction of hours worked. Thus, earned incomes decline considerably over the latter segment of the life cycle. Since Jencks's income data are based upon white, nonfarm men, twenty-five to sixty-four years of age, they include large components of income differences that are due to this normal life-cycle phenomenon. His failure to adjust the estimates for the age of the worker will serve to increase the amount of "unexplained" variations in income. Researchers usually treat this adjustment as a matter of standard procedure.

Finally, the fact that Jencks's data include income from property, social security, pensions, and other sources also tends to weaken the relationship between schooling, family background, and income. The statistical treatment in *Inequality* uses virtually the same variables to explain the income of the fully productive worker as it does the one who is retired and receives only a pension or social security payments. It uses the same attributes to explain the 15–20 per cent of income that is derived from nonproperty sources such as rents, dividends, and interest, even though such income is not derived from employment. Thus, the statistical formulation itself does not lend itself to explaining components of income that have little to do with individual labor-market productivity. Jencks does not take these important adjustments into account.

Further, the Jencks approach to explaining differences in income does not take noncognitive personality traits into account—even though recent research has found that schools and family appear to have a greater impact on the development of attitudes and values such as independence and conformity than on test scores. Such attributes appear to play an important role in determining social and economic outcomes. Jencks agrees that noncognitive traits ". . . play a larger role than cognitive skills in determining economic success or failure." Yet he omits such effects because of his stated inability to assess and measure them.

The result of all these omissions is to understate seriously the ways in which incomes vary systematically with differences in schooling and family background. If Jencks had corrected the data for such idiosyncrasies and if he had included data on place of residence, age, and noncognitive attributes, his formulation would probably have explained from three to four times as much of the inequality in income as did the more naïve formulation he actually used.

In a sense this example illustrates the fragility of social-science research in complex areas where theories are mere speculations and the techniques of analysis are subject to wide differences in application, usage, and interpretation. Jencks concluded that, because such a small portion of the variance in income was explained statistically by the family-background, schooling, and test-score variables, differences in income must be due primarily to differences in luck and competences that are not related to an individual's educational and family experiences. Yet the obvious alternative explanation is that the omission of important variables, as well as problems in the quality of the data, were the culprits and that differences in family and schooling do indeed affect economic success of adults.

Though Jencks gives the impression that his results are derived strictly from his statistical model and social-science methodology, in fact, the application of that model and its methodology are based upon numerous judgments and opinions. The omission of important variables because of "ignorance of their effects," the casual ordering of the variables, assumptions of linear relationships and normal distributions, the scavenging and use of data collected for other purposes and the questionable treatment of their measurement errors, as well as the ambiguity of many of the results, means that the actual findings and interpretations are at least as much a product of the value perspectives and opinions of the researcher as they are of this methodology and data. Unfortunately, the values and biases of the researcher are built into his procedures and interpretations at every stage.

Using similar data and techniques of analysis, Jencks's colleagues at Harvard, Herbert Gintis and Samuel Bowles, have found powerful support for the theory that social class and income inequality are indeed transmitted from generation to generation by rather powerful noncognitive effects of both family background and schools. They have constructed their model on the assumption that the vast inequality in society is a reflection of the class structure that corresponds to men's relations to the means of production under a system of monopoly-capitalism. In this Marxian model, schools and other institutions work to reproduce the social division of labor and the class structure. Placed in this context, the data and methods used by Jencks would engender very different interpretations. For example, in the Bowles-Gintis context the fact that society spends about twice as much on the schooling of the rich child as on the poor one hardly seems an innocuous accident.

In contrast, Jencks feigns neutrality in the important value issues of how society functions. Schools, family, and the distribution of income appear to operate in a conceptual vacuum, and Jencks seems to shy away from any socio-political-economic theory that might relate them. This places the reader in a position of having to evaluate conclusions based upon statistical evidence that in turn could be derived and interpreted in many different ways. Unless we know the overall value perspectives of the author, it is very difficult to ascertain why he interpreted the data in the particular way he did in the face of many possible alternative explanations.

Despite the lack of a clear ideological framework, this is an important book. It reminds us that, if we wish to create greater equality of incomes, a direct approach to the redistribution of income is the simplest way to achieve that goal. Moreover, *Inequality* contains some of the most stimulating discussions available on a large number of educational and social issues, and at least this reviewer believes that most of the conclusions relating to the cognitive effects of schools and the nature of IQ are convincing, even though he is not persuaded that family background and schooling are unrelated to economic outcomes.

The book also underlines the need for much more research on the nature, formation, and role of noncognitive traits in determining social and economic outcomes, as well as better overall social theories that would enable us to link the many disparate pieces of statistical evidence. Finally, it is only fair to warn the general reader that, despite the social-science terminology and formidable footnotes and appendices, the interpretations of the data must necessarily follow largely from the perspectives of the author rather than from an objective, computerized analysis. The crude state of the social-science art means that at the present time objectivity is unattainable. □

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College as Camelot

BY RAYMOND A. SCHROTH

This year Bensalem died. It was the Experimental College of Fordham University, and, for a college, it died young. On the graffiti-messed walls of Bensalem's crumbling, now-abandoned residence, a disillusioned student had scrawled: "What do you say about a six-year-old college that dies?" And another: "A lot of people in this place live their entire lives with the illusion that they're free."

Bensalem had been founded, at least in part, as a reaching out for freedom. It was born, too, with the confidence, deeply rooted in the American character, that sometimes the best way to solve an institutional problem is to throw away generations of established practices and accumulated—often paralyzing—wisdom and start all over from scratch. For a few years Bensalem was one of the most daring (at least in concept), most famous, and, in its own little world, most controversial examples of a trend that fascinated American higher education in the 1960s and still holds on: the New Colleges.

The experimental colleges were in many ways a symptom of and a reaction to the Sixties. They were the bright progeny of the Kennedy-reactivated myth of Camelot, the romantic conviction that—whatever the cynicism of their peers—free men of good will could create *a spot,* an oasis of meaning in an absurd, hostile, and violent world. These schools were the wedding of the encounter movement and educational reform, a quest for community encouraged by the hope that young and old could live together as equals, that trained scholars and college freshmen could, for the benefit of both, exchange roles as they grew in love and understanding. And, if livable communities could be created by starting again on a small scale, perhaps they could become the seed of a new revolution.

Meanwhile, at their heart was a sometimes Pelasgian theology that combined a profound trust in human nature, particularly *young* human nature, with an equally profound mistrust of society as embodied in its institutions.

Bensalem was born of several dreams. The first was the dream of Fordham's charismatic and unpredictable president of the mid-Sixties, the Rev. Leo McLaughlin, S. J., to "pay any price, break any mold" to make Fordham a first-rate university. Father Leo, as his friends call him, is no snob, but he is very impatient with mediocrity. He didn't want to preside over a mediocre university. He was determined to force "Catholic" Fordham to take that giant step into the secular world. Jesuit control, in the traditional power sense, diminished, as he surrounded himself with highly qualified and high-salaried laymen-executives, some of them non-Catholic. Fordham hired Protestant and Jewish theologians, signed on Marshall McLuhan, introduced a sex-education seminar that included discussion of contraception, and carried out a number of other well-publicized—and controversial—changes.

Enter Elizabeth Sewell. She is a small, delicate, radiant, ravenlike poetess with dreams of her own. Born in India of English parents, educated at Cambridge, the author of nine books, she had become an intellectual who had so integrated literature with her life that neither time nor continents could separate her from her fellow poets and their works.

In America she taught at seven colleges, at which she gathered around her groups of admiring graduate students and junior faculty to share her dreams: She had been dreaming that she was "caught with a lot of other people inside huge public buildings, which were slowly collapsing"; now, together, they dreamed up new images of themselves, toyed with the word "college" as if they were a College of Cardinals, but settled on *polis* as if they were the first founding citizens of a new city.

One day over lunch in New York in September 1965 she and Leo McLaughlin, not long on the job as Fordham's new president, spontaneously joined their visions. He invited Miss Sewell to bring her *polis* to Fordham. "We might just conceivably succeed in changing the whole face of education," he said. And she replied, "Nothing less than that will be the least use."

"There is not, and has never been, a set of theories behind this experiment," Elizabeth Sewell wrote at the end of Bensalem's first year, "but rather a very strong sense that higher education in America cannot go on much longer the way it is going now. . . ." It would seem that the college was being founded in an act of desperation, almost as if the last man and woman surviving an atomic holocaust were trying to conceive a child, knowing that the future depended on their love.

Actually, at the beginning, Bensalem was an experiment in the powers and limitations of friendship. The nine founders, bound by ties of intellectual concerns and affection, as well as deep, though diversified, religious commitments, began their planning sessions in August 1966. First they agreed on the ". . . total rejection of the standardized, mechanical processing of the student, from grade school through graduate school, now called education; in its place we envisage a community of people, living together, engaged in a corporate activity of learning, each of them—faculty and student—at his own due level." Then they resolved that their new *polis* would be dedicated to the "reformation of thought" and the "salvation of language" from jargon and abstraction, by creative writing, reading lots of poetry, and having more time to work on long papers and to stimulate creative expression. They put stiff requirements on themselves: They would keep diaries and circulate them every three weeks, write to all the other members of the group every month, and prepare long papers for private circulation—obligations they did not fulfill. Meanwhile, they named their *polis* Bensalem, for the island academy in Francis Bacon's poem *The New Atlantis.*

It was agreed that the first students would be selected on the basis of essays and interviews, that they would arrive in July and spend the first summer and six months on general education before being allowed to specialize, that they would discuss the meaning of revolution for five days, then start up seminar topics and book lists.

The curriculum was not originally intended to lead to intellectual anarchy. Since language was, in Dr. Sewell's view, so intimately connected to thought, one foreign language would

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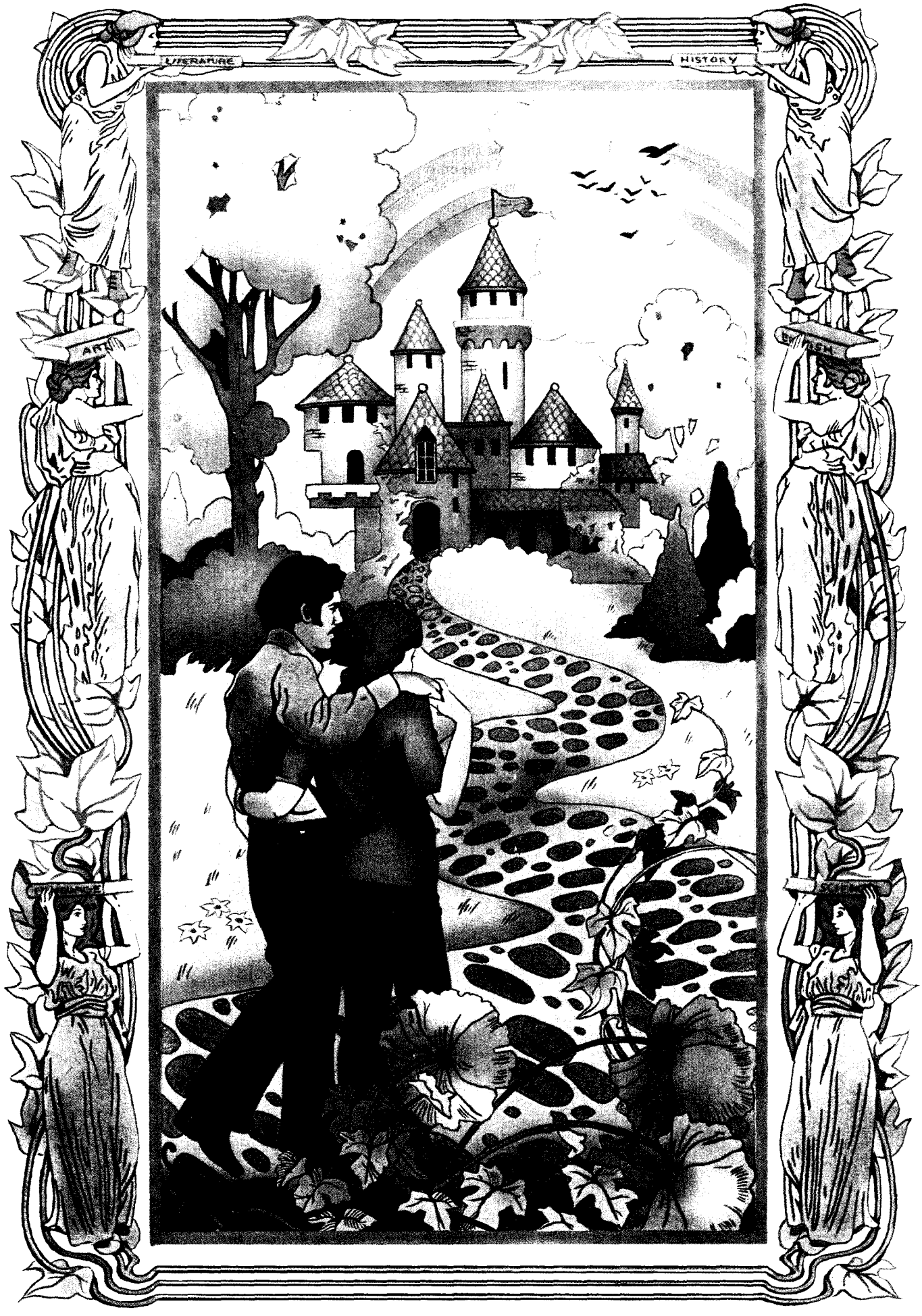

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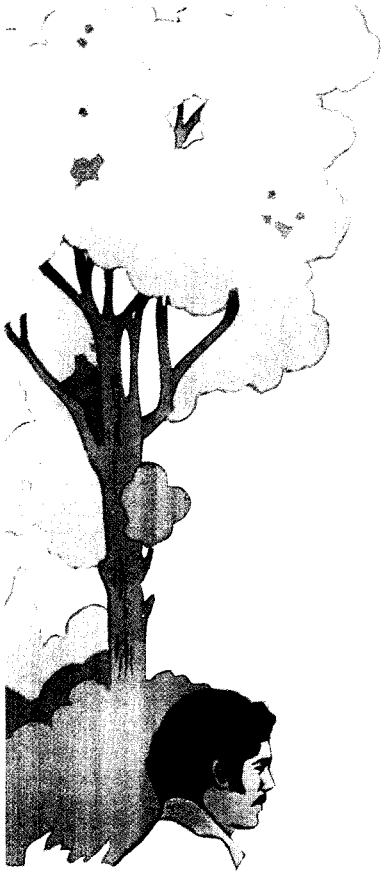

How could the affection of a half-dozen old friends turn thirty late-adolescent individualists into a community of love?

be required. When someone naturally suggested French or German, Hamid Kizilbash, a distinguished Pakistani poet, interposed: They should break out of the confines of Western thought and learn Urdu. Of course! Urdu was to be, in a sense, a sacramental experience—it was to symbolize a transcendent unity that might not actually exist in the community, and it was to help achieve a common bond and concern as it chipped away at adolescent individualism, giving the students a common intellectual experience in the struggle for communication.

It didn't work. According to some of those who experienced it, Bensalem died its first week. The original thirty students and six teachers arrived from all over the country in July 1967, setting up camp in an old apartment house on East 191st Street, directly across from the university campus, yet smack in the middle of an Italian middle-class neighborhood that felt threatened by Fordham on one side and by the wave of blacks moving inexorably toward them from the South Bronx. The apprehension in the neighborhood was matched by the murmuring on the campus, from faculty who had had a new college sprung on them without consultation and from priests and alumni who feared that, once Fordham had boys and girls sleeping in the same building, it would end up with them sleeping in the same beds.

The first class had been selected with considerable attention to intellectual and personal standards. One girl from Watertown had been interviewed for three hours. Miss Sewell had intended the whole experience to be tough—"like being dropped into twenty feet of water and told to swim, it can reveal the spark of potential" —and she wanted to screen out what she called the "soggy puddings."

But the first class had ideas of its own. On Wednesday morning of the first week a group of students ran through the building, knocking on doors, waking one another up, and shouting, "Revolution!" They gathered in the basement common room and ceremoniously tore up the schedule that the faculty had dared to post. In principle, at least, it was a logical first move. After all, some of these students had come to Bensalem precisely to escape schedules imposed from above, and they had not freely chosen this one. Urdu? What if they didn't *want* to learn Urdu? A few did, most didn't. From that moment on the college was without any clear, collective direction other than what the whole group—which now made all decisions by *consensus*—could give it. The faculty neither had nor assumed authority, other than manifesting those illusive charismata that win students' adulation at one moment and their hatred the next. The various study groups, which should have provided some cohesiveness, had no continuity; seminars could last a few months or fizzle out in a few days.

The Sewell circle had been bound by friendship, but how could the affection of several old friends turn thirty late-adolescent individualists into a community of love? The members of most communities, through some mistakes and some suffering, decide they must make concessions to one another and put limitations on their freedom through enforceable laws; yet Bensalem resisted structure to its last breath. From beginning to end the community was split—consensus governance (later modified to 75 per cent of those voting) meaning, in practice, that a handful of obstructionists could prevent decisions on anything, from how loudly stereos could blare (very), to the hiring of a new faculty member (stalled for months), to whether or not there should be formal requirements for the B.A. (no). And decisions made one week at an endless, psychologically exhausting house meeting could be reversed the next. In the first months they had decided that marijuana smoking would not be "outlawed" but at the same time would not be "tolerated." In December, when a boy was found violating the agreement, some wanted to ask him to leave, but the others backed away. The bitterness lasted a year and set a pattern: In the future any minor difference could be elevated to a full-scale war between the forces of good and evil.

Such divisions in the college have been characterized in different ways. They called one another "freaks" and "fascists." Alliances shifted constantly over six years. From time to time they were split according to their seminars into a "humanities" group, which wanted to govern by majority vote, and an "education" group, which held for consensus, or, toward the end, into blacks, white men, and women's liberationists. By and large the basic distinction was between those who put the emphasis on "learning" and those who put it on "living." Bit by bit groups and individuals began to look out for themselves. Some attached themselves to the more structured world of "big" Fordham, where they found courses and professors to guide their work. One group, the education seminar, founded the Lorillard School for four-to-eight-year-old children, where they put their theories into practice and moved into a house near the school. Lorillard eventually was accredited for teacher preparation. In the spring of 1968 another group of six students moved to a house on City Island with director Harvey Chertok, his wife, and two children to establish a more intense community

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life. That lasted one year. Others moved upstate to a farm commune.

Some students found this whole process—the seemingly eternal political wars—profitable, even intoxicating. And the general political turmoil at Fordham, where the administration building was seized twice in 1969/70, as well as the violent climate in universities across the country, intensified the situation. It tore off masks and abolished defenses. This was "real," and those who survived it would be, like those troops in Shakespeare's *Henry V* who fought with Harry at Agincourt, a "band of brothers" from that hour. One young man wrote in his official transcript, "For all of us who were there during its 'golden years' we know, for ourselves, that we were victorious, that no college ever really came close to the feelings we shared with one another, and that Bensalem was the greatest secret we had ever heard." For others it was a living hell, a *Lord of the Flies* situation in which a failure of leadership on the part of the adults abandoned the younger members to chaos.

It is extremely difficult to evaluate any student's academic record, and it is particularly difficult to evaluate Bensalem's students objectively in comparison with those in the standard Fordham College program. Bensalem, although it granted a B.A., never established a norm by which its students might be evaluated, nor did it establish clear academic goals for itself as an institution. What I say now is based on interviews, written reports by Fordham and outside investigators, a personal study of many of the transcripts on permanent file, and my own conviction that an educated person should have studied literature, history, philosophy, religion, the sciences, and the arts, should be able to read thoroughly and critically, and should speak and write well.

Proponents of Bensalem are quick to point out that, of the seventeen members of the first graduating class, in 1970, more than half received awards of Woodrow Wilson, Rhodes, and Danforth fellowships. This is flattering but, in the long run, confusing. Does it mean that Bensalem, the revolutionary college, wanted to be judged by the standards of traditional education—fellowships and graduate school acceptances? Even so, this example can be deceptive. The first class was chosen by the faculty with an eye to their academic competence; subsequent classes were chosen by student-dominated committees with the various factions, the "freaks," "fascists," and blacks, all taking care of their friends.

But what did the individual students do? It's hard to tell. They were literally free to do nothing for three years and still get the degree—with the justification that self-evaluation was the essence of Bensalem education and, if the transcript represented nothing, it was therefore worth nothing to the student, in spite of the tuition paid. The transcripts, which now fill three drawers in the Fordham registrar's office, are not the usual one-page course and grade listings but dossiers prepared by the students on their college careers. Because Bensalem had a dropout rate of more than one-third, many files are incomplete and several students have taken their dossiers home with them. Those that remain vary in quality and in length. Some are eloquent essays testifying to the resourcefulness and sensitivity of their authors; others are careless and skimpy, giving the reader no idea of what the student had achieved—other than a heightened sense of self-awareness—in two summers and three years. Furthermore, evaluating a student's education on the basis of these files is all the more chancy because there is little, if any, faculty comment on the quality of the work. For the most part we are asked to take the student's word that he or she "grew."

A black girl from Texas came to Bensalem with a National Science Foundation scholarship—but little awareness of her blackness—and left having unified her whole education around service to the black people. Concentrating in political science, urban education, and Afro-American studies, she took eighteen regular Fordham courses, receiving As in almost all of them, and eleven subjects—tutorials or small-group projects—at Bensalem. Meanwhile, she held several jobs, including one as a church organist, and provided leadership in the Fordham Black Student Union. Another girl floundered around for a year, bored with both Fordham and Bensalem courses, until she finally decided to take charge of her own education. She went to the university bookstore and jotted down the titles of appealing books the regular professors had assigned for their courses and began reading about Marxism.

One student (who took his dossier with him) taught filmmaking and built a fifteen-foot spherical dome in Vermont. Several worked with Marshall McLuhan, and their folders reveal a distinct bias for nonlinear record—pictures and tapes—and a reluctance to write sentences and paragraphs. Another young man crammed seven folders, more than half a file drawer, with underground newspapers, post cards, travel folders, and other memorabilia from his seven-month, travel-study roamings in Europe. Perhaps one of Bensalem's more impressive products was a brilliant young actor who did a remarkably solid job of integrating his love of the theater with his formal education. He took ten courses at "big" Fordham, receiving honor grades, spent the summers with a stock company, and in three years acted in more than sixteen shows, illuminating his transcript with concise and perceptive analyses of each role he had played.

On the other hand, one of Bensalem's more colorful and controversial students, an ex-Jesuit novice and a rather impressive harpsichordist, had himself ordained a priest in the schismatic Old Catholic Church. Considered by many a disruptive force within the Bensalem community itself, he was nicknamed the "mad monk." He offered liturgies in his basement chapel and performed a wedding ceremony, somewhat to the discomfort of some of the Jesuits across the way. Because of his high visibility—he was loudly vocal at SDS demonstrations and flaunted his clerical garb at a time when most young and a few middle-aged Jesuits were switching to secular dress—he further complicated Bensalem's image problem. Because of its largely self-imposed isolation from the rest of the campus, to most Fordham faculty and students Bensalem was as far away as Atlantis. Some faculty would make their general judgments on the basis of one or two experiences with Bensalem students, who might either thrill them with their maturity and enthusiasm or disappoint them by sloppy work or dropping out of their courses. So a combination of brief meetings and rumor—often exaggerated reports about drugs, radicalism, and sex—was the basis of much loose thinking about Bensalem. In this context the apparent presence of a local Rasputin fed "big" Fordham's inclination to fear the worst.

Dean Kenneth Freeman, a philosopher who replaced Elizabeth Sewell at the end of Bensalem's second year, estimated that approximately one-third of the students were genuinely interested in learning and studying along traditional lines; they were involved in group projects and worked closely with professors. For them, he was sure, Bensalem was a good place. But Freeman added that, as some of the transcripts indicated, the student's freedom to study what he wanted tended to make him overspecialize, to move graduate-level work down into his college years. Meanwhile, less than half the students sustained counseling relationships with the faculty—even though this relationship was supposedly one of the greatest values of the college—and many students chose to relate almost exclusively to the subgroup of those peers with whom they felt most comfortable. As a result they were isolated from the critical influence of the variety of faculty, courses, and classes they would normally encounter in the more standard curriculum of "big" Fordham.

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In general, teaching at Fordham is good, and the 1972 student-edited course evaluation book is downright indulgent in its appraisal of all but a few courses. Yet Bensalem students and faculty knew that Fordham, too, had its basic one-third who really wanted to learn, but that a good many of their on-campus counterparts were taking soft courses that required little reading and less writing—it was the appearance of education where none had taken place. Bensalem, they replied, was *honest*. They claimed that their living in close quarters made their personal relationships—including their sexual relationships—more open and more healthy than those in the campus dorms, and that self-evaluation, in place of marks, forced them to confront and measure their own progress. If you were learning nothing, you knew it, rather than being lulled by courses and exams into a pseudosense of accomplishment.

In the fall of 1971 the Fordham administration put the wheels in motion to end its Experimental College. A Bensalem faculty member pleaded for a stay of execution, on the grounds that the experiment had not yet been properly evaluated. Yet, at this stage, a strict scientific evaluation, which would have had to compare control groups from Bensalem and Fordham colleges according to the same norms, was virtually impossible. For one thing, many members (probably most) of the Bensalem community had rejected the goals of traditional education along with its standardized tests and evaluative mechanisms. In short, there was no real consensus on what would be measured.

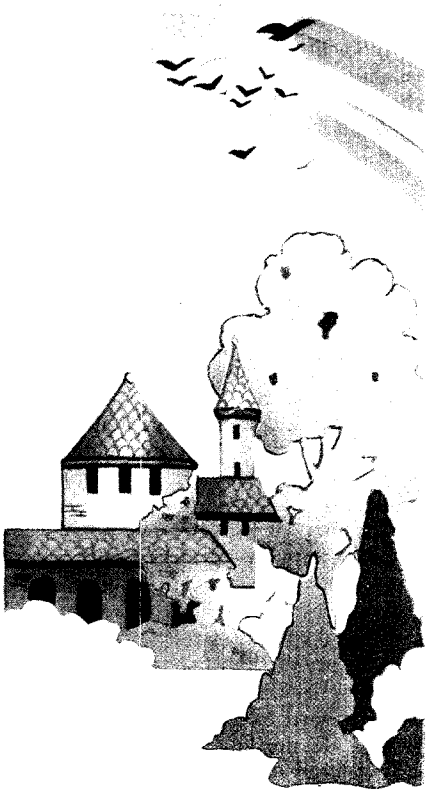
Nevertheless, in the six-year course of its development, Bensalem had been "studied" many times by the press and various visiting committees—to the point where the students were becoming gun-shy of journalists and visiting educationalists. Until the end the Fordham *Ram* was sympathetic in its coverage of Bensalem—partly because the experimental college, with its free-wheeling life-style, had become a symbol of the struggle for the liberalization of the larger university. Bensalem's most perceptive visitor was Judson Jerome, who was fascinated, partly because he had experienced it at Antioch, with the "Freudian dynamic" in such programs that creates a necessity for killing the father/mother. In *Culture out of Anarchy,* he concluded ambiguously, "Whether man is depraved absolutely, or only conditionally (e.g., in the Seventies in the Bronx), it may be that he can learn through the pain of self and mutual flagellation." *Esquire* had featured Bensalem on a fall list of recommended far-out colleges; *Look* infuriated Fordham and Bensalem with a picture spread emphasizing the kinkier manifestations of its community life.

Bensalem was evaluated academically in 1967 and 1970 by accrediting committees from the New York State Board of Education, twice by Fordham University faculty and student committees, as well as in other informal reports from visitors and Bensalem faculty. These and subsequent reports repeatedly orchestrated the theme that the program needed structure, while always conceding that some very effective unstructured education was taking place. Again and again the evaluators seemed captivated by the concept of the place.

At the end of her first year Elizabeth Sewell wrote that the college's worst enemy had been the atmosphere of fear and distrust. Four years later the fear was still there—only in a new and more dangerous form, one that would poison the now scattered community with charges of violence and racism. The percentage of black students rose considerably to around 30 per cent, and more and more of the internal conflicts of the group centered upon race. In the summer of 1971 two Bensalem black students were involved in a black versus Italian knife fight in the neighborhood, and a Bensalem white girl was arrested in a holdup with a black boy she had met on a Bensalem project. Every college has students involved in scrapes like these; at Bensalem these incidents simply reinforced the stereotype. But when the Fordham administration announced plans that had been formulated the previous spring to close Bensalem, some of Bensalem's more brilliant black leaders were quick to cry racism.

Actually the administration based its case largely on the Fordham Faculty Committee 1971 report, a study whose recommendations, in Kenneth Freeman's judgment, so compromised the Bensalem spirit by giving faculty members a power relationship over the student that Fordham would be forced to change the college's name. The administration argued that since Bensalem had never achieved its original objective of being a living-learning community, and since Bensalem was not willing to make the modifications recommended by the Faculty Committee—not willing to compromise on student self-evaluation—the experiment should be terminated. The administration's most telling charge: "As a result of its governance structure Bensalem is the most conservative of colleges at Fordham, less open to change and innovation than any other college." In the same proposal the administration granted that some students do in fact do well in an unstructured situation; so it promised that Fordham and Thomas More colleges would set up a broad-based unstructured program to take

Reports repeatedly orchestrated the theme that the program needed structure . . . but some very effective unstructured education was taking place.



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Bensalem's place. The details would be left to the Committee for the Restructuring of the Undergraduate Curriculum.

Bensalem's official death, however, was to come, not by executive fiat, but as a collective university decision. President Michael Walsh, S. J., who had replaced Leo McLaughlin four years before to save the university from a financial crisis, submitted the administration proposal to the Rose Hill Campus Council, the administration-faculty-student representative body that had been founded in order to resolve the great spring building seizure and student strike of 1969.

As things worked out, the deliberations over Bensalem's death lacked the passion the event could have called forth. Some of the student council members who had originally been prepared to fight to the end for their fellow students in Bensalem found their ardor cooling when the Bensalemites failed to pull together in their own defense. The final vote on November 9, 1971 was close: 25 to 17 with 2 abstentions. Yet the experiment was put to rest not so much with a spirit of bitterness or disillusionment but rather with that pragmatic sadness with which a cowboy shoots his own wounded horse.

Today Leo McLaughlin is running an experimental program motivating freshmen to read and write through videotapes, at a black college in North Carolina. Elizabeth Sewell has married Anthony Sirignano, one of the young men who first shared her vision of the new *polis* in the Bronx, and is now teaching at Hunter College. She is reluctant to talk about Bensalem because it is in the past. Would she do it again? No.

What can be said about new colleges and experimental programs that die? For one thing, they should be allowed to die with some dignity, just as soon as it becomes clear that they are no longer fulfilling a special purpose. Institutions should live as long as they serve human needs and promote a good beyond their own self-preservation. Then they should go. In this way old theaters close, venerable newspapers fold, religious communities disintegrate, and colleges fade away. In their first years the educational experiments were—like that popular but unfinishable novel, *The Harrad Experiment*—a generation's cry for almost any kind of love, any kind of community. They bespoke a yearning for Utopia—for communion, stability, and peace in a decade of violence and uncontrollable change. But, as some of their obituaries testify, the new communities simply reproduced, on a primitive and personally destructive level, the chaos and irresponsibility of the larger society.

Nevertheless, the strongest argument for Bensalem and places like it has been and still remains the dreary and unimaginative atmosphere of traditional education. The human response to this is to ask why students can't be free to develop their own programs and why students and faculty can't live together and learn together as friends, and then to look for a way in which these things could be done.

It would seem to me that experiments must continue as the most essential catalyst in the educational process, but they must be real experiments in the formal sense—under controlled conditions, for limited periods, their results measured systematically, producing creative work and useful information for the larger institution. In other words, we no longer need to ask what happens to students when all restraints and pressures are removed; we can go back to asking what kinds of structures will give which students and faculties the most freedom and the highest incentive both to learn and to grow. Some suggestions:

Start with the student's interests, with the expectation that if he begins answering one question—"Why do men lose confidence in their government?" or, "To what extent may a man compromise his principles and still keep his integrity?"—this will lead to a whole series of related questions in philosophy, political science, films, drama, novels, history, painting, etc., that it will lead him to connect *The Sorrow and the Pity* with the Gospels and Anloc with *All Quiet on the Western Front* in a way that will, with faculty help, achieve the beginnings of a real "liberal" education. If the student doesn't have questions like these, leave him in the regular college program, which should at least introduce him to the questions other people are asking. When a student in the regular program shows evidence that he is thinking and producing on his own initiative, he should be invited to shift to an unstructured program.

When it comes to evaluation, don't confuse academic progress and personal growth. I know the college is supposed to develop the "whole man," and I do believe the university—especially a religious institution—should, in times of crisis, be the scathing conscience of the nation. It should relate learning to life and concern itself with moral and spiritual values through retreats, counseling, etc. This fosters true education, but it cannot be *identified* with it. Replacing the traditional goals of education with the "inward journey" offers too many opportunities for manipulation by students and faculty alike. To encourage a student to believe that in some vague way his immeasurable and largely ineffable personal growth—as beautiful and necessary as it may be—has, in the technical sense, academic value is a tragic mistake. This is particularly true when it is the student himself who measures the growth.

With some exceptions, if a student is profoundly alienated in a negative way from structured education, there is a good chance he will be alienated from unstructured education, too. Experimental programs should not be therapeutic centers. A student too alienated to read books and write papers should be given a leave of absence and encouraged to work and travel and return when he is ready.

To mitigate the power element and the dangers of discipleship in the student-faculty relationship, *work, including the student's self-evaluation, should be evaluated by several teachers,* and no student should be directed by the same faculty member for more than one year. Allowing for student consultation, the faculty should determine who enters and leaves the program. In short, in the *academic* aspects of the program, the faculty cannot completely abdicate their traditional responsibilities of evaluation and some kind of educational leadership.

Hire Elizabeth Sewell or someone like her, but don't ask her to be in charge. Inspiration, prophecy, and administration are separate gifts. A college or a program can be built in response to an individual vision, but, if it is to last, the vision must be embodied in specific goals and a specific, well-organized plan.

Don't isolate it. It is ironic that the original image of Bensalem was that of an island. We'll never know, but it is possible that if there had been greater interchange between Bensalem and "big" Fordham, Bensalem might still be alive and Fordham might be a more exciting and innovative place than it is now. Experimental programs do not exist for themselves alone but also for what they can contribute in the way of liberalizing—even revolutionizing—larger institutions. If they don't upset somebody and if they are not visibly creative at the same time, don't keep them. Similarly, if the parent institutions don't make some sacrifices to provide the right faculty, reward them through salaries and promotion for the extra time they spend with students, and provide good working and living space, along with sufficient autonomy and moral support, the experiments will die of neglect.

One of the buildings that Elizabeth Sewell saw crumbling in her dreams turned out to be Bensalem. College can't be Camelot, and Bensalem—"Son of Peace"—did not live up to its name. But all the evidence of dreams shattered has not, thank God, stopped men from dreaming—nor should it lead them to regret the things their noblest dreams lead them to try. □

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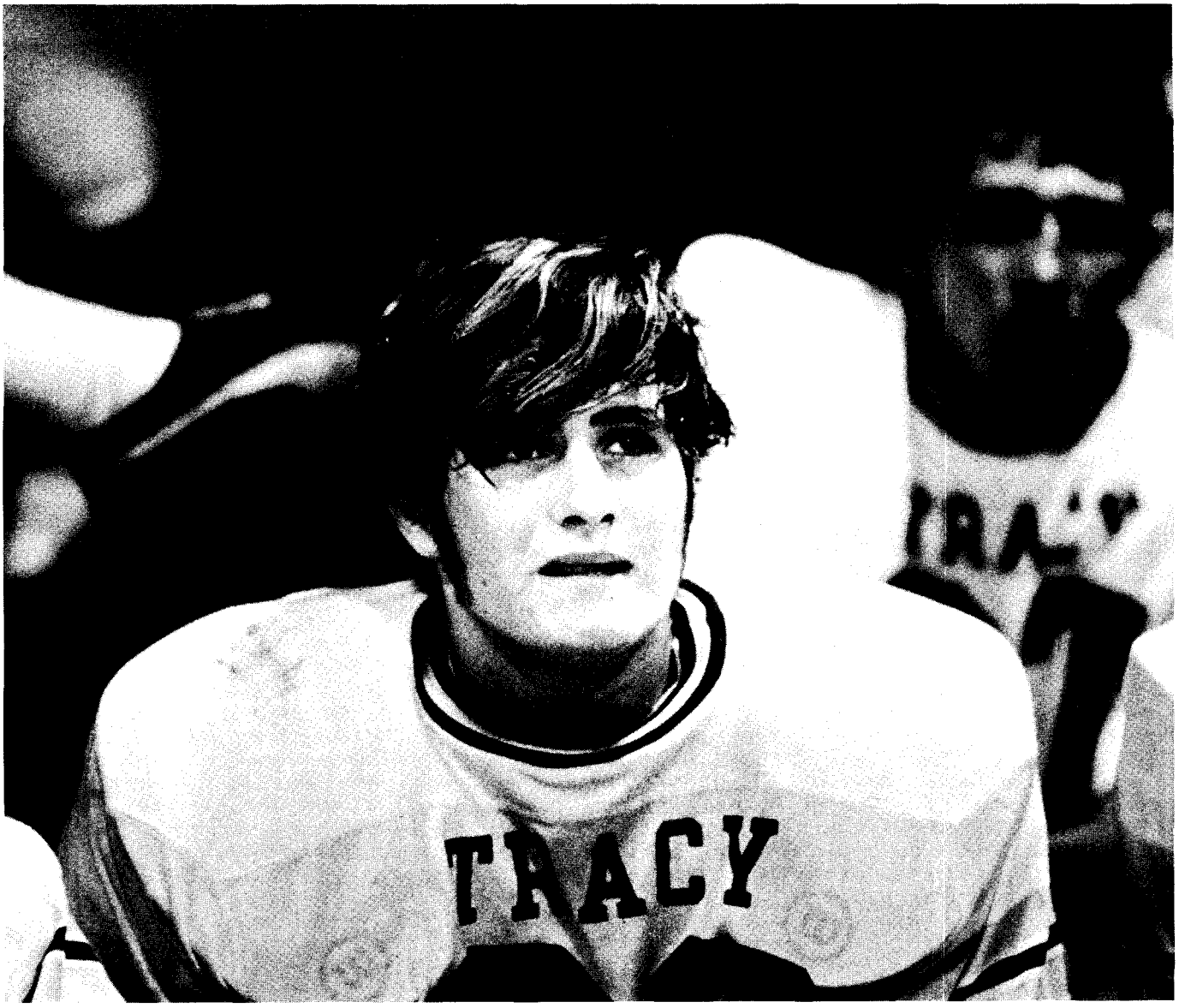

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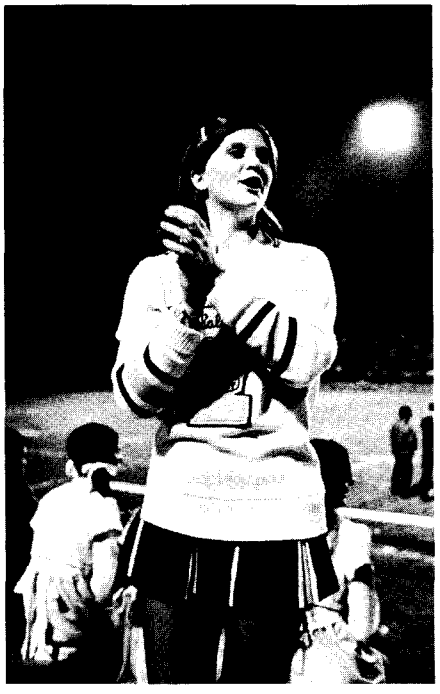

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BY DIANE DIVOKY
AND
PETER SCHRAG

Learning Under the Lights

Football and Cheers

The essence of the game is transformation. In the medieval pageant peasants became angels and commoners kings, and the mask was the means of magic. In more familiar settings each autumn on Friday—in places named Turlock or Springfield or Tracy—sixteen-year-old boys in white T-shirts and blue jeans are transformed under their golden helmets into transitory deities, bearers of a town's pride and saviors of its waylaid passions, and with them the princesses of the season, girls who cheer and syncopate to the rhythms of the game.

The familiar rhetoric of football speaks of discipline and character, of turning boys into men, of learning and sacrifice, but the language is inadequate, and the kids cannot really tell you why they play—or why they lead the cheers. No speech about spirit or dedication is enough. What counts finally is the composite ritual: the uniforms, the band, the crowds, the promise of glory and romance, and the momentary chance to create something real of things that must always remain evanescent. *When you're out there, you're something else again.*

The lights should be brighter, the green, wooden bleachers are growing old, and the game—in deference to the tender age of these high school players—is only forty-eight minutes long, but the play is the same, shares the complexity of the professional game on Sunday afternoon, demands the same skills, and generates the same pressure. *25 Base Option Right, Veer Left, Counter Right, Overshift, Stunt, Rip, Lightning.* Under the pads and the jerseys and the helmets the players are still kids, high school students trying to remember their assignments, slow learners and fast learners, kids with pimples and awkward movements, kids who look like twelve-year-olds and kids who could be rejects from the Green Bay Packers, kids of all dimensions, and kids who explain a missed tackle or a bad block like any other student who can't remember a geometric theorem or the provisions of the Tariff of 1824. Yet what they do each Friday night is surely closer to what a Joe Namath or an Alan Page does on a Sunday afternoon than their English compositions are to a Pulitzer Prize in literature or their biology experiments to a Nobel effort in nuclear medicine. If it is true that, as Jerome Bruner used to say, it is possible to teach any subject to any student of any age in an intellectually honest manner, then surely one of its best illustrations is high school football.

The elements are assembled each Friday night for ten weeks running: cheerleaders, song leaders, players, fans, children, and adults, people whose interest in the official purposes of the high school will rarely match their concern about its football success, people who come together in a no man's land between growing up and growing young. The place is Tracy, California, an agri-business town of 14,000 people in the San Joaquin Valley, sixty miles east of San Francisco, but it could just as easily be Mason City, Iowa, or Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, or Macon, Georgia. The team is not just kids' play, an obligation to see your son run with a ball or your daughter twirl a baton, but the very heart of community. On an average Friday four thousand of those fourteen thousand people will show up; a thousand of them will arrive as early as 5 in the afternoon to watch the freshmen play their game, then the sophomores, then the varsity. Five hours of high school football. "People don't think of these kids as teen-agers," said a reporter from the *Tracy Press*. "They're men; they're Bulldogs; they're numbers and pads and colors. Put a uniform on a kid and he turns into John Brodie." (John Brodie is the quarterback of the San Francisco Forty-Niners.)

Fantasies shared. A lineman asking for number 51 because that's the number Dick Butkus wears when he plays defense for the Chicago Bears. Fathers living lives of vicarious triumph or replaying their own days on the muddy field. Mothers investing daughters with hopes of stardom, modeling careers, and Miss America, little kids hoping to get a smile from this season's star or tomorrow's queen. A whole town fusing its separate dreams into the ritual. Yet, beneath all of it performance tempers ambition and turns it back into play—athletes who know they are too slow or too small or simply not good enough to make it in the big time, girls primping for the more modest goals of a "pre-engagement," a decent marriage at eighteen, a place in a nearby junior college, or merely the respect of their fellow students and their parents, kids sitting through a game they do not understand because that's how the weekend begins, because it precedes the

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dance or the party, because later—even in Tracy—there will be a private place to go and turn on. "You play because it's fun, because it's the greatest," one of the players tells you, "and because you don't mind a little glory, even if it's just glory in Tracy."

Tracy versus Davis. The players are sitting on the ground in the half-light outside their locker room, listening to Coach Wayne Schneider's pregame speech. They have lost the first two games of the season. Last year, when the team finished 9–1 and took the league championship, things were different; in 1972, after two games, they have still to score their first touchdown. The high school band, barely audible in the stands a hundred yards away, is playing tunes it will repeat several times before the night is over. "Get yourself mentally ready," Schneider is saying. "Get yourself ready. This game is ten per cent physical and ninety per cent mental . . . . If you miss your assignment, get somebody else, but get somebody . . . ." Now the band is playing the national anthem, but the players don't move. This is the moment when some of them feel sick, when the assignments become jumbled if you try to think about them, when the pressure becomes hard to manage. "Think of all that crap we've been taking," one of them shouts. "Tracy doesn't lose three games in a row." "Think about your assignments," Schneider continues; he is basically a shy man, and glib rhetoric isn't his forte. Even though he has established a reputation as the man who made Tracy a power in its league—in seven seasons his teams have won fifty-three games, lost fifteen, and tied two—he is more nervous than the players. "You defensive backs, when there's a pass, yell pass . . . . Know the snap count; know the count we're going on. Listen in the huddle . . . . This is your chance to take your frustrations out on somebody."

In a small dusty area set off by a fence in front of the Tracy rooting section thirteen girls begin their routines. This is their stage. Eight wear gold ballet slippers and identical gold-and-white costumes with miniskirts and boleros, fussy little-girl outfits that look a bit incongruous on full-grown, seventeen-year-old bodies. Some of the eight are—by any standard—pretty, but none is a beauty. But these are the Tracy song leaders, and, by local convention, they are sexy, desirable, a bit unreachable, the models of femininity. The five other girls wear white, V-necked letter sweaters, bright green, short-pleated skirts with gold insets, white knee socks, and green sneakers—the varsity cheerleaders, as prestigious a group as the song leaders but, in Tracy's eyes, more wholesome, less glamorous. While the cheerleaders have the function of organizing the spectators into a rooting section, the song leaders are pure entertainment. They do dance routines with pompons, kicks, and a modified bump and grind to the band's "On, Wisconsin" and "Get It On." Tracy has other official roles for girls in its football drama: The rally commissioner, elected by the student body, produces and directs Friday afternoon rallies before home games; two mascots in terry-cloth Bulldog outfits romp along with the cheerleaders; two girls sit in the press box as statisticians; and the band—more than half female—has a contingent of sequined majorettes and banner girls. But the female equivalent of making the first team is winning a place as a song leader or cheerleader.

On the field the pieces of the ritual come together, boys transformed into players in their green-and-gold uniforms, separate assignments assembled into plays, plays into drives. On Tracy's second play from scrimmage the fullback, a junior named Dave Davidson, finds a hole off tackle and goes sixty-one yards for a touchdown. Then in the second quarter Tracy intercepts a pass, moves fifty-one yards downfield on pass plays, and Davidson scores again. A bad snap from center after the second touchdown forces the kicker to try running for the extra points—the high schools play by college rules, which allow two-point conversions—but he is swamped by three 200-pound linemen; the kicker, a junior named Bill Clough, weighs 132 pounds. "Welcome to the varsity," says Schneider, when Clough returns to the bench.

Friday night does not make the same demands of timing, concentration, and effort of the girls as it does of the team. There is nothing tangible for them to win, no score to define their success at the end of the evening. They are a side show, a diversion, something to be enjoyed but not to be taken too seriously. And their routines relate to the game only during its most dramatic moments. Often they constitute an independent performance. The head cheerleader, Judy Bell, almost plain in her classic good looks, keeps an eye on the movement of the game as she talks to a friend over the fence, goes to the microphone to announce a cheer, and starts the straight-arm, squared-off motions that draw the chant from the crowd: *"We—we—don't—don't—we don't mess around, hey, we don't mess around. We don't mess around, hey. We don't mess around."* Stomps, squeals, clapping. A few moments later the song leaders begin a routine to the band's brassy rock version of the theme from *Shaft,* but it is interrupted when the crowd goes to its feet to roar on a Tracy runner. Several song leaders don't follow the game (and wouldn't understand what was happening if they did) and grow busy with private business between routines. Hair gets combed, dresses tugged, gossip exchanged, poses struck, a smile flashed at a particular face in the crowd. "I'll tell you what mostly gets thought about during the game," one song leader said. "Most of them are thinking about who's here and who's not, who's looking at us, and what's going to happen after the game at the dance or at a party. Except for one, and she's just thinking about her hair."

Tracy shuts out Davis, 13–0. "See what we can do with protection," Schneider tells the players later. "You guys played a helluva football game."

They have been preparing for such moments for two or three hours a day, five days a week, three months a year, ever since they were fourteen: drills, calisthenics, wind sprints, scrimmages, assignments to learn and remember. With four coaches (all of them full-time teachers during the classroom day) for forty players, it is impossible for a player to hide, and so they are subject to an endless stream of instruction, direction, encouragement, and invective: *Let's get a little excited, get those feet moving, keep your feet moving . . . . Now, you guards, you're supposed to come inside out, not outside in; on that draw play Friday they could have driven a truck through that hole; the tackles come outside in; that way there's no place for that ball carrier to go except backward, and we'll chase him as far back as he wants to run. . . . And get off your knees; say your prayers on Sunday; don't say your prayers here. Off your knees. The sign of a lousy football player is a guy who's always on the ground. . . . . Hit somebody . . . .* "Sheeeit," says one of his players under his breath.

Ever since August the maxims have been flying thicker than footballs. "You will play your games the way you practice," says the Tracy "Player's Bible"; every team member gets a copy when he comes out for football. "Be a winner in all your practice and you will on game day . . . . If things look as if they will win, be tough—BE TOUGHER . . . . Pour the HEAT on every play. Your opponents will learn to fear you and respect you . . . . To win, you have to pay the price in SWEAT, EFFORT, and SACRIFICE! . . . NEVER, NEVER GIVE UP! ! ! If two players are equal in ability, the better-conditioned one will win out in the end . . . . "

They learn about work, Schneider tells you—"They learn about criticism and about praise. They learn a lot

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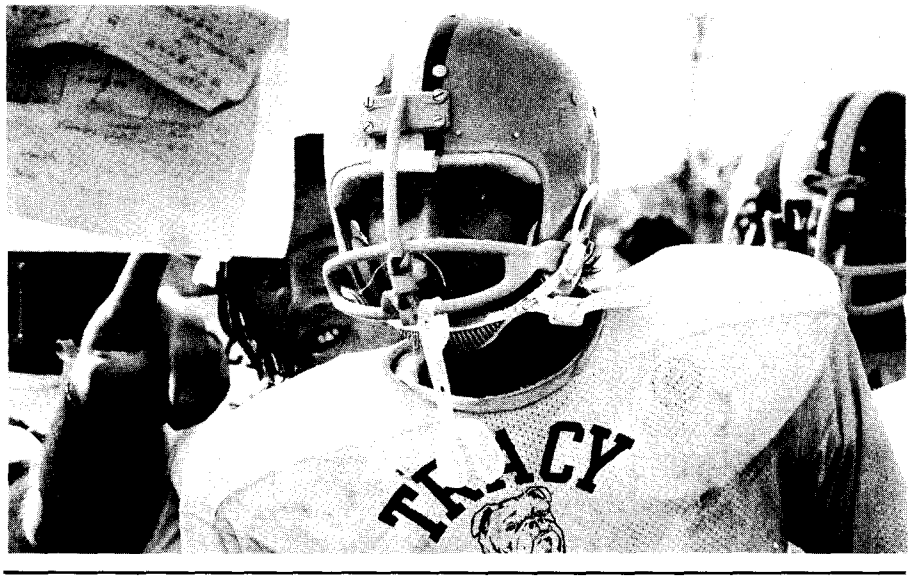
"They learn what life will be like."



about what life is going to be like"—and he wishes that some big kids who had been told to be gentle all their lives would become more aggressive. But what they learn most particularly is that there are adults in this school who know things that are worth learning, things whose value—winning games—seems self-evident. Most players on the team understand their own assignments—what they as individuals have to do—but many of them concede that they don't understand all the assignments, don't know what all the other players are doing in any particular situation. The coach is the only person who knows all the plays, the defenses, the patterns, and he calls the plays from the bench: "If you had an industry, you wouldn't allow a fifteen-year-old to run it," Schneider said. "We just don't have time to prepare our quarterbacks with a game plan." It is the adults who possess the mystery.

To be a song leader or cheerleader in Tracy is to realize the dreams of girlhood. At each game ten- and twelve-year-olds hang on the fence that surrounds the cheering area and stare with unembarrassed admiration at the leaders: their long, sleek hair, their doll-like costumes, their tanned legs. "When I was a freshman, my idol was this senior named Beth," Judy Bell said. "She was pretty and had a blue Mustang and was a good student. She was the perfect girl, and she was a cheerleader. Ever since then I wanted to be one."

If the song leaders and cheerleaders are not all perfect girls, they are girls who have most successfully escaped the horrors of adolescence: awkwardness, acne, fat; escaped being unpopular or unnoticed or lost. To win in the tryouts is to be publicly acknowledged as special, popular, cute, a candidate for dating the best boys and making the homecoming court. That acknowledgment means a good deal of security and status in a slippery, gossipy world in which competition for boys, being in the right clique, and having a "good reputation" really count.

Tryouts come in the spring of the year. The rating sheets include such categories as: smile, poise, figure and posture, coordination, style, originality. Each of the candidates does a couple of prescribed cheers or routines, plus one of her own invention. Last spring the competition was very stiff, Mrs. Laura Watson, girls' physical education teacher, reported with pride. Fifty girls tried out for the five freshman cheerleader slots, forty for the frosh-soph crew, and about thirty each for song leader and varsity cheerleader. "By junior year they know whether they're popular enough to try out," Mrs. Watson said, "and they're not willing to go

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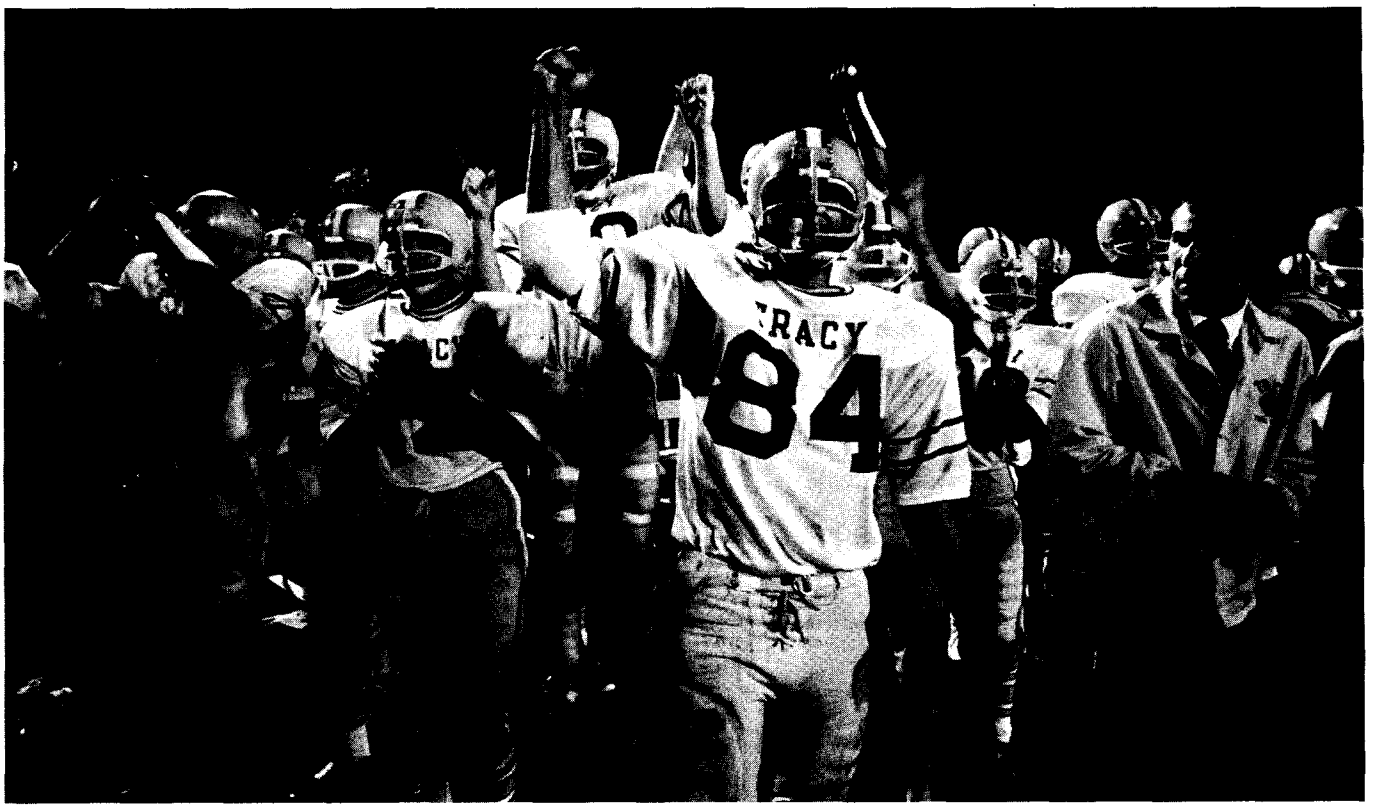

out and make a fool of themselves if they're not."

The tension runs high. One varsity cheerleader, a surprise winner, said: "When I got back to my seat after doing the first cheer, I didn't know if I'd done it or not. I couldn't remember anything." Kim Kagehiro, this year's head song leader, a naturally bubbly girl who has been a cheerleader or song leader ever since she came to high school, grew bothered by the amount of money girls spend to costume themselves for tryouts. "I thought about trying out in my cutoff jeans," she said, "but then I thought what if I don't make it—it would wreck senior year." In Tracy it is hard for the instinct for nonconformity to override the need for acceptance.

Sometimes a girl meets all the criteria on the rating sheet but still doesn't make it. One girl lost her post, according to the official version, because of her absence from early practices, her inability to meet finances (summer cheerleading camp at Squaw Valley costs $60, the football season sweater costs $26, and the expenses keep adding up; at the end of the year the school reimburses each girl $30 for her outlay), and confused communications. But many students tell another story: "She was in with the wrong crowd; she has a reputation of being loose; and they didn't want her. If she had been someone else, she'd be out there cheering today."

For the boys on the team it's performance that counts. For the girls on the sidelines it's how you look and who you are. Football may be the most honest game in the school.

Tracy versus Stagg. At Stockton. The game is a disaster. On the field beforehand some of the Tracy players had talked about a pool for the man who will put the Stagg quarterback out of the game. Yet none of them manage to touch him on the field. They slip tackles, miss blocks, get run over by opposing linemen, and spoil their own opportunities with penalties. From the sidelines and in the locker room there is an almost uninterrupted stream of abuse. "Drive, drive, don't just bump 'em. You dummy, you must have really knocked him; how come they're always pushing you back? They're running right through your hole . . . . Cut over there and hit somebody. Hit somebody. Randy, you hurt? You run like it. We will never score as long as we tippytoe in there; if Tippy-Toes'll start running, we'd move . . . ."

When Kim Kagehiro asks the band to play a number so the song leaders can perform, they complain that their lips are tired. Finally they agree; the song leaders line up; the routine begins. Some of the girls move mechanically, as if the next step were too great an effort. A couple force automatic smiles. One botches a step, puts her hand to her mouth, and misses another step. But Kim lets go to the rhythm, the blare of the horns. Body moving, smile flashing, hands easy with grace, she is all juice and sparkle. The team may be losing, the night air chilly, the crowd low, but for Kim Kagehiro to flow with good spirits, to bop and laugh and enjoy, is as automatic as breathing. She's seventeen, the prettiest girl in town, the head song leader, a natural who defies the charges that "all those girls out there are big phonies." In November, if the fates are kind, she'll be homecoming queen, the star of Tracy's annual bonanza. Next year will mean college away from Tracy, decisions, a different kind of life, but right now everything's fine.

On the field only luck and a second-string quarterback named Dave Lawson keep the score down to 14-6 against Tracy. In the last quarter, when Lawson finally starts moving the team, the players on the sideline begin to pick up the invective and start shouting for blood. "Kill that fat bastard," screams one of the benched first stringers. "Kill him." Then somehow he manages to order his girl, sitting in the stands nearby, to sneak him a Coke.

Judy Bell rides back to Tracy with her parents. "The only good thing about the whole game was the Stagg boy cheerleaders," she said. "They were so cute; they were the high point of the evening." She feels bad about the lackluster cheering section, her own inability to make the fans come to life. Last year, when the school still had a highly disciplined pep club of 450 uniformed girls run by Howard McCuistion, a whipcracking teacher who retired in June, there would have been good cheering even if the team were losing.

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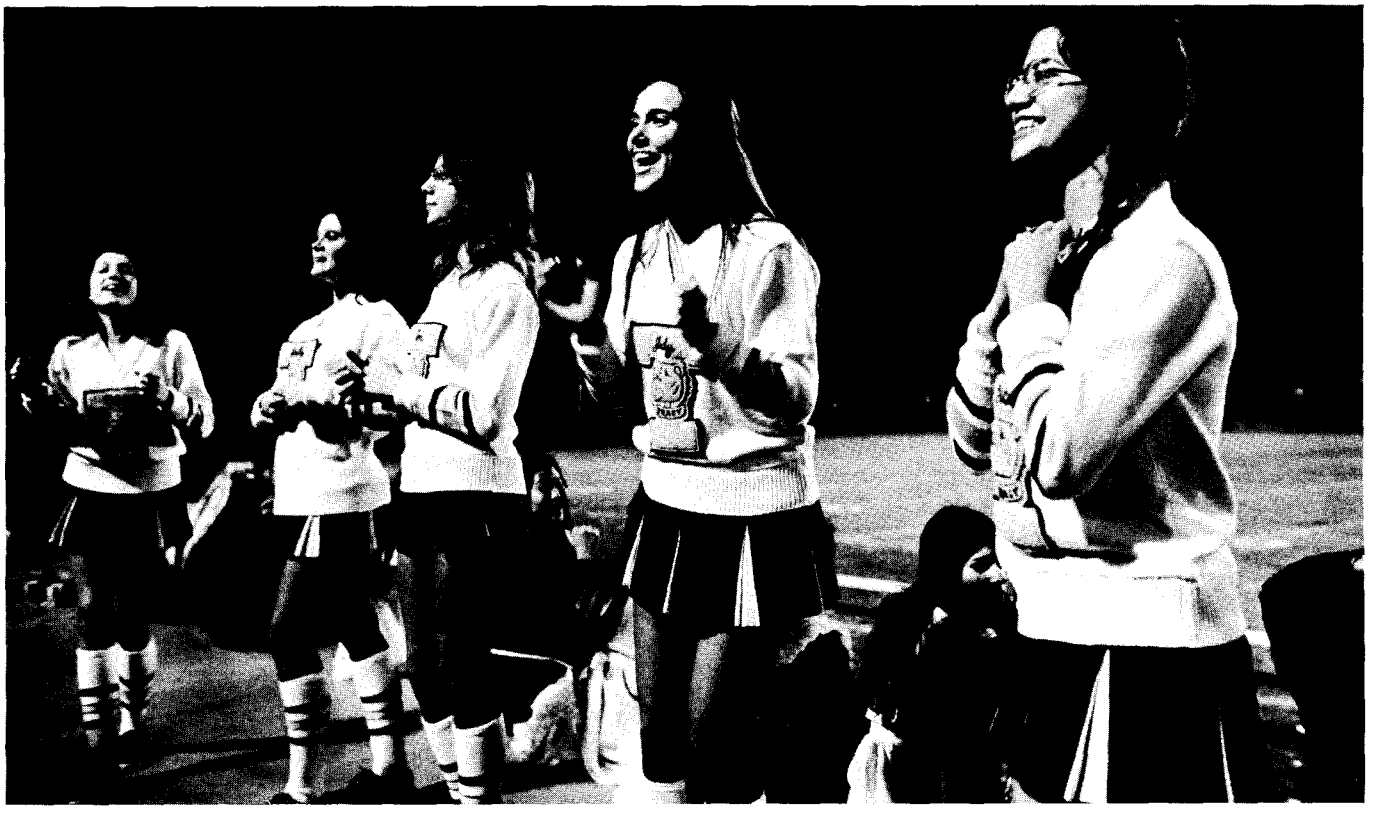

"We don't mess around, hey, we don't mess around."

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Now the burden is on the students themselves. "Mr. McCuistion did insist on rules," Mrs. Bell says. "You measured up, or you were out. I think the rules were really good. Once last year he found out two of his girls had been drinking wine, and he sent them right home. Of course, he made exceptions if you were the right kind of girl." Mrs. Bell talks about the importance of discipline, about the football players chosen by their coaches for good character who get sent to conferences of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. "I don't know," she says. "I looked down there tonight, and you can see that hair sticking out beneath the helmets. That's never happened before this year. Football is supposed to build character, and, who knows, maybe they'd be doing better if they didn't let them have that long hair."

By the time the players have showered and dressed for the twenty-minute bus ride back to Tracy, they have regained a good deal of their composure. "Bring your heads up," Schneider told them in the locker room. "We've got six games left, and, if we win them all, we still have a shot at a tie for the League title." There is no meal—the budget can't stand it—but local merchants have donated apples and Cokes for postgame refreshment. On the way to the game there had been rock music on the radio; now the radio is off. "What a shitty game!" one of the players says. In the front of the bus everything is quiet, but in the back the jokers have resumed their conversation. There is some laughter. "Hey," someone says to a swarthy, bearded kid who could pass for twenty-five, "you don't need anybody going with you to the 61 Club. You can pull right up to the bar and order a beer."

"Everybody around here knows," a teacher tells you. "The athletes are the biggest boozers in the school. There's a double standard. If a jock gets in trouble, he gets off a lot easier than the other kids. The athlete is king. Just look at the way they stand around out there. Look at the cockiness; look at their self-assurance. There's an assumption around here that the athletes are more trustworthy, more responsible. In some cases that may be true, but it sure isn't the rule. Last year at least one of them got another kid to take his college entrance exams for him; they paid the kid twenty-five dollars, but I think he would have done it for nothing if they'd asked. The athlete was a big star, and now he's got a college athletic scholarship. In the long run, I think, the players who drop by the wayside are a lot better off than the ones who stay out. They're not living in a dream world."

You hear other voices, hear boys, not football players, talk about how the athletes used to beat them up in the old days because they were wearing their hair too long—"Maybe," one of them said, "Joe Namath saved people like me when he started wearing his hair long." A few girls talk openly about the abuse their friends take from athletes. "He's Tracy-rich and self-important," one of them says. "She's really hung up on money, and she thinks he's going to marry her. She wants a turquoise kitchen, with gold highlights and a Grand Prix, and talks about how she'll get up an hour before him every morning to get her make-up on so she'll look beautiful for him, and she has names picked out for their kids. Last week, after the game, he decided to go out and get drunk with the boys, but he told her to be waiting for him at twelve-thirty. She was so afraid of being late she wouldn't go out for pizza with us. She's only allowed to do what he says. Once last year he beat her up in front of some of the guys, and they went along and said, 'Well, it's okay, if that makes him happy. It's his girl.' She worries every month about getting pregnant—it would kill her mother. But sometimes she even wants to get pregnant."

For every cliché supporting football there is a countercliché. Friends of high school athletes who swear that some of the players get up for each game with Bennies or speed; kids who testify that they or their friends write papers for a football star; townspeople who write anonymous letters to the principal to report that the team is on drugs and that drugs are responsible for its losses. (It is hard to tell whether they object more to the drugs or to the losses.) Wayne Schneider discounts the stories, but he acknowledges that it is impossible to enforce rigid training rules. "Training is more lenient than it was. I'm not a real disciplinarian; I try to get close to the kids." Last year he stopped trying to impose short hair on his athletes. "I don't want anyone to tell me how to look. So why should I try to tell them? Long hair doesn't mean anything anymore. It used to be a sign that you were against the Establishment, but now it's the Establishment that's wearing it." What Schneider must know, however—what the kids know—is that even in Tracy most of the rhetoric surrounding the game is simply a way of explaining things that are beyond explanation. The maintenance of the ritual is too important to be jeopardized with smutty controversy. The people—most of them—are too nice, the place too close. "Hell," says a writer for the high school newspaper, "no matter what we do, it gets edited. We wanted to run a story about how the girls were no longer wearing bras. That was cut because it would offend the community. Of course, people know there's all this screwing around, that there's dope in town, but they always pretend it's somebody else's kid. Last week kids were turning on right at the dance." If the adults exploit the kids, then the kids also manipulate the adults.

Beneath it all there is a hard core of perspective—people who know that finally it is all just a game. In the spring of 1972, despite the team's successful 1971 season, the parsimonious citizens of Tracy voted against a bond issue for a new high school stadium. (They also voted against bonds for new classroom buildings.) There are students in the high school who are vaguely contemptuous of the adulation that the athletes receive and townspeople amused by the pressure that other parents put on their children to play football or to become cheerleaders. Yet the pressure is still there, and the games beyond the game continue. "A lot of people died when they graduated from high school," said another local journalist. "They need those kids, and that's pretty Goddamned sick—grownups looking for kids to worship."

Judy Bell, head cheerleader. Judy has learned the value of tenacity. "At Jefferson, my elementary school, I was a big nobody. But now some of the big stars from there get Ds and Fs in high school and smoke grass." Sophomore year Judy won a slot on the frosh-soph cheerleading squad, but the next year—unlike some of her friends—she wasn't chosen a varsity cheerleader. "I was very disappointed. In the beginning I'd want to cry every Friday night, but finally I realized there were some advantages to not being on the squad. I really worked hard to make it in senior year, but now I realize there's more to life than being a cheerleader. Sometimes I even wonder what we're doing out there, jumping around, but we're there for the boys, and it's fun, and a tradition." Besides attending nightly cheerleader practices, she's Tracy's representative to Girls State, one of eight girls who represent the school at a statewide leadership conference, on the yearbook staff, and in enough extracurriculars that she'll be listed in the high school *Who's Who*.

She has plans: five years of college, probably at the University of California at Davis to get a degree and a teaching certificate, and then a stint as an airline stewardess. ("I'd love to go to San Francisco State, but my mother thinks I'd get raped in the dorm or something in the city.") The teaching certificate is insurance: "A teacher is a good thing to be if my husband doesn't make that much money." The stewardess plan is a reward: "Since sixth grade I've wanted to be one. Then

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I visited Guatemala for two-and-a-half months and realized how much I want to travel. Being a stewardess is one way I can do that." After a couple of years of that, it will be marriage, but—like several of her friends—she doesn't want children. "Kids are great, but they're a big responsibility."

Judy began long ago to feel the limitations of being female. "In seventh grade I got kicked out of class for talking back, and my parents were really upset. I asked why they hadn't complained so much when the same thing happened to my brother. My mother said that it's one thing for a boy and it's another for girl. It's a man's world, and you'd better learn that right away."

Dave Lawson, quarterback. "I just did the things we do in practice," Dave Lawson said after the Stagg game. Although he has been a regular in the defensive backfield, he has never played quarterback for the varsity before. "Sometimes I didn't even know how close we were to the goal line: the coach was calling all the plays. If the quarterback thinks he can make three or four yards on a sneak, he can call that on his own by just patting the rump of the center at the line of scrimmage, but a couple of times the center said he couldn't feel the pat." This week, against Tokay, reputedly a weak team, Lawson will be starting as quarterback. Since he will also play his regular defensive position and since he is the team's punter, he is likely to be on the field for most of the game. He has been nervous all afternoon. He wanders around the edges of the field while the sophomores are playing their preliminary game, a kid with thick glasses and curly hair who might be everybody's boy next door. Of all the Tracy players, however, he is probably one of the best natural athletes, a composed young man who might, given another six inches in height and another fifty pounds, become a great football player. In the locker room before the game he puts on a pair of football pants a size too large, tries to put tape above the knees to hold his pads in place, and is finally told to put on a pair the right size. "Sure, everybody hopes for a scholarship," one of the assistants is saying while the players are dressing. "But I'm not sure that anyone on this team is going to make it. High school football should be fun, but now there's a lot of pressure on these kids because they've been losing. In college ball it's work; your scholarship depends on it, and it's tough. Here it should be fun."

Tokay is fun. After a tough first half Tracy turns the game into a rout. Lawson does everything well. He completes six of nine passes for 106 yards, carries nine times himself for 103 yards, intercepts a pass, makes seven tackles, and punts four times for an average of thirty-five yards a kick. Final score, 41–0. It is the kind of game that a kid dreams about, that makes all the work worthwhile, and that helps you forget the miserable moments between. At the final gun the players rush across the field to shake hands with their opponents—conventional handshakes (the soul handshake is reserved for your own teammates)—then return to their own side to kneel facing the Tracy stands while the band plays the alma mater.

A few minutes later Lawson, the game's hero, talks in the dressing room about what a great job the line did blocking. Schneider passes out cards for free milk shakes donated by the operator of a local eatery. Meanwhile, outside the old gymnasium, where the dance has already started, a cluster of kids is waiting for the players to arrive, or for their friends, or just waiting. It has begun to rain. Kim and Judy stand near one end of the field as the last spectators leave. At the far end three or four ten-year-old kids are running with a football, but otherwise the place is already vacant. "Now," one of them says, "it's so empty out here." □

"In college ball it's work and it's tough...but here it should be fun."

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Group Portrait With Heinrich Böll

BY ROBERT SUSSMAN STEWART

Heinrich Böll's earliest memory is of Hindenburg's returning army: "Gray, disciplined, dreary, it moved with horses and cannon past our window. Propped on my mother's arm, I looked out into the street at the endless columns marching onto the Rhine bridges." Not too many years later, still a schoolboy in Cologne, he stood with thousands of others waiting to see an immaculate Goering ride by—and although this curious dandy, who had changed his uniform three times that day, was publicly laughed at (the Fuehrer himself was pelted with flower pots here), young Böll could feel in his bones what lay on the horizon. "I sensed that the city's middle-class levity would get nowhere against the new menace looming ahead."

It must have seemed like a playing out of destiny, then, that no sooner did he graduate from *gymnasium* than he was called up by the Wehrmacht. During the war he was sent to the Russian Front and was wounded there—eventually finding himself in an American prisoner-of-war camp. After his release in 1947 he returned to the wasteland that was Cologne—mostly rubble and dust—and began studying German literature at the university. Within a year he had had a short story published. In the course of the next four years there were twenty-six more and two novels. Plays, essays, and other novels continued to come (the Böll novels published in the United States: *Acquainted with the Night,* 1954; *Adam, Where Art Thou,* 1955; *The Train Was on Time,* 1956; *Tomorrow and Yesterday,* 1957; *Billiards at Half-past Nine,* 1962; *The Clown,* 1965; *Absent Without Leave,* 1965; *End of a Mission,* 1968; *Adam and the Train,* 1970), marking him as one of the most prolific, and most popular, postwar German writers, a writer whose principal theme was not only the war itself and its aftermath, but the havoc it wreaked on the people of Germany—what might be described as a "working-through," not merely a remembering, of the horrendous Nazi experience. And for "this teeming production," as the Swedish Academy referred to it, Heinrich Theodor Böll, now fifty-four, the son of a Catholic carpenter, was last month awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.

The announcement follows closely on the heels of Böll's enormous triumph in Germany (East and West) last season with the publication of *Gruppenbild mit Dame* (*Group Portrait With Lady*), his widely acclaimed new novel, which has sold several hundred thousand copies to date. When it appears here next spring, published by McGraw-Hill, readers in this country will find it the longest of his books (the typescript runs more than six hundred pages), the most elaborately devised, the most inventive in its use of language, and the largest in scope. Whether or not these readers will agree with those in Europe already hailing Böll's *Group Portrait* as a "masterpiece" remains to be seen. What they are likely to recognize is a sweeping, richly woven work—highly conscious of its own form, although artless in its narrative; moral by its implications, yet not in the least dogmatic—a work that seriously challenges the established order of things but does so through a remarkable cast of characters who are neither intellectual nor "liberal," neither revolutionary nor nonconformist in any of the contemporary meanings of those words.

The most important of these characters is Leni Pfeiffer. What "the facts on Leni" are, Böll's "Author" takes great pains to tell us: that she is German, that she is sensual in the extreme (although limited in her sexual experience), that her present hairstyle makes her look somewhat older than her forty-odd years, that she smokes eight cigarettes a day ("never more, usually less"), that she is capable of playing two pieces by Schubert—and only two—with "consumate mastery." Of these facts he is absolutely certain.

Other facts about Leni remain less clear, some even in doubt, depending on which of the Author's "informants" one is willing to believe. Of these informants there are many: the whole Pfeiffer family (Leni's in-laws by virtue of a three-day marriage to Hubert Pfeiffer), her former employers, her former teachers, those of her friends who are still alive—almost anyone who has ever met Leni has become vitally interested in her. Exactly why she arouses such interest is also not clear, except that since the war she has been under suspicion, the result of her having been in love—and having had a child by—a Soviet prisoner-of-war. Rumors persist that she may be "gassed" for this affair, and when she goes out in the morning to buy her coffee rolls she is greeted with shouts of "Communist" and "whore."

What justifies this assault on the privacy of Leni Pfeiffer? The Author himself tells us that she has never done anything heroic in her life. Nor does she seem, for that matter, antiheroic. In truth, Leni is *aheroic,* which may give us a clue to Böll's own sense of her, a clue to the way in which he sees the most ordinary details of daily life feeding our insatiable need for insinuation, for innuendo, for fear and mistrust of others, for self-protection and self-aggrandizement at any cost—so much so that even the smallest of

Robert Sussman Stewart is Heinrich Böll's American editor. He is completing a history of psychoanalysis since the death of Freud.

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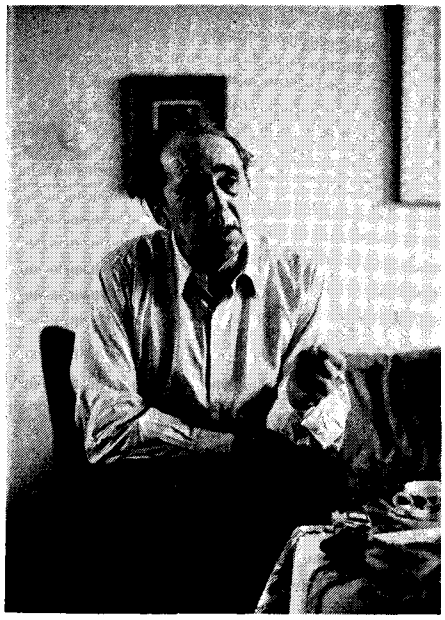
our actions becomes prey to the vanity of others, becomes suspect, takes on whole worlds of significance never intended. That such folly becomes heightened to the point of insanity during times of war, or times of political uncertainty, Böll demonstrates for us with a master's touch. And, briefly, to go one step further: Freud has said that our deepest impulses, our instinctual drives, are at "the frontier between psyche and soma"; and, by analogy, we can put forward the idea that Heinrich Böll brings behavior to "the frontier between the real and the unreal." By "unreal" I do not mean either surreal or fantastical—but rather the more psychological sense of the term, the sense of unreal as something we are not sure is happening to us or, perhaps, happening to others. Under the right circumstances, therefore, even the simplest, the most seemingly inconsequential events can take on this quality, this condition of being unreal. One passage, near the beginning of the book, brings Böll right to the line of this "frontier" and may be relevant here:

"Not long ago something happened to Leni that has made her quite talkative; at the very first opportunity she related it, hot off the griddle as it were, to her best friend, her chief confidante, who is also the Au.'s star witness: that morning, as she was crossing the street to pick up her rolls, her right foot recognized a slight unevenness in the pavement which it—the right foot—had last felt forty years before when Leni was playing hopscotch with some other girls; the spot in question is a tiny chip in a basalt paving stone which, at the time the street was laid out, around 1894, must have been knocked off by the paver. Leni's foot instantly passed on the message to her brainstem, the latter transmitted this impression to all her sensory organs and emotional centers and, since Leni is an enormously sensual person who immediately transforms everything—everything—into terms of eroticism, her delight, nostalgia, recollection, and state of total stimulation caused her to experience that process which in theological reference works—although with a somewhat different meaning—might be termed 'absolute self-fulfillment'; which, when embarrassingly reduced, is termed by clumsy erotologists and sexotheological dogmaticians an 'orgasm' . . . ."

Those who know Heinrich Böll know that when he announced his intention to share his prize with writers currently in jail, he was not making a gesture. We can be sure that, as in the past, he will help all the writers he possibly can. As the President of International P.E.N. he has already traveled to many countries on behalf of writers—seeking their rights and their freedom. At a time when writers are "suspect" (perhaps they have always been), when, in some cases, governments have prevented writers from accepting their prizes, when we hear that in some countries, such as Czechoslovakia, writers may soon be denied their royalties and therefore their livelihood, we can think of Heinrich Böll's prize as a prize for all writers—I am sure this truly self-effacing man will not mind—and, in that sense, it is a prize for all of us. □



Heinrich Böll

Heavens on Earth

JOURNEY TO IXTLAN: The Lessons of Don Juan. By Carlos Castaneda. 315 pages. Simon & Schuster. $6.95.

IN MY OWN WAY: An Autobiography. By Alan Watts. Illustrated. 392 pages. Pantheon. $7.95.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BROWN BUFFALO. By Oscar Zeta Acosta. 199 pages. Straight Arrow. Hardcover, $7; paperback, $3.50.

MINDFUCKERS: A Source Book on the Rise of Acid Fascism in America. By David Felton, Robin Green, and David Dalton. Edited by David Felton. Illustrated. 324 pages. Straight Arrow. Paperback, $4.

BY JOSEPH KANON

An age that considers Yoko Ono an "artist" and finds Martha Mitchell worth quoting clearly must seek its gurus wherever it can find them. During the last ten years the search has been nothing short of exhaustive, right down to such spiritual pathfinders as the white-bearded Indian gentleman with the greedy giggles who comforted Mia Farrow. And the pity, of course, is that such things operate under their own spiritual Gresham's law—the ninnies have tended to fog over those few genuinely interesting and serious experimenters in reality perception and psychic phenomena.

Perhaps the most remarkable of these have been Carlos Castaneda's accounts of Don Juan, the Yaqui Indian *brujo*, or sorcerer, who initiated the young anthropologist into the ways of the Indian medicine man. Unlike his first two books, *The Teachings of Don Juan* (1968) and *A Separate Reality* (1971), this third, and presumably final, account does not deal at all with hallucinogenic drugs (jimson weed, peyote, and psilocybin), but it is no less interesting—if anything, it is more strangely beautiful and provocative for being less dramatic.

Don Juan's point all along has been that drugs were merely alternative, if not incidental, routes to becoming a "man of knowledge," but Castaneda had been almost exclusively concerned with their role in the process. Now, in what is more an amplification than a revision of the earlier books, Castaneda has sifted through ten years of notes to study Don Juan's nondrug techniques for "stopping the world" (i.e., shifting to the perception of another reality) and arranged this material into seventeen chapter "lessons," most of which are designed to splinter the ego and erase self-consciousness. The master/student relationship—Don Juan, arch and playfully enigmatic; Castaneda, earnest and desperately trying to "see" rather than "look"—has by now become so engaging a part of Castaneda's running saga that, as with Holmes and Watson, the interplay of the characters alone can buoy up even those chapters that don't prompt one to fill the margins with question marks of wonder.

Not that such chapters are in short supply. At one point or another Don Juan and Castaneda play hide-and-seek with a twilight wind, test their wits against a mountain lion, and are confronted with visions on a fog-shrouded mesa. The extraordinary thing about Castaneda's books has been their experiential authority, their ability to make us believe the unbelievable because it is presented as having really happened. His very academic skepticism so draws the reader to his side (a man of reason, after all) that, when he "sees," beyond doubt, we have no choice

Joseph Kanon is associate book review editor of SR.

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but to stay with him and follow the course. And if all this begs the question of solipsism, it does so in the most fascinating and basic way. "Why should the world be only as you think it is?" Don Juan asks. "Who gave you the authority to say so?"

It was evidently a point well taken; to his credit, Castaneda refuses to present this newly perceived reality as anything more than "one of many descriptions." Even his own spiritual experience, which provides the dramatic climax of the book, is not used as a pitch for recruitment. He does not proselytize; he merely gives information. And insofar as the Indian culture he describes is alien to most readers, this information alone makes fascinating reading. The nature whose "flow" the *brujo* must perceive is not the cozy green most Americans now say they want to get back to, but the primitive brutality of the Sonora Desert, a world where nature is an interlocking series of "powers," few of them benign, and where life itself under the shifting desert light shimmers with impenetrable mystery. This sense of landscape, and the awe it inspires, so fills the book that at times it takes on the magical air of legend telling over a campfire, when anything seems possible. It is truly another world, foreign enough to make us suspend judgment, and Castaneda's achievement is that he makes it tangible for us.

Very much of this world, on the other hand, is Alan Watts's autobiography, a disarming and rambling once-over-lightly tour through some of the more fashionable mystic movements of the last half-century. Watts, who, along with Suzuki, has probably done more than anyone else to make the Oriental masters available to the suburbs, is not above a little Zen posturing himself, and his style is often preachy in an eye-winking sort of way. "I find it difficult to relate to people who cannot admit to an element of the rascal in themselves," he admits, but his mischief is for the most part urbane and amusing.

Since Americans like their religion with a dash of grimness and a pinch of guilt, Watts's unabashed enthusiasm for the good life (sex and food, primarily) within the religious life may seem a case of having one's cake and eating it too; still, one can hardly fail to admire the deftness of the juggling. His affection for this material world often makes his book read like an account of meals consumed and places visited, but it makes for undeniably pleasant reading, nonetheless, as he takes us from a charmingly nostalgic English boyhood peopled with Dickensian eccentrics (and adorned by ageless copper beeches, suet puddings, and treacle tarts) to his conversion to Buddhism at age fifteen and subsequent fellow-traveling among London's tucked-away mystical sects. Marrying an American, he came to New York and found equivalent circles; eventually he reconverted to Christianity (his wife saw Christ in St. Patrick's Cathedral, which may or may not have had something to do with it) and became a "sincere, but not serious" Episcopalian priest in 1945. During a five-year tenure as chaplain at Northwestern University, however, he found Christianity as stifling as he had remembered it from those notoriously grim Kentish Sundays, and after his wife had their marriage annulled in 1950 (charging that he believed in free love), he gave up the priesthood and headed west. He passed through Los Angeles in those palmy days when Swami Prabhavananda paid court to the likes of Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood, and finally reached the promised land in San Francisco, where he taught at the American Academy of Asian Studies. His teachings and books on Zen (e.g., *The Way of Zen*) became famous, the Beats made the scene in North Beach, and the rest is counterculture history, all the way to acid, Esalen, and the "summer of love."

It is precisely at this point, however, when Watts's role is most interesting, that his book becomes least satisfactory. He has good words for just about everybody, which is nice, but the result is that his years during the psychedelic flowering read like harmless trivia over the village post—everything was wonderful and the glazed-eye rumble of the eventual tragedy no louder, apparently, than the sound of one hand clapping. Needless to say, Watts is hardly responsible for what happened; but he is a genuinely popular guru—a role he has actively sought through his books and lectures—and his failure to say anything at all about the aftermath of Haight-Ashbury is at the least somewhat chilling, as if he were riding in an esthetic bubble that can make waves but leaves other people to collect the debris.

At thirty-three Oscar Zeta Acosta had a few too many years to be counted a flower child in that summer of 1967. What he did have, however, were ulcers, an overload of work at the East Oakland Legal Aid Society, temporary impotence, amphetamines, a psychiatrist, and a nagging Chicano identity problem. So he was ready when the wave hit and dropped out with it. *The Autobiography of a Brown Buffalo* is the story of his crisis and his subsequent *Easy Rider* search through the manic

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psychedelia of San Francisco, Colorado, and, finally, El Paso, for "a giant Rolaid, a mysterious Pepto-Bismol for my hurts." In this the book bears all the earmarks of a traditional down-and-out odyssey. But since Acosta has now entered counterculture folklore (he posed as a Samoan attorney in Hunter Thompson's justly celebrated *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*), there is an added celebrity interest. His story is filled with the kind of barroom-brawl and outraged-husband scenes that pass in fiction for "real life" and "vitality," when they are, in actuality, just exhausting and pointless. But the interest of the book lies elsewhere: in its sense of cultural identity (Acosta ends his quest by going to work for Chicano causes in Los Angeles); in its portrait of fringe people desperate for stimulation; and in the reader's sympathetic involvement in the life story of a man whose pain is made real, whose roots are in question, and whose society seems fragmenting around him. There are effective flashbacks to Acosta's childhood, and he manages to pace his story well, so that even the ultimately boring drug/booze bacchanals don't bog us down (they don't seem, in any case, to have been inspired by much more than an impulse to go on a purgative tear). In the end the book is nothing so much as a reflection of Acosta's own solid energy, the drive that earlier saw him through nights of law school and later kept his head afloat while so many around him were throwing off energy like old clothes and sinking in excess. One wonders, as they drift through the parties in these pages, what happened to them.

What happened to some of them, at any rate, is the subject of the aptly, if aggressively, titled *Mindfuckers*, a collection of articles from *Rolling Stone*, focusing on the more sinister gurus of what David Felton, the book's editor, rightly calls "acid fascism": Charlie Manson, who needs no introduction; Mel Lyman, who runs the Fort Hill commune in Boston; and Victor Barranco, who heads a chain of California communes to promote his "More Philosophy." The articles are scrupulously detailed and absorbing (one of them, the Manson story, won the Columbia Journalism Prize), and their accounts of personal exploitation, humiliation, and downright cruelty are disturbing in a profound way, not because of what they say about the leaders—cranks and bullies are nothing new—but what they indicate about the willing victimization of the followers. The number of people involved in these reports is too small to be anything but suggestive; yet what is suggested is nonetheless depressing. Products of unprecedented economic and sexual liberation, the people in these communities, at least, have taken to irrational submission as "beautiful" and have substituted a charisma of feeling for all discriminating thought.

The editor of this collection, who finds the Jesus movement a somewhat more benign example of the same phenomenon, points to the influence of loneliness and spiritual hunger (both of which could be intensified by drugs). But the cumulative indication from reading all these books is of an equally terrible unpreparedness, a betrayal of good intentions by wishful, or just soft, thinking. So many ideas in these books seem either refusals to admit complexities or proposals completely unrelated to the kind of mass urban life most of us now lead. They remind one, sadly, of those Altamont scenes in *Gimme Shelter*, with people wanting to blow bubbles and finding instead a violence against which they had no defense, their faces all the while registering the confusion of those desperately seeking a new heaven on the same old earth. □

Backgrounds

MY LAST TWO THOUSAND YEARS. By Herbert Gold. 246 pages. Random House. $6.95.

BY WILLIAM ABRAHAMS

Where have all the novelists gone? Down to the undressing rooms to write their autobiographies. Or so it would seem; and a pity, too—because the genre, ideal though it may be for the expanding and expansive ego, is less suited than the novel to all those writers who are happier, and certainly more artistically persuasive, being someone else: a character in fiction. Once upon a time, in the Age of Hemingway, writers were told they must write about what they knew. Now, in the Age of Mailer, following his seductive, dangerous example, they are writing about themselves—about which, alas, they often know very little—with none of the inventions or disguises of art. Mailer, of course, is a law and a lawbreaker unto himself, and long may he flourish, breaking one literary law after another. Still, can one imagine him ever saying, as Flaubert did, *"Madame Bovary, c'est moi"*? Perhaps, "Aquarius, he is

William Abrahams is editor of the annual Prize Stories: The O. Henry Awards *and coauthor, with Peter Stansky, of the recently published* The Unknown Orwell.

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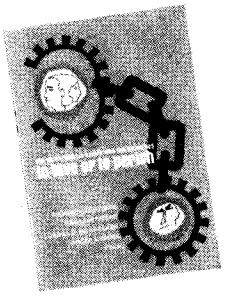

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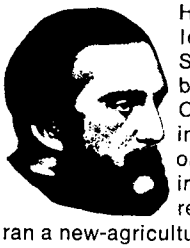

Has another American left deeper imprint on South Asia than this bearded American from Orange, N.J.? Forgotten in the U.S., publicly honored still in Ceylon, Olcott inspired and guided the revival of Buddhism. He ran a new-agriculture college near Mt. Vernon, N.Y., campaigned with Burnside in Virginia, was co-founder of the world-wide Theosophical Society. Here is the first biography of a most remarkable 19th-century American. **$7.95**

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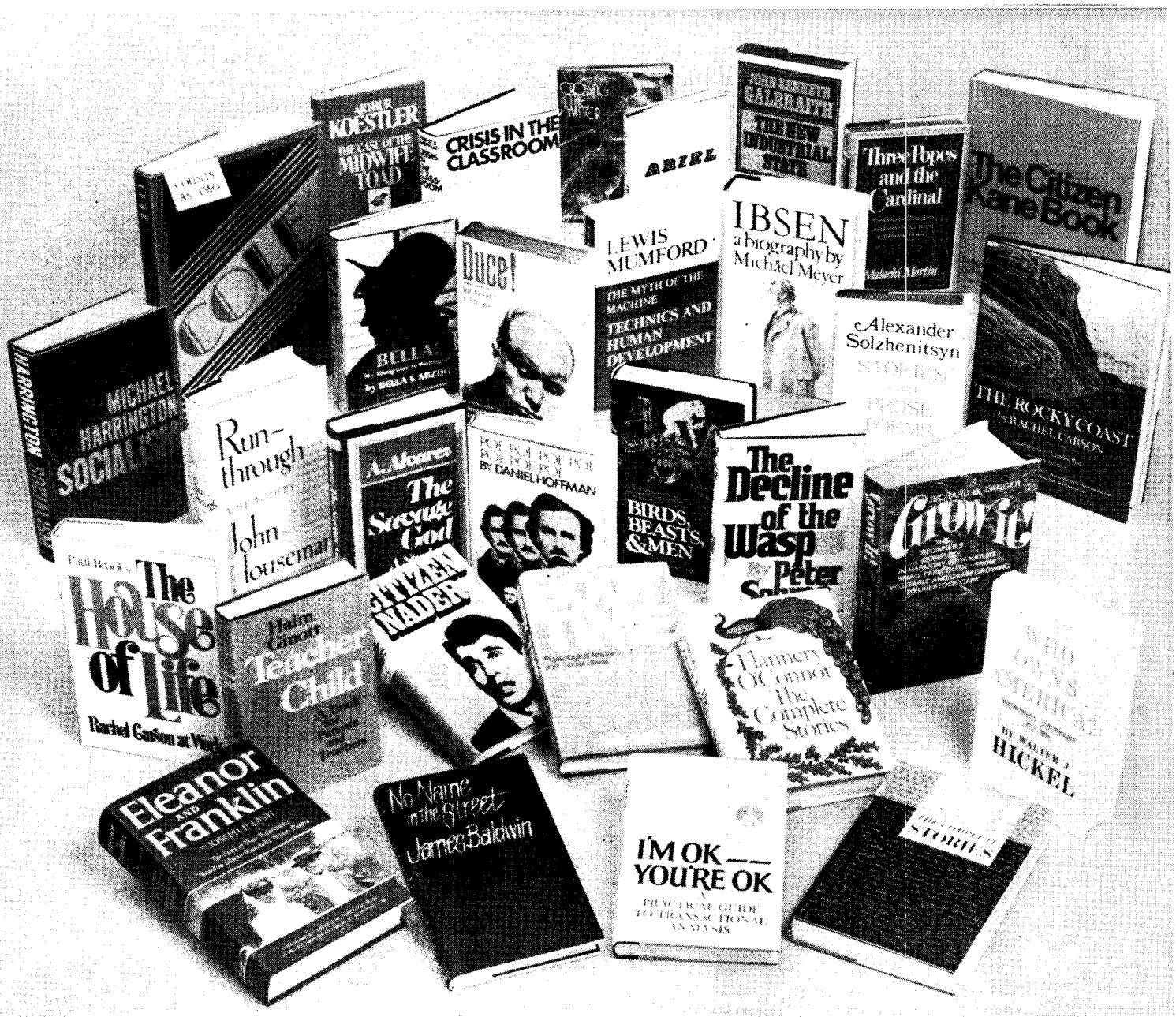

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—Peter Marin, *N.Y. Times Book Review*

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I," but that is something else again.

This may seem a circuitous way of approaching *My Last Two Thousand Years*, an autobiography-with-a-theme by Herbert Gold that is intelligent, lively, and provocative, and yet, in the end, a disappointment. I fear that Gold is too nice a man ever to write an autobiography in which heart and soul are laid bare, which is what the theme —a Jew's discovery of himself as a Jew—deserves at this point in history if it is to engage us at a level deeper than curiosity. However, in a novel, freed from the obligation to be factual on the one hand and discreet on the other and drawing upon his considerable gifts as a writer, he might have created out of the raw material of his experience a character who would endow the theme with a blazing, life-enhancing urgency it never quite achieves here.

Gold begins the story of his pilgrimage, "By a wide and narrow road I found my way back to an allegiance I didn't possess. Born a Jew in Lakewood, Ohio, I embraced the belief and accusation: American is enough." The plight, or starting point, is familiar and one that must be shared by thousands of secularized Jews. "An allegiance I didn't possess"—which is to say, one doesn't feel oneself to be Jewish until one is made to feel so by others. And, of course, for such Jews there is in theory a Hamlet-like choice: to be or not to be Jewish. "American is enough. . . ." And the litany continues: "If that's not enough, pleasure will be enough. And if that's not enough, art and life and the life of art will be enough. Health, love, money, luck, and words will surely suffice."

But for Gold (and here he is a prototypical figure) the answer wasn't that simple, for, although all the good things became his, there was the extra element he had to come to terms with: his Jewishness. Being made conscious of himself as a Jew from early childhood (the little Catholic boy next door was the annunciator), he records here the stages in a progress by which he came, at last, to be conscious of himself as a Jew within himself. After a visit to Israel in 1958, during its tenth anniversary celebrations—the climax of the book—he is able to write: "I am. I am Herbert Gold. I am the American Herbert Gold. I am the American Jew Herbert Gold, a writer. I am the Jew who is also an American who remembers he was a Jew raised among people who knew little of what a Jew is. Nor did he know anything."

The theme is an important one, a painful variant of "the identity crisis," which for secularized American Jews would seem to announce itself on their first meeting with "the others." But, although Gold has written his story around the theme, many of the episodes and their settings seem more illustrative of the life of a young American writer than of a Jew. New York, Paris, bad first marriage, many casual sexual encounters, meetings with James Baldwin and George Plimpton, happy second marriage—these are by now traditional elements in any literary success story and would be just as likely to turn up if the tale were told by Herbert Gould, Unitarian. □

Mirrors for Immortality

TRANSPARENT THINGS. By Vladimir Nabokov. 104 pages. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

BY ROBERT ALTER

As early as *Invitation to a Beheading* (1935) one of Nabokov's central imaginative concerns has been to pit art against death in his fiction. *Transparent Things*, his new novella, focuses this opposition with a peculiar intensity and with striking virtuosity. The omniscient narrator, sliding in and out of his protagonist's consciousness, is playful, engagingly bantering, leisurely in his musings on the mechanics of narration and the paradoxes of omniscience. The story he tells begins with a casually mentioned suicide, soon followed by the death of the protagonist's father; it centers on a bizarre murder and ends with death in a spectacular accident. In between these the careful reader (Nabokov's fiction tolerates no other) will note a generous sprinkling of corpses—secondary characters dying off in dirty hospital beds, on exotic islands, under snowdrifts, and in other, unspecified places.

The death that is the key to all the others is not that of the protagonist, but that of a novelist, a certain Baron R., who resides in Switzerland and writes—for publication in America—difficult but sometimes widely read books. Baron R. is the most teasing in the gallery of ironic and distinctly partial self-portraits that Nabokov has given us in his many novels. At first R.

Robert Alter, who teaches comparative literature at the University of California at Berkeley, is completing a study of the novel. A collection of his essays on modern literature, Defenses of the Imagination, *will be published early in 1973.*

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seems mainly a figure of fun—coarse-featured, sallow-faced, shaggy-browed; a "sentimental lecher" who has been accused of tampering with minors; a mangler of idioms in his spoken English who nevertheless writes the language with a kind of flair that has earned him the name of master stylist among "some of the less demanding reviewers of his adopted country." R. suffers from insomnia like Nabokov, composes on index cards like Nabokov, has a Nabokovian fondness for puns and arcane vocabulary. (In the proofs of R.'s last novel, we learn, there is even a scrambled signature in the name of a minor character, "Adam von Libzikov," which is a perfect anagram for Vladimir Nabokov if one substitutes the fictitious novelist's initial R. for his typesetter's erroneous z.) By the time we are two-thirds through *Transparent Things*, the narrator seems willing, grudgingly, to concede that R., for all his annoying and flamboyant traits, may have some claim to genius, and the protagonist, himself of two minds about R., concedes that the baron's "luxuriant and bastard style . . . at its best . . . was diabolically evocative."

R., as a distorted but vivid reflection of Nabokov, comes close to being the presiding intelligence of the novel, though he remains offstage most of the time while attention centers on Hugh Person, an American publisher's representative who has returned to Switzerland on a pilgrimage in search of his own destroyed past. The allusions to R.'s novels give us mirror-glimpses of specific characters and events in *Transparent Things*: R.'s last work, like this one of Nabokov's, is an experiment in metaphorical transformations; and R.'s "well-known" novella, *Three Tenses*, explores the ways time can be manipulated and reversed at will by narrative artifice, which is precisely what happens in Nabokov's book. A letter written by R. on his deathbed, introduced just before the final sequence of action, affords a direct look into the chasm over which the cunning structure of *Transparent Things* is erected. The baron, dreaming at the last of an impossible book that would be an immediate expression of the totality of reality, is pursued by "the hideous hyena pain" of his terminal illness, "somehow or other . . . always present *behind* the wall of my flesh like the muffled thunder of a permanent avalanche which obliterates there, beyond me, all the structures of my imagination, all the landmarks of my conscious self." Obliteration of demarcations and structures, avalanche, muffled destruction—death is imaged in the breakdown of form, the clouding of clarities. Hugh Person, in one of his own frequent nightmares, puts it to himself even more succinctly: "He was finally blocked by masses of rubbish, and *that* was death."

The idea of transparency announced in the title of the novella refers above all else to the pellucid vision of art, which is all we have to set against the final clutter and blockage, the ultimate opaqueness of death. Omniscience is repeatedly played with because it is the most obvious manifestation in narrative technique of the writer's ability to penetrate at will into the infinitely layered, endlessly interconnected personages and objects he conjures up in his fictional world. To call the protagonist Hugh (mispronounced by his wife as "You") *Person* is to give the last turn of the post-Jamesian screw to this fiction of ostentatious artifice. A New England Yankee, described as a "pilgrim" to Europe, a man of various abilities but uncertain profession, in love with a European woman encountered at an international resort—Person bears parodic resemblance to Strethers in *The Ambassadors* and to a variety of other James heroes. No patiently schooled Jamesian consciousness, though, Hugh Person is closer to the narrating "you" of Michel Butor's *La Modification*—an open door for the reader to enter the story, "our Person," a deliberately transparent pretext for narrative maneuvering, a hypothesis of what a fictional character can do and what his author can do with him. Hugh is manifestly one of the "transparent things, through which the past shines" for the continuous inspection of author and reader. But Nabokov also lets us see the human lineaments on the surface. Hugh as Person, the latest version of the hapless, clumsy Nabokovian hero who is the poignant victim of the fictional machinery in which he is caught, stumbling along "like a clown helping to change properties in a circus arena."

Person proves to be most transparent where we would expect him to be most opaque, in the phantasmagoric dream-world he enters whenever he is able to elude the insomnia that plagues him, as it does the great novelist R., for whom he performs menial literary tasks. Dreams, of course, are the happiest hunting grounds for the Freudians Nabokov has been deriding so long in his novels, prefaces, interviews, even in the letters columns of influential magazines. In *Transparent Things* Nabokov adopts the riskiest strategy of his continuing skirmish with "the Viennese witch-doctor" by inventing a plot that seems to be a perfect paradigm of the Freudian theory of the unconscious.

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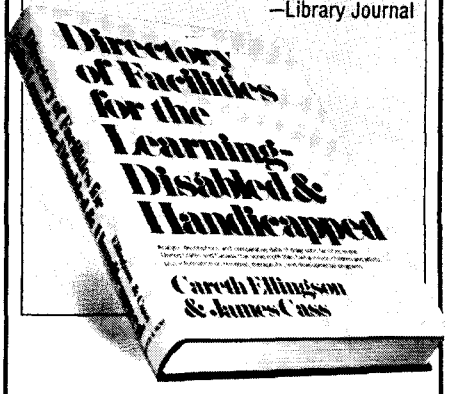

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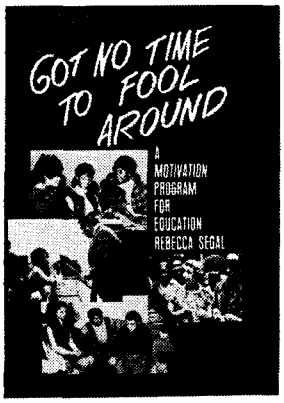

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The waking Hugh Person is devoted to his wife, Armande, with an unswerving, doglike loyalty and affection, despite the fact that she gives him abundant cause for resentment, even hatred. She is a tinny, shallow, selfish person, granting him, through the bizarre ground rules she imposes on their conjugal habits, the barest fingertip of sexual gratification while taking care to equip herself, before their marriage and after, with an international entourage of athletic lovers. The psychological pattern of the plot would appear to be all too clear: Person, masking his strong feelings of aggression toward Armande from his conscious self, expresses them through the nightmare-driven paroxysm of somnambulistic violence in which he throttles her. (The act also looks suspiciously like a parody-inversion of Steve Rojack's joyfully conscious strangling of his wife in Mailer's *An American Dream.*)

The game played here with repressed aggression is a canny one. The "psychoanalytic" reading of the story cannot, I think, really be excluded; but what Nabokov does is to shape the accounts of Person's dreaming and waking experience in such a way that other readings seem more interesting, more pregnant with meaning, than the clinical one. Thus, he concocts a dream for Person filled with obvious and lurid images of sadistic phallic aggression breaking off into impotence(the waking Hugh's virility is not always what he might wish it to be). Person tries to deny any symbolic connection between the dream and his conscious life, but Nabokov's real point is that such juggling with hackneyed sexual symbols is, after all, a theatrical and tedious affair compared with the metamorphic magic that truly artistic dreams can work.

I would suggest that for Nabokov the opposite of the psychological symbol is the double—not a set of broadly determined images always leading back to the same immutable sexual facts, but an artful contrivance of hidden resemblances, trick mirrors flashing back to one another unguessed aspects of a single face, a restless replication of fictional images that illustrates the protean shaping power of consciousness and of art. Like most of Nabokov's fictions, only rather more densely, this novella is full of doublings of plot and *Doppelgängers.* Just before Person's climactic dream, which ends in Armande's death, he sees out of the window an electric sign, DOPPLER, shifting colors. Minutes later, in his dream, the figure of Giulia Romeo, wearing a "Doppler shift," appears before him. Her name gives the narrator occasion for the anti-Freudian aphorism, "All dreams are anagrams of diurnal reality." Not distorted symbols, one notes, but anagrams—elements of an alphabet of significance to be transposed, inverted, rearranged by a literate intelligence enamored of games. Giulia—or Julia—Romeo is an anagram of Julia Moore, the New York sophisticate with whom Person has a brief affair before meeting Armande and who later turns up as a friend of Armande's. In the dream Julia doubles simultaneously for the Italian whore with whom Person lost his virginity and for his wife. In fact, since we are told that Romeo means "pilgrim" in archaic Italian, one might infer that in pursuing awake and asleep the multiplying doubles and afterimages of this single woman, pilgrim Person is pursuing something in himself that he will never catch. Hugh seizes Julia in his dream—Armande in actuality—to save her from the dream flames of a manifestly factitious fire: "The selfsame flames moved like those tongues of red paper which a concealed ventilator causes to flicker around imitation yule logs." The crucial fire itself, flickering between fact and fictionality, is doubled and redoubled, beginning with the burning of a dollhouse in one of R.'s novels—by a girl named June, a name and month close to July (Julia)—and continuing through a fire on television news, a fire in Armande's imagination, the off-stage burning of a Swiss hotel, and the final hotel fire, which is an act of arson, perhaps by Julia Moore.

These mirrors set at various angles through the novella give back not only one another but the literary models behind the work. The two most relevant ones, both verbally hinted at, are *The Pilgrim's Progress,* of which more in a moment, and *Romeo and Juliet,* which, like *Transparent Things,* is a tale of star-crossed lovers wherein the hero, through an error of perception, causes the death of his beloved and inflicts death on himself. The endless game of mirrors held to art and nature is for Nabokov an intimation of how consciousness constantly renews itself, reinvents itself, multiplies images to ward off the threat of its own extinction, to persuade itself that there is no final darkening of the mirror but only a new and unimagined angle of reflection.

Romeo and Juliet confronts death through the tragic vision; *The Pilgrim's Progress* transcends it through Christian faith. At the end of Bunyan's book Christian and his companion cross the river of mortality and are seen in a dream "transfigured," with raiment "that shone like gold." *Transparent Things* ends in the dizzying immediacy

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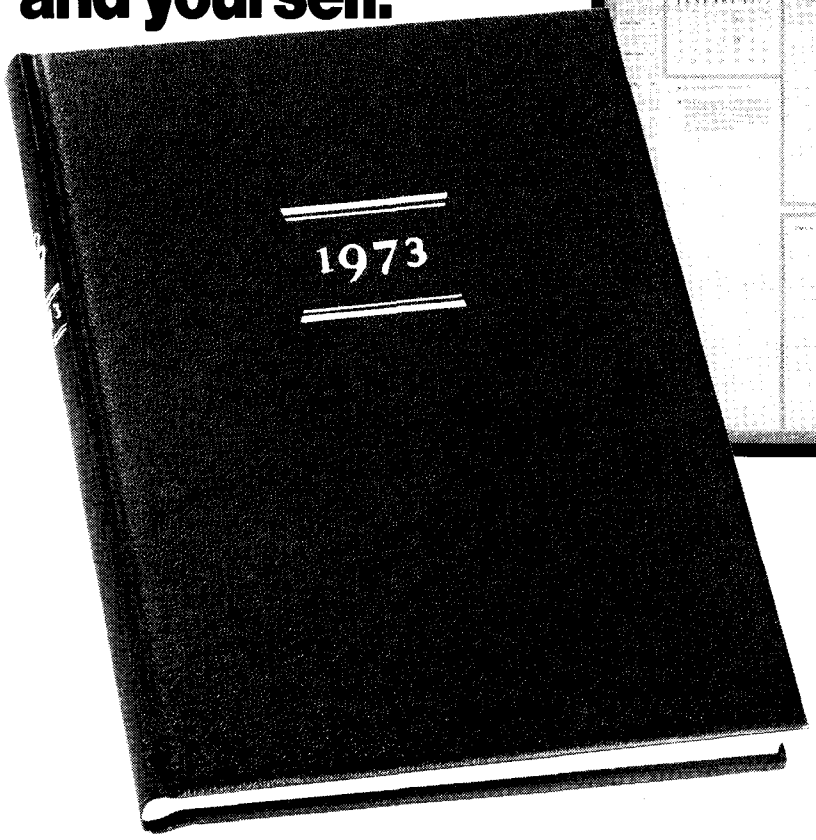

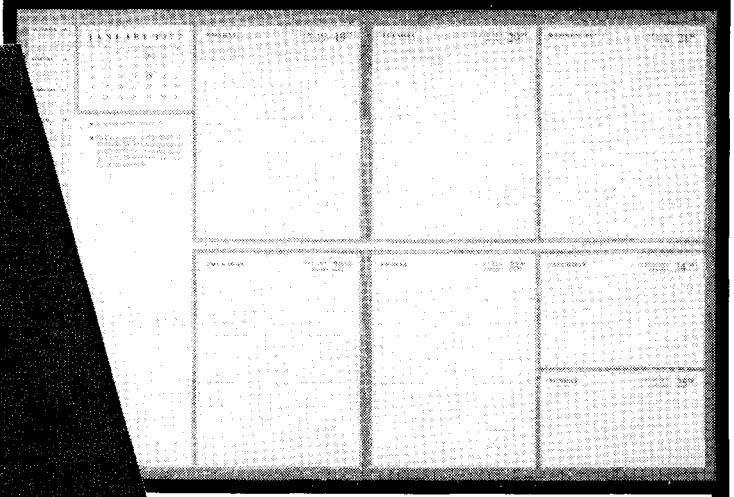

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WIT TWISTER NO. 297

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Our money's value will reach
— — — — — soon,

As yen and mark, centime, — —
— — —, and cent

Deflate, like someone's punctured
gas balloon,

Limp from the — — — — —
of costly armament.

A.S.

Answer on page 79

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1533

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1533 will be found on page 79.

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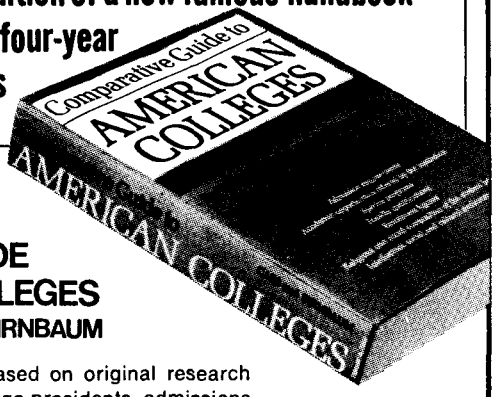

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of the protagonist's penultimate moment, colors whirling into a great ringed blur, tongues of flame leaping, voices howling. What follows is an imaginative stepping beyond death that expresses the distinctive artist's faith of an un-Christian writer. As in the endings of *Bend Sinister* and *Invitation to a Beheading*, death is the bad dream from which one awakes into a new clarity of consciousness: "Its [dream life's] ultimate vision was the incandescence of a book or a box grown completely transparent and hollow."

The book in our hands becomes a kind of periscope for peeking over the rim of mortality, but in contrast to the shining raiment at the end of Bunyan, it offers incandescence without transcendence, implying a kind of immortality from the lucid resilience of the imagination itself. "This is, I believe, *it*: not the crude anguish of physical death but the incomparable pangs of the mysterious mental maneuver needed to pass from one state of being to another."

Transparent Things, then, confronts an ultimate question within a highly restricted narrative compass. Because of its compactness, one cannot really compare it to the more elaborate, less distanced rendering of character and event in Nabokov's longer works. This book remains, however, a beautiful instance of Nabokov's mastery—deftly controlled, amazingly inventive, and finally poignant through all the complexities of its intellectual design. □

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

BY KARLA KUSKIN

"Ignore them and they'll go away," I thought when they first appeared. They came swooping in through the attic dormer, looking a lot like last year's bunch. There were the same cute and crotchety witches, the same loquacious pumpkins—the same old Halloween books. Perhaps something is wrong with the basic idea of a "Halloween book" or a "Christmas book" or an "Easter book." A book is not a greeting card. A good book should have staying power. A good holiday should have the grace to get out of town in twenty-four hours and let everyone recover. There are exceptions—wonderful Christmas or Easter stories that seem to have grown directly from the holiday spirit they embody. Read Dickens's *A Christmas Carol* next August. The snow will whirl around your chair as old bells toll. And what child has not better understood the idea of giving after

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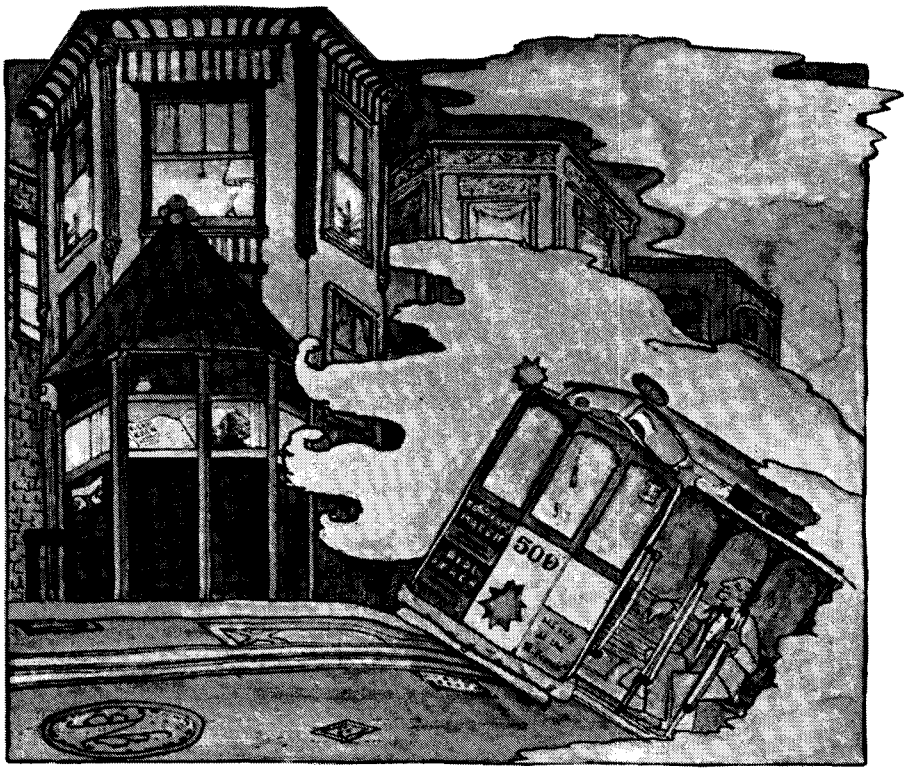
having read (or having listened to) O. Henry's "The Gift of the Magi"? Too many holiday books, however, seem to be put together with the superficial idea of satisfying a seasonal market. Approach them with care. Just because the cover looks appropriate to a particular day doesn't mean the contents will suit a particular child. You can always make up a holiday to go with a good book instead of settling on a mediocre book to go with a holiday.

At the twelfth stroke of midnight on October 31 the restless spirits ended their revels and sank back into the earth exhausted. The World was a nice place to visit, but they didn't want to live there. Halloween had passed, and most of the orange and black volumes were swept under the rug with the corn candy. Only a few have remained to rap at the woodwork or howl under the stairs.

Poltergeists: Hauntings and the Haunted by David C. Knight (paperback $1.95; hardcover $4.82) is published by Lippincott in their "Weird and Horrible Library." It is an intriguing collection for anyone who likes ghost stories. But a poltergeist is not your ordinary ghost. The word is German for "racketing" or "noisy spirit," and such creatures haunt specific people (young people), not places. There was, for example, the poltergeist in Amherst, Nova Scotia, who spent 1878 taunting and terrifying a nineteen-year-old named Esther. Bedclothes flew from her bed, lighted matches dropped from her ceiling, and that was only the beginning. Or the poltergeist who showed up in Seaford, Long Island, in the late Fifties at the James Herrmanns' to focus its bottle-top-popping attentions on the Herrmanns' twelve-year-old son. It also threw china and furniture around. Not to mention "Gef," who spent ten years with a family on the Isle of Man. He claimed to be an eighty-year-old Indian mongoose, was extremely talkative, and killed rabbits by strangling them with his tiny, yellow, three-fingered hands. Mr. Knight ends with some theories and advice in

Herb Caen, the well-known raconteur of San Francisco, makes a happy debut as a children's book author with *The Cable Car and the Dragon* (Doubleday, $4.95). It is a charming, if quite predictable, tale about San Francisco's youngest cable car, named Charlie, who is a mere sixty years old. One night, out of boredom, Charlie makes a wrong turn into Chinatown and there meets Chu Chin Chow, the friendly dragon who leads the Chinese New Year parade. Before the night is done, Charlie takes Chu for a joy ride up and down the city's steepest hills, and Chu saves Charlie from a near-disastrous plunge into San Francisco Bay. The story, told in Caen's familiar and humorously easy fashion, is generously enhanced by Barbara Ninde Byfield's crisply busy (lots to look at) full-color illustrations, which reflect the enticement of San Francisco and make the hills look steep indeed. □



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case you are confronted by a poltergeist of your own.

If Boris Karloff's birthday (November 23) is celebrated at your house, a touching resemblance might be Thomas G. Aylesworth's *Monsters From the Movies* (Lippincott, $1.95; hardcover $4.82). This is a handbook for dedicated monster lovers. Mr. Aylesworth begins with a brief history of the genre and goes on to deal in succeeding chapters with the varieties of monsters: Man-Made (Frankenstein), Self-Made (Jekyll into Hyde, wolfmen), Human Fiends and their fiendish friends and families. Possibly in an attempt to talk to young people in what he feels is their own quaint language, the author breaks into an informal cuteness every so often that is neither informal nor cute. His description of *Psycho* as "one of the best films about an out-and-out nut case" defies comment. However, it is the information, not the style, that will delight faithful fiend fans. Did you know that *Dracula* premiered on Valentine's Day in 1931?

Ray Bradbury has written a book called *The Halloween Tree* (Alfred A. Knopf, $3.95, eleven and up). His story is roughly patterned after *A Christmas Carol*. A mysterious man named Carapace Clavicle Moundshroud, Death or the Ghost of Halloween Past, guides eight boys on a tour through history from "caveman to Egyptian to Roman front porch to English harvest field to boneyard in Mexico." They visit the dark regions of the earth and man's mind, tracing the origins of Death's own festival: Halloween. They are also searching for a much-loved friend of the boys, "the greatest boy who ever lived," Joe Pipkin, or "Pip." It is an interesting idea, with moments of force and poetry. There are some strong visual images, but they tend to get out of hand, and at times Mr. Bradbury seems to be writing for a camera instead of for a reader. In general the prose is overwrought and overwritten, so that the tale gets lost in the telling. I do not believe many eleven-year-olds will survive the thickets of exclamations and hybrid words to arrive at the end of the journey. With some firm editorial conjuring a leaner, more forceful edition could have emerged to haunt us all.

If you are having trouble finding the right book to commemorate the date (December 25) that Halley's comet appeared in 1758, look through *Challenge of the Stars* (Rand McNally, $6.95). The subtitle is "A forecast of the future exploration of the universe." The format is large and lavishly illustrated, an impressive-looking book for children (twelve and up) who are enthralled by space travel and who read well. Patrick Moore, the coauthor, with David A. Hardy (who is also the artist), was elected a member of the British Astronomical Association at the age of eleven. This is a book for children something like that. Beginning with descriptions of space stations, proposed for the 1980s, and a moon base, we proceed outward into space with a discussion of each planet and the problems it will present to space explorers. The writing is clear, the subject matter complex. The full-color paintings of planets, space vehicles, and distant stars have the same fascination that dioramas of prehistory hold. They realistically portray our vague imaginings. In his introduction Arthur C. Clarke (author of *2001: A Space Odyssey*) writes, "The astronomical artist, like the writer, will always be far ahead of the explorer. He can depict scenes which no human eye will ever witness, because of their danger, or their remoteness in time or space." This volume is an excellent introduction to worlds we will never see. Halley's comet should be by again around 1986. Be prepared.

Like the nicest people, the best books don't need occasions. They make them. If you know a young, musical child, make an occasion by giving him *A Little Schubert* (Harper & Row, $3.95). Or just look at it yourself. The title suits the drawings, the drawings suit the words, and the small recording (by Peter Schaaf) of five delicate "Noble waltzes" tucked inside the back cover suits it all. The slim story is about "a short, fat young man with a small round nose, . . . who lived in a bare little room without a fire. He was a composer" named Franz Schubert. The drawings are gracefully plain. They are also funny and endearing and should not be seen without the words, which should not be read without the pictures. And that, to my mind, is a quality of a well-illustrated picture book. I had three slight regrets about this book: 1) that Franz's nose and fingertips weren't touched blue with cold (the illustrations are black line and wash); 2) that his clothes, which are described as shabby, don't look shabby; and 3) that it all ended so soon. □

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1533

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Samuel Butler

Answer to Wit Twister, page 76: nadir, dinar, drain.

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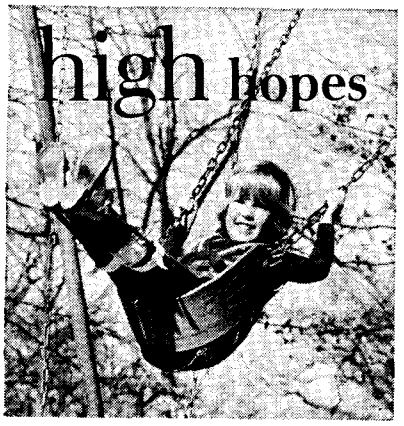

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March of Dimes

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Theater

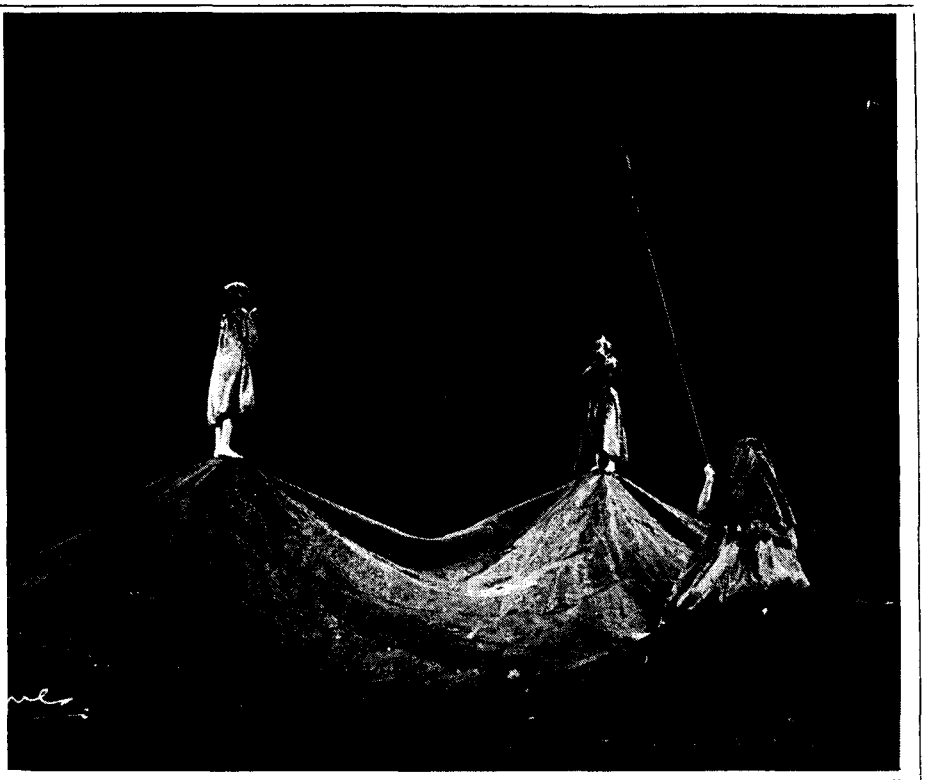
Theater of Resilience

BY HENRY HEWES

For his revival of *Yerma,* performed in Spanish by a company from Madrid at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, director Victor Garcia has come up with an inspired theatrical conception. Instead of presenting Lorca's dramatic poem about a barren woman's obsession with childbearing through literal settings or a recitation on a bare stage, Garcia has staged the drama on a huge trampoline. This trampoline is more than just an athletic device; it is a womb-shaped canvas that can become floor or wall, ceiling or sky, hill or plain. It is a constantly changing, live organism against which the actors can act and react. The trampoline is operated by actor-stagehands in coveralls who attach ropes to eyelets so that portions of the canvas can be raised and lowered. The actors perform on the narrow wooden platform that runs around the edge of the trampoline or on and under the stretched canvas. As the actors approach the canvas, they become explorers of a resilient new terrain symbolic of the poetic inner states of Lorca's poetry.

Thus the story of Yerma now emerges not only as the tragedy of a wife doomed to accept her marriage to a man who cannot and does not wish to make her pregnant but also as a poetic and surrealistic metaphor of the needs and frustrations of the female condition. In doing this, Garcia has frequently sacrificed the conventional cause-and-effect plot. For instance, in the opening scene Yerma and her husband appear to be so thoroughly enjoying their sexual grappling that we question the complaints about his coldness that she voices later in the play. Yet Garcia is right to insist that we view his production as the company's response to Lorca's poetry and not as the reenactment of a logical story line. Once we accept this premise, we can enjoy the play viscerally.

Accordingly, the company offers us an abundance of visceral poetry. The women are forever throwing themselves on the canvas, flashing their legs and thighs, and Yerma herself lies on her back, legs separated and thrust upward, and cries out, "When, child, when will you come to me?" Later Yerma rips open her dress to expose her breasts and her wasted readiness to suckle a baby. And in the last act a naked man, whose hands are fastened to the canvas wall, struggles to reach a naked woman who is fastened beside him, epitomizing the desire and frustration of a Spanish fertility ritual.



Lorca's Yerma is staged on a trampoline that becomes "ceiling or sky, hill or plain."

The production also catches the pathetic beauty of woman's enslavement to man—and the code of honor—in Spain. It does this by sudden, fierce eruptions of Andalusian and flamenco singing and by contrasting the stiffness of the characters who repress with the frenzy of those who are repressed.

As Yerma, Nuria Espert splendidly subordinates her natural temptation to play the personal tragedy of *a* woman to the task of fulfilling a larger and more essential portrait of *woman.* Similarly, the rest of the company, and particularly the male actors, mute their characterizations in order to contribute more exactly to a brilliantly engineered composite. The result is a fantastic and absorbing exercise in theater art.

The first new mild hit comedy of the Broadway season, Bob Randall's *6 Rms Riv Vu,* portrays middle-generation adultery with relentless cute humor and depressing verisimilitude. Two happily married people, Paul Friedman and Anne Miller, find themselves locked in a vacant apartment together, and this leads to an evening of love. Their romantic impulse is to continue the affair, but ultimately their wise and moral decision is not to do so. Paul is played with offhand charm by Jerry Orbach, and Jane Alexander mixes an attractive nuttiness with her always compelling sincerity to give Anne a little of the specialness the play itself lacks.

Less fortunate was *Dude,* a confused morality musical in which Gerome Ragni and Galt MacDermot attempted to relate the rebellion of youth to the power of positive thinking. Unlike their earlier creation, *Hair,* this new work contained little focused anger against the Establishment. Except for one remarkable number, "Weeping," in which eleven-year-old Ralph Carter as the young "Dude" simply and dramatically lamented the whole exasperating circus that we had suffered for two hours, the songs seemed neither catchy nor striking. *Dude* closed two weeks after it opened. □

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Films

Two Educations

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

For anyone old enough to remember Billie Holiday from her club dates or to have prized that amazing flow of records that used to appear on labels like Vocalion and Okeh, the saga of her tragic career is particularly poignant. The sensitivity, the depth of emotion that throbbed through every number (well, *almost* every number; like most pop singers, she was stuck with a good deal of trash), reflected a life awareness that shook the very soul of the listener. Billie's rendition of "Gloomy Sunday" was said to have touched off a wave of suicides. Her "Strange Fruit" became the marching song for an earlier generation of civil rights activists. And When Lady Day sang the blues with a keening voice that seemed to lean on the words until it forced from them their innermost meanings, she somehow laid bare the aching core of the black experience.

Billie Holiday died at forty-three, her voice coarsened and her body damaged by drink and drugs. Toward the end of her life she spelled out her story, with first-person candor and understandable bitterness, in her autobiographical *Lady Sings the Blues*. Sixteen years later this story has been brought to the screen at last. It was worth waiting for. In all probability, if it had been done earlier, when film biographies were always looking for the silver lining, the hard edge would have been smoothed away and the picture would have been merely another account of talent triumphing over adversity. Now, as produced by Paramount and Berry Gordy of Motown Records, the hard edge is what makes the film; and even though it ends, conventionally enough, with a Carnegie Hall triumph, superimposed on the scene are headline stories of her subsequent drug arrests and death. Although some names and incidents have been changed to protect the guilty, what comes through is, quintessentially, the agony of a woman who climbed from a brothel to stardom but was ultimately defeated by blind prejudice. The theme reverberated through her book; it dominates this film.

It is astonishing to realize that an unlettered black girl, born out of wedlock, indentured into a Harlem whorehouse, could one day rise out of the uptown jazz clubs, the unnerving band tours (where she was the lone black singer with an ofay orchestra), even the posh, segregationist 52nd Street niteries in which she appeared, and become the unchallenged queen of the blues. According to the film, her drug habit began during a grueling tour through the South, when roadside restaurants refused her admittance and Ku Kluxers demonstrated against her for singing with a white band. (Incredible? The book goes even further. Because she was also refused washroom privileges, she developed a bladder infection that took months to clear up.) While she was taking a cure for her addiction in a sanatorium, she had her first drug arrest—politically motivated, as both the book and the film make clear. She was a star; her name meant headlines.

Through this sad and sobering tale of injustice and prejudice shines the presence of a great woman and a great artist. Because Billie Holiday was an artist, she repeatedly rose from blows that would have forever flattened a lesser person; because she was a great woman, she kept pushing until the final curtain. If it is hard to realize, in this day of the near deification of the black artist, that the events described in this film ever happened, one has only to remember Bessie Smith bleeding to death in Mississippi because a white hospital wouldn't admit her after an automobile accident.

But some pretty awful films have been made from simple truths. *Lady Sings the Blues* succeeds where so many others have failed because its script—by Terence McCloy, Chris Clark, and Suzanne de Passe—never tries to whitewash. It succeeds also because director Sidney Furie and cinematographer John Alonzo have a remarkable eye for the period and the place and a feeling for the nuances of their story. But most of all the film succeeds because singer Diana Ross, formerly of the Supremes, has so immersed herself in the Billie Holiday character that her total conviction suffuses the picture. She makes the transition from brothel slavery to big-band singer wholly convincing, not faltering for a moment in a role that demands her on-screen presence almost every second of the two-and-a-half-hour playing time. Miss Ross even manages to give a Lady Day intonation to the dozen or more songs in the film without sounding as if she were doing a cheap imitation. Her rendition of "Good Morning, Heartbreak," for example, is almost as haunting as Billie Holiday's own, and that is no mean tribute.

A major theme somewhere in *A Separate Peace*, a film based on John Knowles's popular novel, is the suggestion that our better prep schools, with their emphasis on competitive sports, are really training camps for the military spirit. This implication—and it is never more than that—perhaps derives from the fact that the story is set in the early Forties, just as the United States was cranking up for World War II. The war seems remote indeed to the protected youths in their fashionable academy as they play their games and pretend to study. Only once, as a troop train pauses while the boys shovel snow from the tracks, does the war become an immediate reality to them; director Larry Peerce has staged this remarkable moment to emphasize the gulf that separates the preppies from the GIs.

At the center of the film, however, is the unconscious rivalry between two roommates at the school—Finny (John Heyl), a born leader, and Gene (Parker Stevenson), an unwilling follower. In an unguarded moment Gene causes Finny to fall from the upper branches of a tall tree and break his leg. Finny is willing to believe that it was an accident; his fellow students, less forgiving, set up a garish kangaroo court to establish Gene's guilt—an event that leads, ironically, to Finny's death. The story, told in flashback after Gene returns to the fateful tree, is concerned with his own guilt feelings and need for expiation.

As photographed by Frank Stanley, the film looks marvelous, and Peerce has gotten incredibly accurate performances from his youthful, nonprofessional cast. What mars the picture (apart from the kangaroo court sequence, which seems stylistically out of place) is an almost inexplicable absence of parents, teachers, and townies. They are glimpsed only briefly and never at the crucial moments. As a result, the boys seem even more isolated, and the war more remote, than is necessary. The "separate peace" of the title seems to refer more to the sheltered academy than to the understanding that is reached between Finny and Gene. □

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Holland's Indoor Cafés

BY VIVIAN GREEN

As the fall fog streams in over dikes and across the low-lying fields of the Netherlands, Dutchmen take to the indoors. The long summer days are over, and so, too, is the season for sitting at a table overlooking the sea or a cobblestoned square. It is time to move inside and warm up. The cafés of Holland provide warmth in abundance; they also exhibit considerable imagination and diversity in style. In even the most remote parts of the country cheerful cafés are found, and the cost of stopping for a snack and a drink is minimal. Visitors may order little and stay long.

One of my favorites for a damp Sunday afternoon is the Lage Vuursche, in the village of the same name. The café is located deep in the woods of *het gooi*, the eastern part of the country, where the bush- and tree-covered sandy heath forms an attractive holiday region. Weather permitting, vacationers walk along the wooded trails or play miniature golf before visiting the café.

The Lage Vuursche golf course is worth looking over even if you don't play. Its profusion of flower beds and fanciful sculpture makes it unlike any other minigolf course in the country. Bowls is another game offered here, while checkers is given particular emphasis: players sit at six-foot-square stone boards and make their moves with giant wooden pucks.

In the entrance to the café-restaurant guests are greeted by a blazing fire in the huge Dutch-tiled fireplace. Wooden ceiling beams and wainscoting, old iron pieces on the walls, and antique country furniture add to the warm, inviting setting. The snack-time specialty at Lage Vuursche is *appelpannekoek*, a thin pancake the size of a large pizza, filled with sliced apples and baked to a browned crispness, then smothered in powdered sugar. A single *pannekoek*, followed by strong coffee with rich cream, will satisfy the greatest gourmand until dinner.

Pannekoeken make up the entire menu at the Strijland, a café on the Arnhem-Dieren road near the German border. Red-and-white-checked organdy curtains and cotton tablecloths, with wicker baskets used to shade hanging lamps, provide a congenially rustic atmosphere. Families patronize the Strijland because the prices are so reasonable. Two guilders (60 cents) buys a medium-sized pancake with either mandarin orange, pineapple, chocolate sauce, or candied ginger filling. Ginger is ubiquitous in the Netherlands: it is sprinkled over ice cream and cakes, ginger and cheese often accompany cocktails, ginger and cream are served as dessert. The former Dutch tie to Indonesia, where ginger is widely grown, accounts for the Netherlanders' addiction to the spice. It also explains the popularity of the *rijsttafel* (rice table), which consists of a large dish of rice surrounded by small bowls of spicy meats and vegetables. Traditional blue-and-white Delft ginger jars, sold in a variety of sizes, also stem from the early days of Far East trade.

The variety of Dutch cafés makes exploring them a delight. A café may include an elaborate children's playground in the garden, as the Kraantje Lek, near Haarlem, or to be tucked away inside a windmill. De Molen (the windmill) is located in Lookijk, on the narrow canal road between Weesp and Ankeveen, on the southern outskirts of Amsterdam. Dating from 1766, the windmill has a weathered affability, and its small, round interior makes a very snug hideaway. Outside you can visit a rabbit hutch on a little island or simply stroll along the canal.

Typically friendly and inviting is the café in the main square in Delft, near the statue of Hugo Grotius. The seventeenth-century building has dark beamed ceilings and heavy wooden tables in several small, cozy rooms. Persian rugs cover the tables just as they do in Flemish paintings. (These rugs are used throughout the country, in homes as well as in public places. If an establishment serves meals, the waiter simply covers the rug with a white tablecloth.) Guests sit in the front or back rooms of this café or at the bar and enjoy cheese rolls and beer or ice cream served with parchment-thin wafers. The place is almost always jam-packed with customers.

Delft's Hotel Central is conveniently located—near the *rondvaart* (canal boat) station—and its café is a pleasant place to while away an hour over a cup of tea or a cocktail. Floor-to-ceiling windows afford a clear view of the canal and passers-by; thick carpets cover the floor; brass pots and trays gleam from corners and shelves. In the evening the café becomes a rather expensive restaurant.

For the romantic there is the café-restaurant in the castle at Nijmegen. To reach this café, you must first cross a high bridge, then climb a winding stairway in the castle tower. From the tower's windows one looks out to a long view of the winding Rhine River. One Dutch treat I enjoyed at the castle cafe was *Advocaat*, gin whipped with egg yolks into a thick syrup and either sipped or eaten with a *lepeltje* (tiny spoon).

Although the Netherlands has the highest population density in the world (800 people per square mile), it still affords a great sense of space and openness, with wide, flat vistas across fields and canals to a distant village or steeple. A café that takes full advantage of its rustic setting is on the Amersfoortseweg, a road near Amersfoort. It's a greenhouse; surrounded by ferns, vines, and hothouse flowers, you look out through glass walls to the emerald-green fields and up through the roof at scudding clouds.

Rembrandtsplein in Amsterdam has two faces—its peaceful daytime aspect and its frenetic, somewhat tawdry nighttime side. An afternoon snack at one of the cafés on the square might consist of *groene haring* ("green," or fresh, herring) served with chopped onions or capers. At night the square is lit with a thousand garish lights and amplified music blares. Cafés offer dancing, variety acts, and rock music; the atmosphere tends to be boisterous.

The Formosa on the Kalverstraat in Amsterdam will have to be relegated to the "remembrance of things past" department, for it was torn down not too long ago. This was the fashionable place to go for tea in former years; the Formosa teacart of whipped-cream-covered pastries was the downfall of many a dieter.

But there are still countless diversely appealing cafés to drop into this fall in the Netherlands. And he who steps in out of the cold will be assured of finding a relaxed atmosphere and surprisingly warm Dutch hospitality. □

Vivian Green is a freelance writer who has lived for more than a year, off and on, in the Netherlands.

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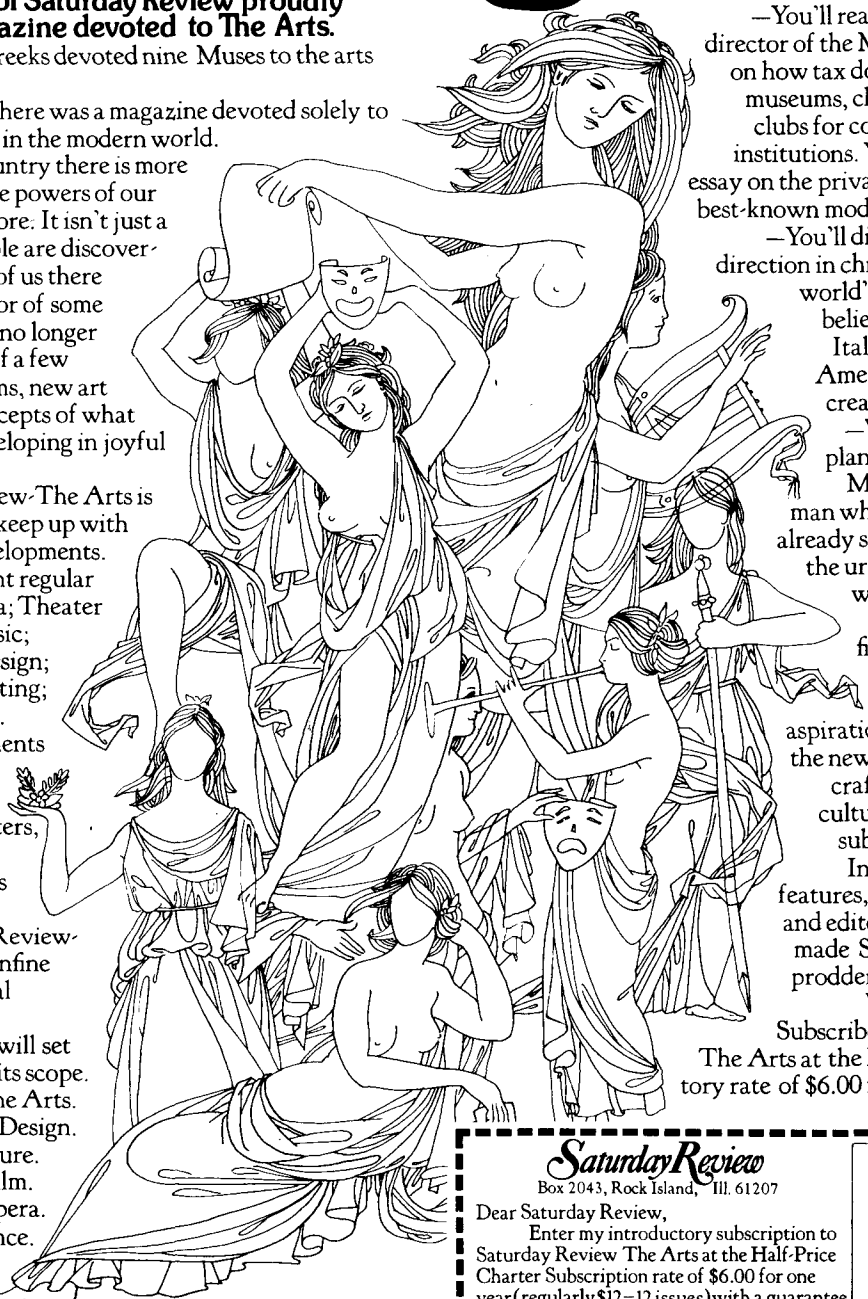

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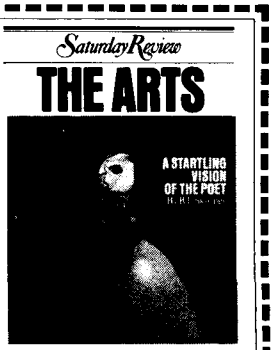

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Dance

Rites and Rituals

BY WALTER TERRY

The Harkness Ballet of New York, presently winding up a transcontinental tour, paused long enough at the Newtown Arts Festival in Connecticut to allow balletomanes adventuresome enough to travel the winding, hilly roads to see a new and enormously exciting ballet choreographed by Norman Walker. The Walker piece, set to music of Alberto Ginastera, is called *Ceremonials* and belongs to that genre, so popular these days with choreographers, that has to do with man's need for rites, rituals, ceremonies. These ballets are usually nonethnic, although some may echo, say, African, Caribbean, Slavic, or American Indian heritages, for the choreographers have sought to universalize or synthesize ancient forms of communal celebration.

Ceremonials stems from no specific culture. It is both sensual and sensuous, for sexual attractions are present in the juxtapositions, the touchings of almost unadorned male and female bodies. But one also senses the need for coming together, the presence of racial or religious or magic-making memories that draw all into a single ceremony.

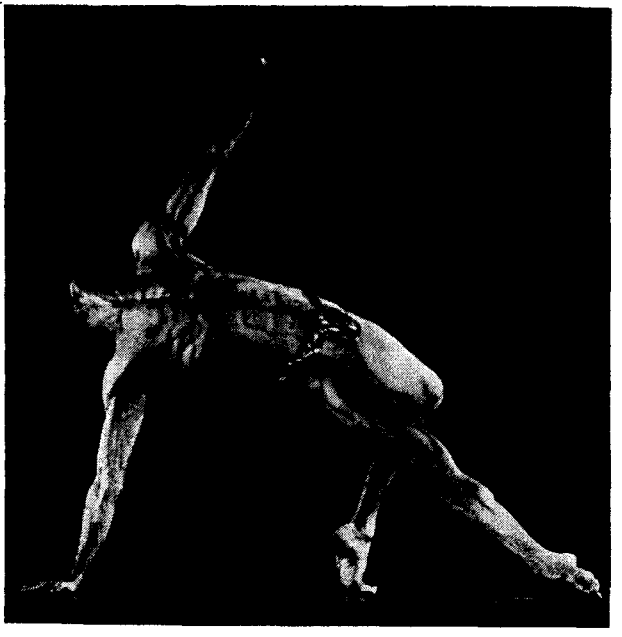
The young and handsome Harkness dancers performed *Ceremonials* expertly for a capacity audience. At the opening of the program they had displayed their command of classical technique in Vicente Nebrada's *Schubert Variations* (orchestrated by the troupe's artistic director and patroness, Rebekah Harkness), and at the close they moved successfully into the area of dramatic ballet with Brian Macdonald's new version of Stravinsky's *Firebird*. However, the Walker work, representing a striking and facile fusion of modern dance and ballet, was the program's most rewarding presentation. The Harkness Ballet, which has been touring both Europe and America extensively since it replaced a tremendously successful earlier company a few seasons back, will probably not be seen in New York in repertory until the new Harkness Theater opens in the fall of 1973. (Mrs. Harkness purchased the old Colonial Theater on Broadway near Lincoln Center, and she is having it completely renovated.)

In its autumn repertory season in New York City, the City Center Joffrey Ballet showed improvement in its performing of two new pieces alien to its basic style of cool precision—Jerome Robbins's *Interplay* and Leonide Massine's *Le Beau Danube* (both previously reviewed in these columns). As the dashing Hussar, Dennis Wayne came closer to the flamboyant romanticism of *Danube* than he had before; but, then, Wayne is one of our fastest rising and most versatile young dancers. His dancing of Adam in John Butler's *After Eden* now earns him a predictable—and deserved—ovation, for his physical prowess is now matched with a dramatic intensity, which augurs well for a career as a top actor-dancer.

The Joffrey dancers, at their home base in the old City Center, have also given us moments of dance delight. Among these are Robbins's *Moves*, a remarkable and popular ballet that is performed without accompaniment and that hypnotizes the beholder and, in a curious way, makes him accompany the ballet with his own rhythmic breathing. Gerald Arpino, the group's resident choreographer, has revised his *Chabriesque* (set to the music of Emmanuel Chabrier), which was delightful last season and is even more so now with richer musical support and tighter choreographic discipline.

The City Center American Dance Marathon '72, calling upon the talents of many companies and soloists, brought to the stage of the ANTA Theater dances of frolic, social protest, abstract patterns, faith, romance, anger, and celebration, as well as its own ceremonials, its own Adams and Eves. Indeed, the marathon had one of its finest moments in Mary Anthony's *In the Beginning*. This glorious work begins with a full solo for Adam as he discovers himself, his surroundings, and the vistas beyond and continues with the birth of Eve and the start of love beyond self. This is Adam and Eve in innocence. Butler's *After Eden* is the anguished cry, "Where did we go wrong?" Ross Parkes and Yuriko Kimura in Miss Anthony's work were as deeply appealing as Wayne and Starr Danias in *After Eden*.

The marathon also brought to the ANTA stage three great dancing women: Carmen De Lavallade, magnificent in her performing of *The Creation*, created for her by Geoffrey Holder, in which the beauty of her movement is matched by the beauty of her voice; the veteran Pauline Koner, in *The Farewell*, a reverent and radiant tribute to her teacher, the late Doris Humphrey; and, from California, Bella Lewitzky, one of the great American dancers of our age, and her company in a program of teasers (you pray for more!) that put dancers to the test. Bella herself is faultless; her rhythmic actions prove that God's design for the human body has never been equaled. □



Ross Parkes's solo in the opening scenes of Mary Anthony's In the Beginning *gave the dance marathon one of its "finest moments." Parkes portrayed Adam in the Garden of Eden, his discovery of self, and his delight at the birth of Eve.*

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West Coast Walküre; East Coast Conductors

BY IRVING KOLODIN

The last time San Francisco had a complete performance of Wagner's *Ring* cycle, F. D. R. was a first-term President and the thought of a World Series in the Bay Area was as remote as the idea of a man on the moon. All these things have now come to pass, including a restaged and replenished production of the *Ring*, so much in demand that another two cycles could have been sold out.

To celebrate this adornment of the company's fiftieth anniversary season, general manager Kurt Herbert Adler planned so far ahead that he was able to offer the world's premiere Wagner soprano, Birgit Nilsson, across the range of the *Ring* roles she sings better than anyone since Kirsten Flagstad. That this is something more than status seeking was clearly demonstrated in a performance of *Die Walküre* that began with a creditable first act, approached distinction in the second, and truly caught fire—just where the libretto requires—in Act III. Here Miss Nilsson converted the resources of her voice, intelligence, and artistry into a justification of Brünnhilde's disobedience eloquent enough to melt the wrath of an irate God-Father.

Truth is, distinction begets distinction, or a reasonable facsimile thereof. Jess Thomas was an able Siegmund to Berit Lindholm's Sieglinde in Act I, but he became a much more subtle singer when circumstances brought him together with Miss Nilsson in Act II. For that matter, Miss Lindholm reached her peak in the ecstatic moment of Act III when she learned from Miss Nilsson, as Brünnhilde, of her destiny to bear Siegfried. And Thomas Stewart, who commands the action of Wotan better than he does the role's vocal requirements, raised his effort several notches thereafter, as did Otmar Suitner, the conductor.

In addition to Clifford Grant as Hunding and Margarita Lilova as Fricka, the prime assets of this performance included the San Francisco Symphony in the pit, playing with a clarity, precision, and finesse rarely heard from an American opera orchestra. Suitner's excellent knowledge of the score was not always illuminated by the personal poetry required, but with Miss Nilsson to light the way he saw Wagner's vision to a memorable fulfillment.

The Paul Hager staging and the designs of Wolfram Skalicki worked well together, for the most part. The action centers on the raked disc invented by Wieland Wagner and now a fashionably indispensable element of any proper *Ring* cycle. However, it includes enough solid props to comfort an audience ill-disposed to unadorned abstractions. The one episode that begged the question of Wagner's intentions came at the end of Act II, when the battle of Siegmund and Hunding was fought out almost at the footlights, rather than in the clouds at rear stage. Even if four-term presidencies are now illegal, four-part *Ring* cycles should now occur in San Francisco as regularly as national elections.

The Metropolitan Opera has recently added two new conductors to a staff in need of all such strengthening it can get. One is the well-versed Carlo Felice Cillario, known from the Colón to Carnegie Hall as a versatile maestro; the other is the much less indoctrinated Henry Lewis, more identified with the concert hall than with the opera house.

Cillario, who could have been used at the Metropolitan any time over the last decade, made his debut in Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, which hardly qualifies as a conductor's opera. Cillario did, nevertheless, make his presence felt.

Lewis is the first black musician to attain leadership responsibilities at the Metropolitan. He has generalized musicianship to dispose and a good sense of orchestral sound, but rather less than the expectable indoctrination in Puccini's *La Bohème*, the work of his debut. More quickness, flexibility, and incisiveness would have been welcome, especially in Acts I and II. He had better command of the problems in the last two acts, but hardly the authority to impose his will on such performers as Richard Tucker (Rodolfo), John Macurdy (Colline), and Fernando Corena (Alcindoro, Benoît).

Each opera included a soprano who had not previously appeared at the Metropolitan in its leading role. In *Sonnambula* it was Renata Scotto, whose singing was vocally fluent, accurate, somewhat coarse in the upper register, and rarely concerned with characterization. In *Bohème* it was Anna Moffo, singing her first Mimi rather too far on the downside of her vocal curve. Charming as she was, the sound was not well supported and lacked the vibrance and color that lend interest to the music of Puccini. Nicolai Gedda (Elvino) and Giorgio Tozzi (Count Rodolfo) were the other principals in *Sonnambula*.

Michael Beroff, who made his American debut as soloist with the New York Philharmonic under the direction of Pierre Boulez, doesn't play the piano like the proverbial sixty. He plays it like twenty-two, which is his age. French-born, he was into the conservatory at Nancy at nine and out of the Paris Conservatory with a first prize at sixteen.

Beroff brought to his playing the aplomb of a young veteran as well as the dash and enthusiasm of one to whom every public appearance is still an event. He has, in abundance, the power, brilliance, and pianistic empathy to make a meal of the Bartók Second Concerto and digest it so well that the audience, too, participated in a nourishing experience.

He could hardly have had a more companionable collaborator than Boulez, who matched virtuosity to virtuosity in his direction of the orchestral score. Boulez also resolutely refused to dilute the audience's enthusiasm for Beroff by sharing the applause with him.

The program began with a rather pale performance of Bach's *Brandenburg* Concerto No. 1, which demands four solo performers of equal excellence as a precondition to a proper outcome. On this occasion the excellence was attained in largest measure by oboist Harold Gomberg and, in a much less difficult assignment, by concertmaster Rafael Druian. But for the second time in his first tour of duty this season Boulez misgauged the capacity of his horn players to deliver creditably under pressure. Their sound tended to be thick rather than well focused, labored rather than assured. □

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ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

TOWNHOUSE, EAST 90's, NYC, deserves fond care February-June. $700 month. 212-831-2606.

GRENADA OCEANFRONT DUPLEX—2 bedrooms. Large porch. Maid service. Twelve weeks, $1,400. Box 171, Grenada, West Indies.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate in which the owner's investment is $585,000. The asking price is $495,000. Liberal financing is available.

ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Water view site. Protected, private. Uncommonly lovely. Box 128, Chilmark, Massachusetts 02535. 617-645-9712.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

FLORIDA'S EXCITING new Bayfront residential resort. Waterfront, golf course lots. Condominiums, Yacht and Country Club. BAY POINT, Box 9137, SR, Panama City Beach, Florida 32401. 904-234-3308. AD4762.

VERMONT'S NORTHEAST KINGDOM—Homes, land, investment properties near skiing, lakes, mountains. Free Brochure. Peter D. Watson Agency, Greensboro, Vermont 05841. 802-533-2909/2651 until 10 p.m.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating. Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla, Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full- or part-time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5-month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 1055, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 62611.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Arts & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

COME EARLY TO TUCSON before heavily booked season begins. Near the University. Charming rooms and patios; excellent food. American Plan. $18 to $23 a day. CHRISTOPHER SQUARE INN, 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

SUNNY BARBADOS—Gracious year 'round living on cool sparkling southeast coast, Incomparable INCHCAPE, secluded coral beach, limitless sea views. 1-2-bedroom guest houses, tastefully furnished. Maid-cook; May through November, $80-$150 week; December through April, $150-$300 week. Phone 301-299-9530 or 301-948-5030. Susan D. Moran, 12811 Three Sisters Road, Potomac, Maryland 20854.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52-room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

PATAGONIA RANCH HIDEAWAY. Superb scenery . . . sun . . . air . . . for riding, swimming, tennis, birding. Circle Z Ranch, Patagonia, Arizona 85624. Brochure.

TIKI COTTAGE—Sanibel Island, Florida. Private. Gulf beach. Shelling, fishing. Brochure. 516-621-3252, SR Box I-379.

BUCKS COUNTY — If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. For a brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

A QUIET, SAFE, out-of-the-way holiday. Beach houses. Brochure. W. H. McKenna, Box 203, Tortola, British Virgin Islands.

GRENADA—The Spice island. For rent/possible sale/lovely home. $300 weekly. Brochure. SR Box J-50.

TAMARINDE GUESTHOUSE. All comforts, yet reasonable. Reserve now, P.O. Box 247, St. Maarten, Netherlands Antilles.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box 384, Luquillo, P.R.

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private beach.

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VACATIONS

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO—Luxurious, split-level, 3 bedroom, fully-equipped condominium available for seasonal or weekly rental, $75 day. Ideally situated, center of village, shuttle bus to lifts, free use of heated pool. Call Janie Coleman, 208-726-5321.

ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES—Modern Falmouth Harbour Beach Studio Apartments. Maid, shopping service. Private white sand beach. Swim, sun-bathe, fish, sail, snorkel. No charge for use of boats. Write for color brochure. Hancarib, 770 Welch Road, Palo Alto, California. 415-325-5627.

ENJOY 11 DAYS OF CHRISTMAS in Arizona with a special Christmas package from THE WIGWAM. 11 glorious days of Arizona sunshine, swimming, horseback riding, 2 Robert Trent Jones golf courses, 8 championship tennis courts, activities for children and teenagers, plus fun-filled festivities to herald in the holidays! $294.50 per person, double. Available only: December 16th-December 26th. Attractive American Plan rates include: deluxe accommodations, all breakfasts and dinners; transportation to from airport; all greens fees or horseback riding or tennis court time; taxes. For spectacular brochure and reservations contact: Reade Whitwell, Vice President, THE WIGWAM, Litchfield Park, Arizona 85340. Telephone: 602-935-3811.

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NASSAU—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

RELAX IN SAN FRANCISCO? Yes! At Cecil Hotel, 1 block from Union Square. Courtesy coffee, sundeck, ping-pong, enclosed pool nearby. Family rates. Write for brochure, 545 Post Street, San Francisco, 94102. 415-673-3733.

CONDOMINIUM RENTALS. Southern Vermont. 2- and 4-bedroom, housekeeping. Overlooking Okemo, near Killington. Fox Run, Box O-SR, Ludlow, 05149. 802-228-8101.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA, Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

"CARIBE PLAYA"—Patillas, Puerto Rico. Remarkable seaside efficiency resort. Economical.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

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GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND. SCHILLER COLLEGE—See "Studies Abroad." Liberal arts, language, theatre.

THE SUMMER OF '73, send your teen on a 9-week deluxe cultural tour of Mexico, June 24th-August 25th, with Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Filosa, II, sponsored by The American Association of Social Directories. Travel arrangements by the International Institute. Itinerary explores all of Mexico: Aztec, Mayan, Modern. 21 participants only. $4,200 inclusive fee. For details, write The American Association of Social Directories, 10889 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90024.

EUROPE FOR PIANO TEACHERS—August 1st-August 22nd, 1973. Includes Summer Workshop of British Music Teachers Association at York University, American Conservatory of Music at Fontainebleau, Salzburg Mozarteum and visits to London, Paris and Munich. Undergraduates, graduates and auditors welcome. Three credits. Offers opportunity for professional growth and stimulating travel experience. From New York; approximately $1,400. Deadline: May 15th, 1973. For brochure, write: Summer Sessions Director, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122.

STUDIES ABROAD

HEIDELBERG - BERLIN - PARIS - MADRID - LONDON. SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal Arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year programs. American credit system. Special programs: music, theatre, fine arts. International business administration. Graduate, undergraduate, and high school summer courses. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

WINTER TERM 1973. Leysin American School for University Preparatory Studies. International Environment. Coeducational, grades 9-12, boarding, 200 boys and girls. Experienced, qualified U.S. international staff, teacher-pupil ratio 1:10. Solid academic program, advanced placement, PSSC Physics, Chemstud, BSCS Biology; strong Mathematics, Foreign Languages. Curriculum related European tours. Alpine and winter sports. Excellent college admissions record. Affiliated with the American College of Switzerland. Write: Leysin American School, 1854-T Leysin, Switzerland or Hans T. Spengler, U.S. Representative, 330 East 49th Street, New York, 10017.

COLLEGE PLUS TRAVEL—First time ever—Exciting new junior college travel-study program entirely overseas. Full credit. A.A. degree, assured senior college transfer. Semester each London, Amsterdam, Madrid, Paris plus tours to Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Africa, Italy. Area studies plus full Freshman-Sophomore curriculum in class. Write CAMBRIDGE JUNIOR COLLEGE, 49 Washington Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02140.

PRAESTEGAARD FILM-VIDEO-PHOTOGRAPHY — A school workshop community with complete working and living facilities. Write: David Nelson, Director, PRAESTEGAARD, Kettrup pr., 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE—French and all Fine Arts. Programs include: Academic Year, January Interim, Summer in France, Christmas in Paris and London. PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5.

FLEMING COLLEGE, FLORENCE—American, two-year coeducational, A.A. degree-granting college offers courses in languages, fine arts, drama, film, English, literature, math, science, history and government. Based in Florence, Italy. Outstanding faculty. Residence on or off campus. Research trips, two-week stay in European homes, and exploration of Italy give an international dimension to all studies. Incorporates interim, pre-college year offering concentration in any of above areas. Contact: W. Rea, 326 East 69th Street, New York, New York 10021.

HACIENDA EL COBANO. The University of Oklahoma's Study Center, Colima, Mexico, offers credit and non-credit programs for 1972-'73.

SPANISH: High school, adult and college level.

WORKSHOPS: Watercolor Painting, Archaeology, Ornithology, Human Relations, Creative Writing, Mexican Investment and other programs as requested. Dr. Richard Hancock, 555 East Constitution Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

LIMFJORD COLLEGE of the Photographic Arts—A unique setting for study and research in the motifs of cine and still photography. Related studies in Art History, Poetry, Scandinavian History. Write: LIMFJORD COLLEGE, Klim Strand, 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

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CHINA: PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC—Rockford College plans Education Study Tour, summer 1973. Educators only. Six semester hours credit. For brochure, write Dean C. H. Moore, Room 101, Johnson Center, Rockford College, Rockford, Illinois 61101.

LEARN SPANISH IN MEXICO. If you really want to learn Spanish intensively and economically, start any Monday at CIDOC. For catalogue on language school and de-schooled academy, write: CIDOC, Apdo. 479, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

STUDY AT SEA. World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. Financial aid available. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

COLUMBUS INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE of Spain—A 2-year American liberal arts University in Seville. Freshman-sophomore curriculum, American faculty, dormitory boarding. Fall-Spring semesters. Write: Columbus International College, Avda Victoria, 43, Seville, Spain.

STUDIES ABROAD

THE STUDIO ART CENTER of Tuscany—8 weeks of painting, graphics and art history, 1,500 feet high in the Tuscan Hills, 20 minutes from Florence. June 15th-August 10th. For information, write SR Box J-44.

TRAVEL

TRAVEL BARGAINS—Unique club offers new concepts in travelling. Membership $1.00. Quarterly bargain-trip schedules newsletters. Travellers International Club, 324 Post Avenue, Westbury, N.Y. 11590. 516-334-5411.

ROUND THE WORLD EXPEDITION—180' yacht. Remote places—Galapagos, Easter Island, Tahiti, Fiji, etc. Share expense. Shipmates wanted. Fried, Apt. 1A, 330 East 49th Street, NYC, 10017.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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NICHOLSON'S INTERNATIONAL YACHT CHARTER Services. All sizes and types in the Caribbean, Mediterranean, Greek Islands. Apply airmail to V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons (Antigua) Ltd., 5 Lynch's Quay, Cobh, County Cork, Ireland.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

BICYCLING-HIKING-CAMPING trips through the countrysides of the world for 14-17 year olds. Europe, New England, Colorado, Canada. Free brochure includes bicycle equipment catalogue. Student Hosteling Program of New England, Inc., Rochester, Vermont 05767. 802-767-3297.

SPACE OUTLOOK ADVENTURES—Total in-depth travel . . . 1973 departures for India, Nepal, Ceylon; West East Africa; Andes Galapagos; Mexico. Contact Space Inc. Travel, 875 North Michigan, Chicago, Illinois 60611. 312-944-2304.

ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN offers magnificent 1930's Rolls Royce with chauffeur guide for personalized itinerary (1973) Olde England tour. Coaching Inn Country House overnight accommodations. Belmont House, Rectory Lane, Guisborough, Yorkshire, England.

EUROPE — AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

SAILING VACATION ABOARD popular sailing ship MAVERICK in the Virgin Islands. $215 all inclusive. Free folder. WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, 95 Idlebrook Lane, Box S, Matawan, N.J. 07747. Phone 201-566-6416.

LYSISTRATA—Cruise the Greek Islands with Professor A. D. Winspear in his private yacht. Swift, clean ship, excellent food, interpretative lectures. Two-week cruises $350 (U.S.) inclusive. Write for 1973 brochure, P.O. Box 3263, Postal Station B, Calgary 3, Alberta T2M 4L8.

CARIBBEAN REPORT—What's new in investments, industry, politics, trade, tourism and offbeat islands. Twelve monthly issues $25.00. CARIBBEAN REPORT, Suite 1202-A, 527 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

FAR OUT. Wilderness. Mexico. Tarahumara Indians. Canyons 7,000' deep. Remote villages. 1,000' waterfall. 4 wheel-drive special safari cars. Free brochure. Tag-A-Long Tours, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

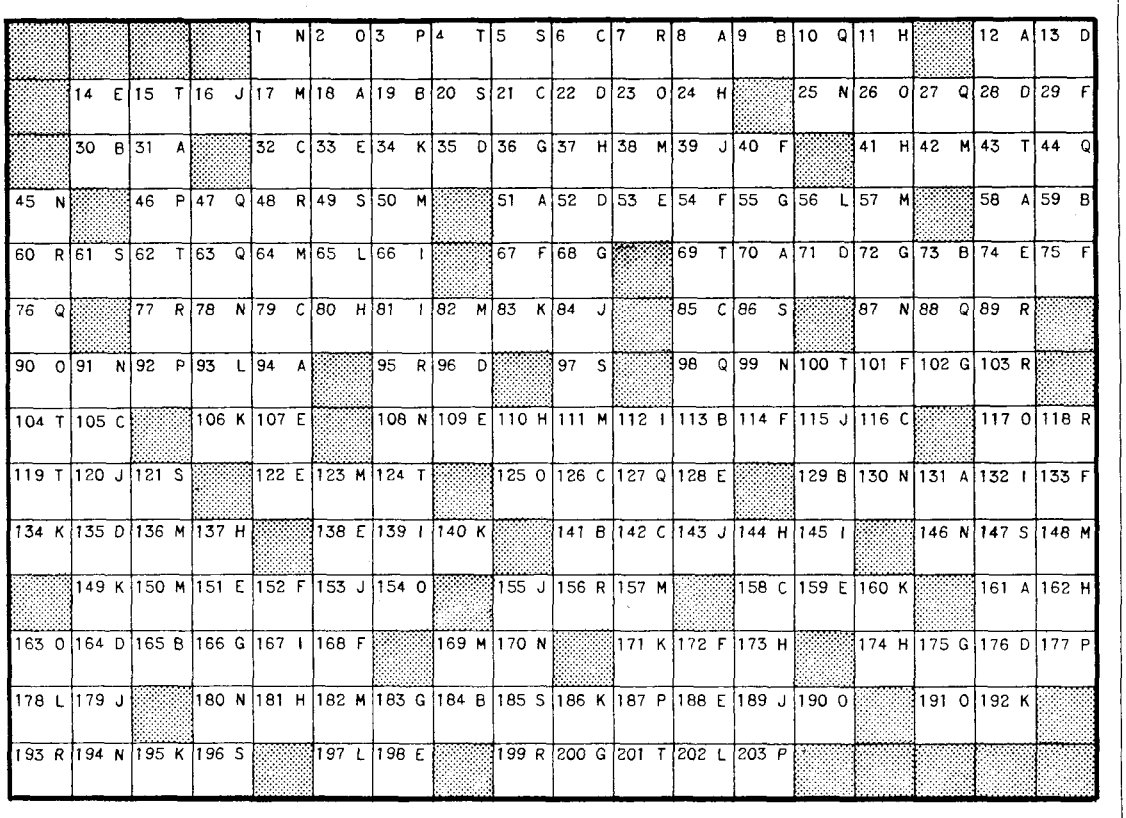
No. 2014

WORDS	DEFINITIONS
A. Evil	51 12 8 94 70 18 31 131 58 161
B. Pursuit	19 141 165 59 129 30 184 9 73 113
C. Operation of crushing stone in the urinary bladder into particles that may be voided	79 21 85 142 126 105 6 32 158 116
D. Boxing	28 35 13 164 52 22 176 96 135 71
E. Brief, intense effort that produces no significant result (4 wds.)	198 128 122 107 159 188 33 53 151 109 14 138 74
F. Near (comp.)	101 67 114 54 133 29 152 168 172 40 75
G. Children's game	166 55 72 36 102 175 68 183 200
H. Irish novelist and poet: *With the Wild Geese* (2 wds.)	110 41 37 24 11 181 144 162 137 80 173 174
I. _____ Alps, a mountain range on the border between Switzerland and Italy	145 66 81 139 112 132 167

WORDS	DEFINITIONS
J. Current phrase denoting admiration (2 wds.)	16 143 120 39 115 84 153 179 155 189
K. *Abide by the principle that peace is* _____ (Litvinov)	106 195 140 171 34 186 192 134 149 83 160
L. *Spherical bacterium*	65 197 93 178 56 202
M. Louis, First _____ of Burma (2 wds.)	150 17 50 157 111 42 136 64 148 38 169 57 82 182 123
N. English poet and writer who, with his brother and sister, contributed admirably to the literary world (2 wds.)	194 108 146 1 45 87 25 78 170 99 180 91 130
O. Indetermination	90 2 23 117 125 163 154 191 26 190
P. Fourteenth President of the United States	46 92 3 177 187 203
Q. A place where kilns for drying hops or malt are kept (comp.)	127 63 98 10 88 47 27 76 44
R. Eagerly (colloq., 3 wds.)	48 7 199 103 60 89 118 156 77 95 193
S. Foreign	196 20 5 185 97 121 49 86 147 61
T. Relapse	69 119 4 100 124 104 43 15 62 201

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.



Solution of this week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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8 great cars in one: The 1973 Audi.

Presenting the 1973 Audi.

1. It has the same type of steering system as the racing Ferrari.

2. It has the same trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV.

3. It has the same type of ignition system as the Porsche 911.

4. It has about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.

5. It has independent front suspension like the Aston Martin.

6. It has front-wheel drive like the Cadillac Eldorado.

7. It has a luxurious interior like the Mercedes-Benz 280SE.

8. It gets the same expert service as the Volkswagen.

The price of the 1973 Audi is $3,960.*

Not very much money considering the cars you're getting.

The $3,960 Audi®

It's a lot of cars for the money.

*Suggested retail price East Coast P.O.E. $3,955 (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher.)
Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Whitewall tires optional at extra cost.

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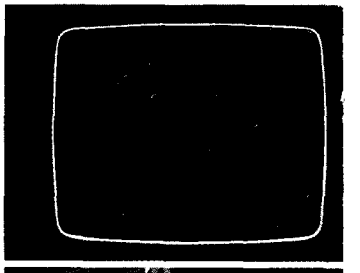
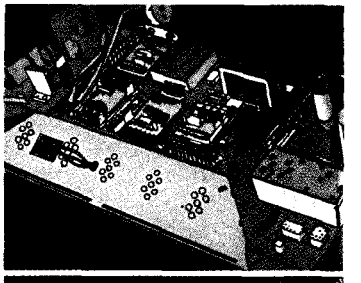
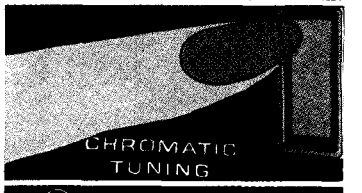
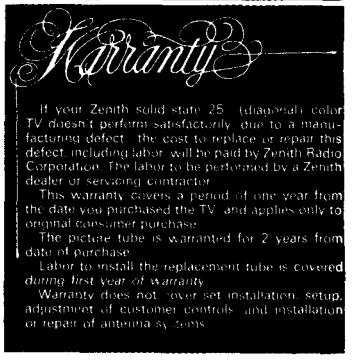
ZENITH INTRODUCES THE COMPLETE COLOR TV

It has everything you want, including a picture even brighter and sharper than famous Zenith Chromacolor.








Warranty
If your Zenith solid state 25" (diagonal) color TV doesn't perform satisfactorily due to a manufacturing defect, the cost to replace or repair this defect, including labor, will be paid by Zenith Radio Corporation. The labor to be performed by a Zenith dealer or servicing contractor.
This warranty covers a period of one year from the date you purchased the TV, and applies only to original consumer purchase.
The picture tube is warranted for 2 years from date of purchase.
Labor to install the replacement tube is covered during first year of warranty.
Warranty does not cover set installation, setup, adjustment of customer controls, and installation or repair of antenna systems.

New Super Chromacolor Picture Tube

Zenith has discovered a way to enlarge the color dot area, and still fully illuminate every dot on a black background. To bring you a giant-screen color picture that is even brighter and sharper than the famous Chromacolor picture that set a new standard of excellence in color TV.

100% Solid-State Chassis

Zenith's new solid-state chassis features plug-in Dura-Modules. They control key set functions, such as color, picture quality, and stability. And each Dura-Module is pre-tested, then tested again in the set, for long life and dependability. There are no tubes to burn out.

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Zenith's new Chromatic Tuning controls picture brightness, contrast, tint, color level and flesh tones. If someone mistunes the color, the touch of a finger retunes it perfectly, instantly.

A Full Year Warranty

Zenith's new warranty covers the cost of all parts and service for one year. And the new Super Chromacolor picture tube is warranted for 2 years, labor covered for the first year.

Zenith Quality and Dependability

Most important of all, you get the kind of built-in quality and dependability that have made Zenith world famous. We call this reputation for excellence *Zenith confidence:* knowing you can't buy a better TV.

We are determined to keep this confidence. If a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations, we want to hear from you.

Write directly to the Vice President, Customer Relations, at Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60639. We want the opportunity to give your problem our personal attention. At Zenith, *the quality goes in before the name goes on.*®

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